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EMPEDOCLES

(Fifth Century B. C.)

BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

EMPEDOCLES the Sicilian was born at Agrigentum, early in the fifth century B. C. The dates of his birth and death are uncertain, but his life probably covered nearly the whole of the first three-quarters of that century. His family was rich and influential, and in politics allied with the popular or democratic side. He himself rose to a commanding position as a statesman, and was sufficiently versatile to become no less eminent as an orator, poet, religious teacher, and physician. Of his two long poems—the one cosmological, the other religious—four hundred and fifty fragmentary verses have come down to us, the exceptionally large number probably showing the wide-spread character of his popularity. In certain political overturnings he fell into disfavor with his fellow-citizens, and was apparently banished. At any rate, many years of his life were passed in wandering over the Greek countries. Travel in those days took the place of the modern university, and whatever results travel could yield he obtained. A long life was spent in forming and proclaiming philosophic doctrine, in preaching, and in healing the sick. A man of imposing personality, he was popularly believed to work miracles and to possess divine power,—beliefs which he took no pains to discourage. The suspicion of charlatanry which attaches to him appears in the probably baseless story that he secretly threw himself into the crater of Etna, in order not to be thought to have died as a man, but to have disappeared as a god. His character and teachings have deeply affected two notable poems, Lucretius's 'De Rerum Natura,' and Matthew Arnold's 'Empedocles on Etna.'

At the beginning of the fifth century B. C. there was great intellectual activity throughout the Greek world, especially along the coast land of Asia Minor, among the islands of the Ægean Sea, in Sicily and Southern Italy,—the Greek America,—where comfortable conditions had been attained in freedom, wealth, and ease of communication. Here men were becoming conscious of themselves and of an environing world, and had begun to seek a more exact explanation of the universe than the traditional mythologies could supply. The ancient beliefs accepted gods of all degrees and ranges of power. The arrangements of the world were due to them, and all events

were under their control; but they were imagined as having their birth and exerting their activity in an already existing universe. Of this, or of themselves, they did not lay the foundations. Multitudinous they were as the physical forces of our scientific men, and as little capable of accounting for their own origin. In the preceding century men had already begun to wonder about this origin, and to distrust mythological explanations of it. They questioned what was the ultimate ground of things, what was the universal Nature (φύσις) from which gods and men alike proceeded, of what was the world made. These questions mark the first stirrings of a philosophic spirit among the Greeks.

The Ionians or Eastern Greeks suggested in reply that some one of the many elements now existing might be the primordial element, and from this all else be derived. Water or even air might be the primordial stuff (ἀρχή), which processes of thickening and thinning then turned into all that we see. Nature would thus consist of a single real substance, and of it the many objects we perceive would be but the modifications.

Acute minds, however, at Elea in Southern Italy,—Xenophanes, Parmenides, Zeno,—pressed this hypothesis farther. If the many objects we see are but modifications of a single being or substance, then objects themselves, and the whole changing world which they involve, become illusory. For how could water be changed into anything other than itself, without ceasing in the same degree to be water at all? And if one primordial element is all that ultimately constitutes Being, will not every change of this Being or Substance move in the direction of Not-Being or Insubstantiality? It is useless to suggest that change might arise through the transition from one kind of being to another. If there are kinds of Being, diversity is planted in the frame of things, rational unity disappears, and anything like a universe becomes impossible. The one and the many are so inherently opposed that each must exclude the other from existence. To the Eleatic eye, or to any other capable of distinguishing reality and appearance, all Being is one, changeless, undifferentiated, eternal. It is the deceiving senses which report multiplicity; reason speaks only of unity. The transformations suggested and seemingly warranted by sensuous experience cannot even be thought of with precision, but will on reflection everywhere disclose hidden contradictions.

Only one method of preserving the reality of change accordingly remains, and that is to imbed it in the nature of the primordial element itself. This method was adopted by Heraclitus of Ephesus. Fire, said he, presents a case of existence where nothing like fixed Being is to found. Of fire it is not true that it first exists and afterwards changes. At no moment of its existence, even the earliest, is

it unchanging. Into its nature change is so essentially inwrought that we are obliged to describe it as always becoming, rather than as at any time being. And what is true of fire is true of the universe in general. Ceaseless change characterizes it. All things flow, nothing stands. You cannot bathe twice in the same stream. The Eleatics were right in declaring that Being cannot change except into its opposite, Not-Being; but that is precisely what it perpetually does change into. Nature is made by the union of these opposites. Strife is the father of all, the unceasing strife of Being and Not-Being. The two are inseparable. The original element contains them both, and Nature arises from their conflict.

These, then, were the explanations of the universe offered to Empedocles: the mythological notion of personal divine agency, the primary transformable element of the Ionians, the one fixed substance of the Eleatics, the ceaseless change of Heraclitus. Perhaps we should add the teachings of Pythagoras about number, immortality, and a renovated social order. All these widely divergent cosmologic notions Empedocles accepted, and in his eclectic and compromising fashion sought to adjust them into harmony with one another.

With the Eleatics he agrees in holding that whatever ultimately exists must be perpetual, incapable of changing its qualities, of coming into being or ceasing to be. But he conciliates this with the Heraclitan recognition of the universality of change, by a peculiar adaptation of Ionic doctrine. It is true that not all the elements of the world are equally primordial; but why assume that there is but one such primordial element?—may there not be several? The Pythagoreans taught that the number four entered deeply into the structure of the world. Might there not, then, be four original elements—say, earth, air, fire, and water? Three of these had already figured separately in Ionic speculation. These primordial roots, as Empedocles calls them, in themselves always unchanged, might by mingling with one another, or by separation, produce the appearances which we know as birth, death, and changeable phenomena. Yet to effect such combinations, something is needed which the Ionians overlooked—forces, to operate change and to adjust the elements to one another. These Empedoclean forces are two,—Love and Strife,—or (stripping off that mythological and personified character which this poetizing philosopher attributes to them, as also to his four elements) we may call them by the modern names of affinity and repulsion. In the beginning all the four elements were compacted by Love into a harmonious universe, which may be symbolized by a sphere. Into this spherical concord crept Strife, gradually, through disturbing the normal degrees of mixture, breaking up the primeval whole into individual existences. These individual existences appeared at first in

fragmentary and imperfect forms, heads and arms and eyes coming into life, yet missing their congruous parts. Such monstrosities soon perished. But when one happened to be joined to another in natural fitness, it survived. So there was a progression from the imperfect to the more perfect. Moreover, although in the world which now exists, differentiating and individualizing Strife is in the ascendant, Love will one day have its way again and draw all once more back to the sphere-shaped fourfold harmony. Yet this Love-ruled harmony will not persist, but out of it new mixtures will still proceed, a Strife-cycle forever alternating with a Love-cycle. Out of this same Love our perceptions and desires spring, the elements which form us seeking their similars elsewhere. Only like can be known by like. With these physical doctrines Empedocles combined, for no obvious reason, the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

To sum up, the teaching of Empedocles is a composite, and includes fragments of all the theories current in his time. His own contributions are — 1, the doctrine of the four elements; 2, the perception that for the fashioning of a world, forces are as needful as material; 3, the notion of alternating world-cycles; 4, vague hints of evolution and even of natural selection; and 5, cognition by similars. To have four or five original ideas is to be a wealthy man indeed. Those of Empedocles were all taken up into subsequent philosophy, and have ever since enriched the blood of the world.

The Greek text of the fragments of Empedocles, with Latin translation, may be found in Mullach's 'Fragmenta Philosophorum Græcorum,' Vol. i.; selections, with Latin comment, arranged so as best to exhibit the philosophy, in Ritter and Preller's 'Historia Philosophiæ'; an English translation, in the fifth chapter of Burnet's 'Early Greek Philosophy'; the life, in the eighth Book of Diogenes Laertius; discussions of the philosophy, in all the histories of Greek Philosophy — especially in Burnet, in Zeller's 'Pre-Socratic Philosophy,' Vol. ii., in Zeller's small 'Greek Philosophy,' and in Windelband's 'Geschichte der alten Philosophie.'

G. H. Palmer

[The mere fact that some four hundred and eighty verses of Empedocles have been preserved is doubtless a tribute to his high rank as a poet. Certainly no other among the early philosophers has had so happy a fate. Enough remains to indicate his lofty creative imagination, as well as the splendid march of his verse. A few of the chief fragments are therefore presented here in a metrical version, by W. C. Lawton. The other passages, needed to illustrate Professor Palmer's study, follow in the prose form given them by John Burnet, M. A., in his history of early Greek philosophy.]

FROM THE POEM ON NATURE

EMPEDOCLES was without doubt a leader of mystics, and one who claimed for himself superhuman nature and wisdom; but it seems equally true,—as true as of Plato, of Swedenborg, or of Emerson,—that he was his own first and sincerest believer. In particular, the lines in which he declares his recollections of immortality and of a more blest divine existence, are as earnest as anything in Plato or in Wordsworth.

THERE is a doom of fate, an ancient decree of immortals,
Never to be unmade, by amplest pledges attested:
That, if a spirit divine, who shares in the life everlasting,
Through transgression defile his glorious body by bloodshed,
Or if he perjure himself by swearing unto a falsehood,
Thrice ten thousand seasons he wanders apart from the Blessèd
Passing from birth unto birth through every species of mortal,
Changing ever the paths of life, yet ever unresting:
Even as I now roam, from gods far-wandered, an exile,
Yielding to maddening strife.

These, as Plutarch and others testify, are the opening lines in the Prelude of Empedocles's great poem on Nature. Other and briefer fragments continue the same train of thought.

ONCE already have I as a youth been born, as a maiden,
Bush, and wingèd bird, and silent fish in the waters. . . .
After what horrors, and after how long and blissful existence,
Thus am I wretchedly doomed to abide in the meadows of mortals!
Loudly I wept and wailed at beholding the place unfamiliar. . . .
Joyless the place, where
Murder abides, and Strife, with the other races of Troubles.

The belief in transmigration, which we are wont to associate especially with the Pythagorean teachings, is nowhere more earnestly and vividly expressed than by Empedocles. The conviction that Man's soul is a fallen exile from a higher diviner sphere, to which he may hope to return only after long purgatorial atonement in earthly incarnations,—all this has been even more magnificently elaborated in Platonic dialogues like the Phædrus and the Phædo; but Plato himself may well owe much of his loftiest inspiration to this Sicilian seer.

The theory of the four elements is clearly stated in a three-line fragment of the same Prelude:—

HEARKEN and learn that four, at the first, are the sources of all things:
Fire, and water, and earth, and lofty ether unbounded.
Thence springs all that is, that shall be, or hath been aforetime.

Empedocles seems to have rivaled Lucretius himself in the picturesque vividness of his similes. Here, for instance, is an attempt to illustrate how the manifold forms of the visible world might well arise from the mingling of these few elements:—

JUST as men who the painter's craft have thoroughly mastered
Fashion in many a tint their picture, an offering sacred;
When they have taken in hand their paints of various colors,
Mingling skillfully more of the one and less of another,
Out of these they render the figures like unto all things;
Trees they cause to appear, and the semblance of men and of women,
Beasts of the field, and birds, and fish that inhabit the waters,
Even the gods, whose honors are greatest, whose life is unending:—
Be not deceived, for such, and nowise other, the fountain
Whence all mortals spring, whatever their races unnumbered.

Incidentally we see clearly that while the painter's art has made many a stride from Homer's time to Empedocles's day, yet "Art is still religion"; the masterpiece is as a matter of course an *anathēma*, an altar-piece.

Among the other fragments of the Proem is the singular invocation of the Muse. The poetic quality is rather disappointing. Despite his hatred of Strife, Empedocles has evidently just indulged in rather strong polemic; perhaps against those who profess to teach more than man may know, for the invocation begins thus:—

ONLY do ye, O gods, remove from my tongue their madness;
Make ye to flow from a mouth that is holy a fountain unsullied.
Thou, O white-armed Virgin, the Muse who rememberest all things,
Whatsoe'er it is lawful to utter to men that are mortal
Bring me, from Piety driving a chariot easily guided.

It is clear from many such passages, that Empedocles claimed for himself not merely a poetic inspiration but an absolutely superhuman nature. It is not easy to find anywhere a more magnificent and sublime egotism than his. The most famous passage of this character is not from his great work on Nature (or Creation), but is found in the 'Katharmoi' (Poem of Purifications):—

O MY friends, whoso in Acragas's beautiful city
Have your dwelling aloft; whose hearts are set upon virtue;
Reverent harbors of guests, who have no share in dishonor,—
Greeting! But I as a god divine, no longer a mortal,
Dwell with you, by all in reverence held, as is fitting,
Girt with fillets about, and crowned with wreaths of rejoicing.
Whatsoever the folk whose prosperous cities I enter,
There I of women and men am revered. By thousands they follow,
Questioning where they may seek for the path that leadeth to profit.
These are in need of prophetic words, and others, in illness,
Since they have long been racked with the grievous pangs of diseases,
Crave that I utter the charm whose power is sovran in all things.—
Yet pray why lay stress upon this, as were it a marvel
If I surpass mankind, who are mortal and utterly wretched?

OTHER FRAGMENTS FROM THE POEM ON NATURE

AND thou shalt learn all the drugs that are a defense against ills and old age, since for thee alone shall I accomplish all this. Thou shalt arrest the violence of the weariless winds that arise and sweep the earth, laying waste the cornfields with their breath; and again, when thou so desirest, thou shalt bring their blasts back again with a rush. Thou shalt cause for men a seasonable drought after the dark rains, and again after the summer drought thou shalt produce the streams that feed the trees as they pour down from the sky. Thou shalt bring back from Hades the life of a dead man.

Fools! for they have no far-reaching thoughts who deem that what before was not comes into being, or that aught can perish and be utterly destroyed. For it cannot be that aught can arise from what in no way is, and it is impossible and unheard-of that what *is* should perish; for it will always *be*, wherever one may keep putting it.

I shall tell thee a twofold tale. At one time things grew to be one only out of many; at another, that divided up to be many instead of one. There is a double becoming of perishable things, and a double passing away. The coming together of all things brings one generation into being and destroys it; the other grows

up and is scattered as things become divided. And these things never cease, continually changing places, at one time all uniting in one through Love, at another each borne in different directions by the repulsions of Strife.

For of a truth, they [*i. e.*, Love and Strife] were aforetime and shall be; nor ever, methinks, will boundless time be emptied of that pair. And they prevail in turn as the circle comes round, and pass away before one another, and increase in their appointed turn.

For if thou takest them [trees and plants] to the close recesses of thy heart and watchest over them kindly with faultless care, then thou shalt have all these things in abundance throughout thy life, and thou shalt gain many others from them; for each grows ever true to its own character, according as its nature is. But if thou strivest after things of a different kind, as is the way with men, ten thousand woes await thee to blunt thy careful thoughts. All at once they will cease to live when the time comes round, desiring each to reach its own kind: for know that all things have wisdom and a share of thought.

It is not possible for us to set God before our eyes, or to lay hold of him with our hands, which is the broadest way of persuasion that leads into the heart of man. For he is not furnished with a human head on his body, two branches do not sprout from his shoulders, he has no feet, no swift knees, nor hairy parts; but he is only a sacred and unutterable Mind, flashing through the whole world with rapid thoughts.

FROM THE POEM OF PURIFICATIONS

And there was among them a man of rare knowledge, most skilled in all manner of wise works, a man who had won the utmost wealth of wisdom; for whensoever he strained with all his mind, he easily saw everything of all the things that are now [though he lived] ten, yea, twenty generations of men ago. . . .

But at the last, they appear among mortal men as prophets, song-writers, physicians, and princes; and thence they rise up as gods exalted in honor, sharing the hearth of the other gods and the same table; free from human woes, safe from destiny, and incapable of hurt.

ENNIUS

(239–169 B. C.)

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

DOUBTLESS every human race — surely every Aryan clan — has felt, and in some measure gratified, the need of lyric utterance, in joy, in grief, and in wrath. The marriage song, the funeral chant, the banqueters' catch, the warriors' march, the hymn of petition and of thanksgiving — these must have been heard even in early Latium. Yet this Latin peasant soldier was surely as unimaginative a type of man as ever rose to the surface of self-conscious civilized life. His folk-song, like his folk-lore generally, must have been heavy, crude, monotonous, clinging close to the soil. Macaulay's Lays still stir the boyish heart, though Matthew Arnold did repeat, with uncharacteristic severity, that he who enjoyed the barbaric clash of their doggerel could never hope to appreciate true poetry at all! But good or bad, they are pure Macaulayese. No audible strain has come down, even of those funeral ballads and festival lays whose former existence is merely asserted, without illustration, by Cato and by Varro.

At the threshold of Hellenic literature stand the two epics whose imaginative splendor is still unrivaled. The first figure in Roman letters, seven centuries later, is a Greek slave, or freedman, Livius Andronicus, translating into barbarous Saturnian verse the Iliad and Odyssey, and rendering almost as crudely many a famous tragedy. Next Nævius sang, in those same rough Saturnians, the victory of Rome in the Punic wars. Joel Barlow's 'Columbiad' and «meek drab-skirted» Ellwood's 'Davideis' might have made room between them for this martial chant, if it had survived. Then Plautus, fun-maker for the Roman populace, «turned barbarously» into the vulgar speech plays good and bad, of the Middle and New Attic Comedy. The more serious of these dramas, like the 'Captivi,' seem like a charcoal reproduction upon a barn door of some delicate line engraving, whose loss we must still regret. Yet much of the real fun in Plautus is Roman, and doubtless his own. Moreover, he or his Greek masters — probably both — knew how to make a comedy go in one unpausing rush of dramatic action, from the lowering to the raising of the curtain. But to true creative literature these versions of Menander and Philemon bear about the same relation as would

adaptations of Sardou and Dumas, with local allusions and «gags,» in Plattdeutsch, for the Hamburg theatre.

The next figure in this picturesque line is Ennius, who like nearly all the early authors is no Roman gentleman, not even a Latin at all. Born (239 B. C.) in the village of Rudiæ of far-off Calabria, he heard in this cottage home the rough Oscan speech of his peasant race. This language held for them somewhat the position of Aramaic among the fisher folk of Galilee two centuries and a half later. In both lands, Greek was the ordinary speech of the market-place; Latin, at most, the official language of the rulers. The boy Ennius seems to have been educated in the Hellenic city of Tarentum. Even there, he may not yet have spoken Latin at all. Cicero apparently confesses in the 'Archias' (62 B. C.) that his native speech had even then made no headway «beyond the narrow boundaries» of Latium. In Magna Græcia, Ennius probably often heard classic Greek tragedy acted, as Virgil intimates he still did in his time.

We have referred elsewhere to the dramatic incident, that Cato the Elder brought in his train from Corsica the man who, more than all others, was to establish in Rome that Hellenic art most dreaded by the great Censor. Cato was the younger of the two. Ennius was just

«Midway upon the journey of our life.»

He was then a *centurion* in rank: that is, he had fought his way, no doubt with many scars, to the proud place at the head of his company. (A young Roman gentleman, invited by the general to join his staff, knew little of such campaigning.) This was at the close of Rome's second and decisive struggle with Carthage, so long the queen of the Western Mediterranean. Ennius lived on, chiefly in Rome, as many years longer, his death coinciding with the equally decisive downfall of Macedonia (168 B. C.). His life, then, spans perhaps the greatest exploits of Roman arms. This was doubtless also the age in which the heroic national character reached its culmination—and began to decay.

Of this victorious generation the Scipios are probably the best type. Its chief recorder was their friend and protégé, the Calabrian peasant and campaigner. Of all the missing works in the Latin speech perhaps not even the lost books of Livy would be so eagerly welcomed—so helpful in restoring essential outlines, now lacking, of Roman action and character—as the 'Annals' of Ennius, in eighteen books, which followed the whole current of Roman tradition, from Æneas and Romulus down to the writer's own day. And this work was at the same time the first large experiment in writing Homeric hexameters in the Latin speech. So fine is it, that the Hellenic Muse was present at the birth of Roman literature. Though no work of

Ennius survives save in tantalizing fragments, he is the manliest, the most vivid figure in the early history of Latin letters.

Gellius preserves a saying of Ennius, that in his three mother tongues he had three hearts. But his fatherland had accepted in good faith, long before, the Italian supremacy of Rome. His love for the imperial city quite equaled that of any native. He became actually a citizen through the kindness of his noble friend Fulvius, who as one of the triumvirs appointed to found Potentia, enrolled Ennius among the «colonists» (184 B. C.).

«Romans we now are become, who before this day were Rudini!»

is his exultant cry, in a line of the 'Annals.'

It is not likely that he had any assistance on this occasion from Cato, who had already discovered his own grievous error. Some years earlier one of the Fulvii had taken Ennius with him on a campaign in Greece (189 B. C.); but evidently not as a centurion! It is of this Fulvius that Cicero says in the 'Archias,' «He did not hesitate to consecrate to the Muses memorials of Mars.» The alliteration suggests a poetic epigram; and Cato is known to have complained in a public oration that Fulvius «had led poets with him into his province.» Ennius might have been useful also as an interpreter, as a secretary, and as a table companion.

One of the longest fragments from the 'Annals' describes such a friend of another Roman general. Gellius, who preserves the lines, quotes good early authority for considering them as a self-portraiture by Ennius.

PORTRAIT OF A SCHOLAR

So having spoken, he called for a man, with whom often and gladly
Table he shared, and talk, and all his burden of duties,
When with debate all day on important affairs he was wearied,
Whether perchance in the forum wide, or the reverend Senate;
One with whom he could frankly speak of his serious matters,—
Trifles also, and jests,—could pour out freely together
Pleasant or bitter words, and know they were uttered in safety.
Many the joys and the griefs he had shared, whether public or secret!
This was a man in whom no impulse prompted to evil,
Whether of folly or malice. A scholarly man and a loyal,
Graceful, ready of speech, with his own contented and happy;
Tactful, speaking in season, yet courteous, never loquacious.
Vast was the buried and antique lore that was his, for the foretime
Made him master of earlier customs, as well as of newer.

Versed in the laws was he of the ancients, men or immortals.
Wisely he knew both when he should talk and when to be silent.—
So unto him Servilius spoke, in the midst of the fighting . . .

The soldier-scholar who could draw this masterly portrait must have been somewhat worthy to sit for it. Certain touches indeed were hardly possible without self-consciousness. The rare combination of antique lore and modern knowledge of the world is one such. Another is the «content with his own»; for though a friend of the wealthiest, Ennius, we are told, lived simply in a small house, attended by one servant only. This same handmaid takes part in a little comedy, which in the arid waste of Roman gravity may almost count as funny:—

«When Scipio Nasica once came to call on the poet Ennius, and asked for him at the door, the maid said Ennius was not at home. Now, Nasica perceived that this was said at the master's bidding, and that he really was within. A few days later Ennius came to his friend's house, in his turn, and called for Nasica, who bawled out that he was 'not at home.' 'What! don't I know your voice?' said Ennius.—'You're a shameless fellow!' came the response. 'When I asked for you, I took your maid's word for it that you were out. You don't believe me myself?'»

Scipio's resentment does not seem very deep. He had realized, probably, that two callers were already with Ennius, both unsocial dames,—Podagra and Calliope; for however ill it agrees with the pleasing picture of poetic simplicity and contentment, we have Ennius's own word in the matter:—

«Only when housed with the gout am I a maker of verses.»

Horace indeed, waging the old contest which neither Demosthenes nor Franklin has fully decided in favor of the water-drinkers, declares:—

«Even in the morning the Muses have mostly reeked of the wine-cup.
Homer confesses his fondness for wine by chanting its praises.
Father Ennius, too, leaped forward to sing of the battle
Never unless well drunk!»

That same aristocrats' disease, the Nemesis of port wine and good living,—gout,—is reputed to have carried off this austere and contented poet at threescore and ten (in 169 B. C.). Perhaps the hospitalities of the Scipios and Fulvii must bear the blame. Horace too loved his «mess of watercress,» at home;—and dined by preference with Mæcenas! At any rate, Ennius had no prolonged last illness nor dotage. Says Gellius: «Ennius tells us in the *twelfth* book of his

'Annals' that he is in his sixty-seventh year when composing it.» The completion of eighteen books is made certain by many quotations.

The total amount of these citations by later authors is about six hundred hexameters, perhaps a twentieth of the whole. Many are mere half-lines or single verses, quoted by a grammarian for a rare word, or by literary critics to illustrate Virgil's method of graceful borrowing. The latter tribe, by the way, make a strong showing. *Plagiarism* is not quite the nicest word. The ancients seem to have felt there was one right way to say anything. If they found a block, large or small, shaped to their hand, they merely tried to set it where it should be more effective than even where its maker put it! Often the open transfer was a loyal courtesy.

«Muses, ye who beneath your feet tread mighty Olympus»

were the first words of the 'Annals.' Other early fragments are:

«Fettered in slumber gentle and placid—»

«Seemed to approach me Homer the poet—»

This opening vision may be connected with the assertion attributed to Ennius, that the soul of Homer had transmigrated, through many other incarnations, into his own body.

The tale of Rome, it would seem, began as with Virgil in the Troad,

«Where in Pelasgian battle the ancient Priam had fallen.»

Romulus appeared as the child of *Æneas's daughter* Rhea Silvia. It was apparently Cato who, first among Romans, noted the gap of some four centuries between the traditional time of Troy's downfall and the accepted Roman founder's date, and so caused the shadowy kings of Alba to defile in long uneventful line, like Banquo's descendants, across the legendary stage. Cato may have published his discovery as a savage criticism upon this very poem.

However diversified in scale and tone of treatment, the entire history of Rome of course constitutes a subject hopelessly beyond the limits of epic unity. The sections of the long poem must have fallen apart, like those of all later rhythmical chronicles. Yet we may well believe that the energy of the manly singer, his patriotic spirit, his faith in Rome's high mission, never flagged nor failed.

The tenderest passage extant seems modeled on a briefer sketch in Io's account of her own sorrows, in Æschylus's 'Prometheus.' The Vestal Rhea Silvia has been startled by a prophetic dream:—

RHEA SILVIA'S DREAM

RAISING her trembling body, the crone with a light had approached her:
This is the tale she affrighted relates, when roused from her slumber:—
«Daughter of Eurydicè, by our father dearly beloved,
Force and life are wholly from out my body departed!
Ay, for it seemed that a goodly man amid beautiful willows
Bore me by banks of rivers and unknown places. Thereafter,
Sister mine, in solitude—so I fancied—I wandered:
Slowly I sought thee, with wistful heart, but could not descry thee,
Tracing thy feet; for nowhere a pathway guided my footsteps.
Then in these words, and aloud, methought my father addressed me:
'O my daughter, for thee is first great sorrow appointed:
Then in turn shall fortune revisit thee, out of the river.'
Such were my father's words, O sister, and then he departed,
Suddenly, nor was he seen by me, though heartily longed for:
Not though often my hands to the azure expanses of heaven
I with tears held forth, and in loving accents addressed him:—
Then, with pain, from my weary heart had slumber departed.»

We cannot doubt, however, that the poem reached its highest level in describing the life struggle of Rome against Pyrrhus, and later against Hannibal. The former commander impressed even his Italian foemen as a gallant and chivalric figure. One fine speech of his yet remains, and Ennius must have had much of that «stern joy that warriors feel» when he laid such noble words upon the lips of the Epirote king. To be sure, their final victory made it easier for the Romans, or for their annalist, to be generous.

PYRRHUS'S SPEECH

GOLD for myself I crave not; ye need not proffer a ransom.
Not as hucksters might, let us wage our war, but as soldiers:
Not with gold, but the sword. Our lives we will set on the issue.
Whether your rule or mine be Fortune's pleasure,—our mistress,—
Let us by valor decide. And to this word hearken ye also:—
Every valorous man who is spared by the fortune of battle,
Fully determined am I his freedom as well to accord him.—
Count it a gift. At the wish of the gods in heaven I grant it.

From that more prolonged dubious and mortifying struggle with the greatest of Carthaginians, wherein Ennius himself had played a

manful part, no such effective passage is quotable. There are however three lines only in praise of the great Fabius, which we might be glad to apply to our own Washington or Lincoln:—

CHARACTER OF FABIUS

SIMPLY by biding his time, one man has rescued a nation.
Not for the praises of men did he care, but alone for our safety.
Therefore greater and greater his fame shall wax in the future.

The Greek element in this monument of Roman patriotism was evidently large. Numerous passages yet remain which can be profitably compared with their Hellenic originals. Indeed, upon his formal side Ennius may have been as far from independence as Virgil himself. Like most Roman poets, he is interesting less as a creative or imaginative artist than as a vigorous patriotic man, endowed with robust good sense and familiar with good literary models. His own character is at least as attractive as his work.

For these reasons we may regret somewhat less the loss of his tragedies, which were no doubt based almost wholly upon Greek originals. Mere translations they were not, as the rather copious fragments of his 'Medea' suffice to show when set beside Euripides's play. In any case, it would be unfair to hold him responsible for sentiments uttered by his dramatic characters; *e. g.*,—

«I have said, and still will say, a race of Heavenly gods exists:
But I do not think they care for what concerns the human race:
If they cared, the good were happy, bad men wretched. 'Tis not so!»

Of course, whoever said this may have had as prompt cause for remorse as Sophocles's Jocasta. There was however in Rome—more perhaps than in Athens—a prevailing conviction that the dramatic stage should offer us only manly and elevating types of character. For instance, excessive lamentation over physical or psychical woes was sternly condemned, and perhaps largely eliminated from the Latin versions of Attic dramas. Even a single play of the best Roman period, like Ennius's 'Medea,' would give us fuller knowledge on all such questions; but we can hardly hope that any have been preserved, even in Egyptian papyrus rolls.

In many other interesting ways Ennius took a leading part in enabling «vanquished Greece to conquer her victors.» In the list of comic poets, indeed (quoted by Gellius, xv. 24), Ennius has but the tenth and last place, even this being granted him merely «*causa antiquitatis.*» In truth, humor was probably the one gift of the gods almost wholly denied to Ennius, as to another sturdy patriot-poet, John Milton. He translated a Greek work on Gastronomy, a subject

with which he may have been only too familiar. In his 'Epicharmus' the old Sicilian poet appeared to him, like Homer, in a dream:—

> «For it seemed to me that I was lying dead upon my couch. . . .
> Some are truthful visions, yet it need not be that all are so. . . .
> 'Tis the soul perceives and hearkens: all things else are deaf and blind.»

The purport of the vision was a material explanation of the universe, based upon the four elements of Empedocles. Ennius hit upon a recondite truth, in attempting to explain away the very gods of the Roman Pantheon:—

> «That I mean as Jupiter which among Greeks is known as air.»

Modern philology verifies this almost literally. These may well have seemed bold words to publish in Rome, though the refined circle about the Scipios had doubtless as little belief in the popular mythology as the men of the world—and of letters—who met two centuries later around Mæcenas's board. Ennius even translated Euhemerus, who has given his name to the theory that makes the divine legends mere distorted reminiscences of real men and women, living many generations earlier. The Transmigration doctrine is hardly consistent with these atheistic tendencies, and the whole tale of the identity between Homer's and Ennius's soul may be based merely on some bold assertion of Ennius's own supremacy in Latin letters. Few Roman poets have any false (or real) modesty on this question.

This brings us to the last form of Ennius's poetic activity which we can mention; viz., epitaphs. On Africanus he wrote an elegiac couplet, expressing the favorite eulogy of the ancients upon a successful soldierly life. Xenophon, for instance, records a prayer of the younger Cyrus to quite the same effect.

EPITAPH ON SCIPIO

> HERE is he laid unto whom no man, whether foeman or comrade,
> Ever was able to give recompense worthy his deeds.

In the companion inscription intended for himself, Ennius brings two familiar thoughts into rather striking association. Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' has lifted the first to a far nobler level.

EPITAPH ON ENNIUS

> NO ONE may honor my funeral rites with tears or lamenting.
> Why? Because still do I pass, living, from lip unto lip.

An iambic couplet, quoted from «Ennius, in the third book of his Satires,» may be echoed thus:—

> HAIL, Ennius the poet, who for mortal men
> Thy flaming verses pourest from thy marrow forth!

Perhaps in these same 'Satires' (Miscellanies?) occurred another eulogistic couplet upon his illustrious friend:—

EPITAPH ON SCIPIO

> How GREAT a statue shall the folk of Rome to thee upraise,
> How tall a column, Scipio, that thy deeds may duly praise?

This friendship of Ennius with the elder Africanus was quite famous. The young bearer of the name, Æmilianus, showed similar appreciation of the noble Greek exile Polybius. We know just enough of these Scipios and their age to realize that in our enforced ignorance we miss the noblest spirits, doubtless also the happiest days, of republican Rome. It was the general belief of later antiquity, that a bust of Ennius had an honored place in the tomb of the great Scipio family. This does not appear to have been verified, however, when the crypt was discovered in modern times.

We have already indicated that Ennius's work, so far as we can judge it, by no means justified his claim to Homeric rank, in any sense. Perhaps he never held a place at all among the great masters of creative imagination. But at least, by his vigorous manly character, his wide studies, his good taste, and his lifelong industry, he does claims a position as an apostle of culture and the founder of literature, perhaps fairly comparable to that of Lessing.

We cannot—for the best of reasons—follow the present study with adequate citations, as is the rule in this work. It is not even possible to point out for the English student any translation of the scanty fragments which survive. For a fuller selection from them, however, and also for a more copious discussion of Ennius's character, we are glad to refer to one of the best sections in a most excellent book: Chapter iv. of 'The Roman Poets of the Republic,' by the late William Y. Sellar. Classical specialists will find Lucian Müller's study of Ennius the most exhaustive. The fragments of the 'Annals' are also given in Bährens's 'Poetæ Latini Minores,' Vol. vi.

William Cranston Lawton.

JOSEF EÖTVÖS

(1813–1871)

THE life of Baron Josef Eötvös falls within the most critical period of Hungarian history. He was born in Buda-Pesth on September 23d, 1813, at a time when the Hungarians were already in open revolt against the Hapsburg rule. His father, who had accepted great favors from the government and was consequently considered hostile to the cause of the people, had married a German woman, Baroness von Lilien. Her nobility of character and true culture had a great influence on her son in his early childhood; and added to this was the equally important influence of his tutor Pruzsinsky, a man who had taken an active part in Hungarian politics, and was thoroughly imbued with the French liberal ideas of 1789.

JOSEF EÖTVÖS

When the young Baron Eötvös was sent to a public school, his schoolmates treated him so coldly that he demanded an explanation. He was told that his father had embraced the cause of the government and was a traitor, and that most likely he would be a traitor himself. He had a boy's ignorance of politics, but went home determined to understand the situation; and the result was his first political speech,—from the teacher's desk in the school-room,—in which before his assembled enthusiastic schoolmates he swore fidelity to Hungary and the cause of Hungarian liberty, an oath of which his entire life was the fulfillment.

When Eötvös had finished his law studies he accepted a position in the government offices; but to a man of his wide interests the dry official life could not be satisfying, and in 1830 he made his literary début with a translation of Goethe's 'Götz von Berlichingen.' In 1833 followed an original comedy, 'The Suitors'; in '34 a tragedy, 'Revenge'; and in '35 a translation of Victor Hugo's 'Angelo.' His æsthetic introductions to his translations attracted the attention of the Hungarian Academy, and caused his election as corresponding member at the early age of twenty-two. The literary publications of the following years contained several lyric poems from his pen.

In 1836 Eötvös went abroad and spent a year traveling in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, France, and England. Upon his return

he gave up his official position and went to his father's estate Sály, where he wrote his first great novel, 'The Carthusian Monk.' It is written in the form of the autobiography of a young Frenchman, Count Gustave, who finds himself a prey to the most tormenting doubts. The prejudices of the aristocracy, the recklessness of the would-be democrats, the tottering of the old faith, and the hopelessness of atheism, are powerfully depicted. Gustave's bride Julie leaves him for her lover, a man of low birth. Her happiness is short-lived, and followed by deep disappointment and degradation. Gustave considers himself partly responsible for her misery, and makes an attempt to forget his sorrow in a life of pleasure and dissipation; but his moral abasement brings him despair instead of oblivion. He meets his former bride Julie, and in trying to rescue her, loses his new bride Betty and causes her unhappiness. Driven to despair, he seeks comfort in a Carthusian cloister, but not even here, in prayer and silence, does he find peace. After an attempt to commit suicide, from which he is saved by a song sung outside his window, he finally becomes reconciled to life by the daily contact with religious faith and quiet industry, and dies with a regained belief in immortality.

After 1840 Eötvös settled in Buda-Pesth and began his career as politician and statesman. Two years before, he had published a pamphlet on prison reforms, and had defended the system of silence as opposed to that of solitary confinement. In 1840 he published two essays, one on 'Pauperism in Ireland' and the other on 'The Emancipation of the Jews.' He was a stanch adherent of Kossuth's, and became the foremost writer on Kossuth's paper: the articles which he wrote for this he collected later under the title 'Reform'; in 1847 he published a continuation of them, 'Teendöink' (Our Problems). He was moreover considered the most brilliant leader and speaker of the Opposition party.

In 1846 Eötvös wrote his second great novel, 'The Village Notary,' a book which secured him world-wide fame. It is intended to be a true picture of the county administration system of Hungary at the time: we find here the landed aristocracy, both great and small; the poor nobleman without landed property; the official of the county administration; the submissive peasant, and all the remaining pariahs of Hungarian society. The novel contains three or four stories, more or less connected: the family tragedy of the sheriff Rety; the fate of the poor village notary Tengely, who is not able to prove his noble birth and in consequence is subjected to many prosecutions and trials; and finally the story of the honest but quick-tempered peasant Viola, who is driven to a lawless life by the arbitrariness and cruelty of his superior. This novel is inseparably linked with the name of Eötvös, and may justly be considered one of the masterpieces of Hungarian literature.

When the progressive party under Kossuth conquered in 1848, when the policy of the Opposition was sanctioned by the King and the first responsible ministry was founded, Baron Eötvös accepted the portfolio of Minister of Education. When the war with Austria became inevitable he went abroad, and did not return until peace was established. In Munich he wrote his work on 'The Equality of the Nationalities,' and began his book on 'The Dominant Ideas of the Nineteenth Century and Their Influence upon the State.' The Academy made him its vice-president in 1855, and the next year president.

During the following years he continued his political activity as member of the Reichstag and editor of a political weekly; and when a reconcilation with the government took place in 1867, he again became member of the cabinet, and remained so until his death. Personally Eötvös was a man of unusual culture of mind and heart, a nobleman in the truest and fullest sense of the word. As poet, writer, and statesman, it is he more than any other Hungarian who has exerted an influence upon the course of European culture.

VIOLA IN COURT

From 'The Village Notary'

THE appearance of the prisoner produced a profound sensation in the court. Kishlaki felt deep pity for his misfortunes, though he could not but admit that his fate was in part merited. Völgyeshy, who had heard enough to convince him that there was no hope of the court pronouncing in favor of Viola, shuddered to think that the man whom he saw was doomed to die before sunset. Mr. Catspaw showed great uneasiness when he heard the rattling of the chains; and Shoskuty, who had never seen the robber, was quite as much excited by his curiosity as Mr. Skinner by the feelings of ill-dissembled triumph with which he watched the prisoner's features and carriage. Zatonyi alone preserved his habitual composure.

« At last you've put your head in the snare, you precious villain! » cried Mr. Skinner. « Well, what do you say? Whose turn is it to be hanged? Yours or mine, eh? »

The president of the court looked amazed; but Mr. Skinner laughed, and said: —

« Perhaps you are not aware of my former acquaintance with Viola? There's a bet between us two, who is to hang first; for

that fellow has sworn to hang me if ever I fall into his hands. Is it not so, Viola?»

«No,» said the prisoner, «it's not so. If I swore I would be revenged, it is well known that I had good cause for it; I have to thank this gentleman for my wretched life and shameful death. But I never vowed to hang you!»

«Never mind!» shouted the justice. «You are humble enough, now that you are in the trap; but I am sure you would have kept your word if you had been able to put your hands upon me. I too have sworn an oath, to hang you where I find you — now tell me who has the worst of it?»

«I know that all is over with me,» replied Viola, fixing his dark eyes upon the justice; «there is no one to take my part — I know I must die; but it is cruel to insult a dying man.»

Völgyeshy, who was scarcely able to repress his feelings, interfered, and protested in Latin that there was a vendetta between the accused and one of the judges, and that another judge must be found. But his protest had no other effect than an admonition, which the president gave Mr. Skinner in very bad Latin, to eschew such light and irrelevant conversation; and the court commenced forthwith to examine the prisoner.

Viola replied calmly and simply to the questions which were put to him; and at last, as though wearied by the length of the examination, he said: —

«What is the use of all this questioning? It is a pity the gentlemen should lose their time with me. Mr. Skinner has told me that I am to be hanged; why then should I waste my words in an attempt to save my life? I'll confess anything you like, I don't care what it is; for believe me, if it had not been for my family, I would never have waited till this day. I would have hanged myself in the forest to make an end of it, I assure you.»

«But how can you possibly confess, when you are ignorant of what you are accused of?» said Völgyeshy. «You stand before righteous judges. Speak out, man, honestly and freely, as you would speak to God; for believe me, the judges are by no means agreed upon your sentence.»

«Thanks to you for your good-will,» said the culprit; «but I know there is no help. I am a robber; I have been taken in arms; they will hang me. They may do it: but let them make haste; and spare me your questions!»

Mr. Catspaw, who showed some uneasiness, interposed, and said:—

«If he refuses to confess, we cannot force him: it is expressly set forth in the articles that no violence is to be used to obtain a confession. Our best plan is to read the questions to him, and if he refuses to answer them, why, it's his own business, not ours.»

«No,» said Völgyeshy; «this man ought to know that his fate does not depend on the decision of the worshipful Mr. Paul Skinner; that the court are prepared to listen to his defense, and that the verdict will be dictated neither by hate nor revenge, but by pure and impartial justice. If the prisoner knows all this, which it appears he does not, he may possibly be induced to reply to the charges.»

He turned to Viola, and continued:—

«Speak out, my man. Your life is in the hands of these gentlemen, who have to answer for it to God, your Judge and theirs. Pray consider that unless you speak, there is no hope for you. Think of your family; and, tell us plainly, is there anything you have to say for yourself?»

Kishlaki was deeply moved; Mr. Catspaw cast an angry look at the speaker, and Zatonyi yawned.

«I will not speak in my own defense!» said the prisoner.

«Pray consider,» urged the young lawyer; «the court will listen to anything you may say. These gentlemen have a painful duty to fulfill; but they are far from wishing to take your life. If you can give us any excuses, do so, by all means.»

«It is provided in Chapter 6 of the Articles, that the prisoner shall not be wheedled into a confession,» said Zatonyi, with an expression of profound wisdom.

«Gentlemen,» said Viola at length, «may God bless you for your kindness, and for your wishing to help me! but you see it's all in vain. There are indeed many things I might say in defense; and when I go to my God, who knows all and everything, I am sure he'll judge me leniently; but there is no salvation for me in this world. You see, your worships, there is no use of my telling you that once upon a time I was an honest man, as every man in the village of Tissaret can prove. What is the use of my saying that I became a robber not from my own free will, but because I was forced to it; that I never harmed any poor man; that I never took more from the gentry, in the way of

robbing, than what was necessary to keep life in my body; and that I never killed any one, unless it was in self-defense? Am I the less punishable for saying all this? No. Whatever my comrades may have done is scored down to *my* account. I am a robber and a dead man."

"All this may serve to modify the sentence. But what do you mean by saying that you were *forced* to be a robber?"

"Ask his worship, the justice of the district," said the prisoner, looking at Mr. Skinner; "he knows what made me a robber." And he proceeded to tell the tale of his first crime.

"It's true; its true as gospel," sighed Kishlaki. "I came to Tissaret on the day after the thing had happened, when the sheriff told me all about it."

"*Nihil ad rem!*" said Zatonyi.

"But what does it avail me?" continued the prisoner, whose pale face became flushed as he spoke. "What can it avail me to tell you all the revolting cruelties which were practiced against me, and which to think of gives me pain? Am I the less a robber? Will these things cause you to spare me? No; I ought to have suffered the stripes, and kissed the hands of my tyrant; or I ought to have left my wife in her darkest hour, because nothing would serve my lady but that *I* should drive her to Dustbury. How then could I, a good-for-nothing peasant, dare to love my wife! How could I dare to resist when the justice told them to tie me to the whipping-post! But I dared to do it. I was fool enough to fancy that I, though a peasant, had a right to remain with my wife; I could not understand that a poor man is a dog, which anybody may beat and kick. Here I am, and you may hang me."

"I'll tell you what, you'll swing fast enough, my fine fellow!" said Zatonyi, whose cynicism was not proof against the prisoner's last words. "What, man! hanging's too good for you; that's all I have to say!"

"You see, sir," said Viola, appealing to Völgyeshy, "you see there is nothing that can excuse me in the eyes of mankind. But there's a request I have to address to the court."

Mr. Catspaw trembled, as the prisoner went on.

"When I left the burning hut in which Ratz Andor shot himself, I held some papers in my hands, which were stolen from the house of the notary of Tissaret."

"So you confess to the robbery?" cried Zatonyi.

«No, sir; I do not. God knows I am guiltless of that robbery,» cried Viola, raising his hands to heaven; «but that's no matter. All I say is that I had the papers, and that I took them away with me; and if you mean to prove by that that I committed the robbery, you may. I do not care: all I say is, that I took the papers with me.»

«It's a lie!» murmured Mr. Skinner.

«No; it's not a lie; it's the truth, and nothing but the truth! When I left the hut I was blind and unarmed: I held the papers in my hands, and I felt some one snatch them away from me — I can take my oath on it! — and my senses left me; when I recovered I was bound, and in the hands of the Pandurs and peasants. They dragged me to St. Vilmosh. I asked for the papers, for they belong to Mr. Tengelyi: and it was for their sake I surrendered, because I did not wish them to be burned; for they are the notary's important papers. But I understand that when I left the hut there was no one by except the justice and Mr. Catspaw; and the justice says that I had no papers. I most humbly beseech the court to order the justice to give those papers to the rightful owner.»

«May the devil take me by ounces, if I've seen the least rag of paper!» cried Mr. Skinner.

«Sir,» said Viola, «I am in your power: you may do with me as you please; you may hang me if you like; but for God's sake do not deny me the papers. I am under great obligations to Mr. Tengelyi. He relieved my family in the time of their distress; and I wish to show my gratitude by restoring those papers to him. I have come to suffer a disgraceful death — »

«You impertinent dog!» cried Mr. Skinner: «how dare you insinuate? how dare you say? how dare you — I am insulted; I insist on the court giving me satisfaction.»

«I am in the hands of the court,» said the prisoner. «Beat me, kick me, torture me; but give me the papers!»

«I am sure it's a plot,» whispered Mr. Catspaw to the assessor. «Tengelyi declares that his diplomas are gone. Who knows but he may be a patron of this fellow?»

«Nothing is more likely,» replied the assessor.

«What, fellow! what, dog! do you mean to say that I *stole* the papers?»

«All I say is, that I *had* the papers in my hands, and that some person took them away. I wish the court would please to

examine the Pandurs, who will tell you that nobody was near me but the justice and Mr. Catspaw.»

«This is indeed strange,» murmured Mr. Kishlaki. Mr. Skinner pushed his chair back, and cried:—

«The court cannot possibly suffer one of its members to be accused of theft!»

«Yes, too much is too much,» said Zatonyi, with a burst of generous indignation; «if you do not revoke your words, and if you do not ask their worships' pardon, we will send you to the yard and have you whipped!»

Viola answered quietly that he was in their worships' power, but that he would repeat what he had said to the last moment of his life; and Zatonyi was just about to send the prisoner away to be whipped, when Völgyeshy reminded him in Latin that the Sixth Chapter of the Articles made not only prohibition of what the assessor had been pleased to term «wheedling,» but also of threats and ill-treatment.

Baron Shoskuty remarked that the young lawyer's explanation of the articles was sheer nonsense; for the prisoner would not be under restraint if Mr. Völgyeshy's commentaries were accepted as law. He might call the worshipful magistrates asses; nay, he might even go to the length of beating them, without suffering any other punishment than being hanged. This able rejoinder induced the judges to reconsider Mr. Zatonyi's proposition to inflict corporal punishment on the prisoner; and nobody can say what would have come of it but for the firmness of Völgyeshy, who protested that he would inform the lord-lieutenant and the government of any act of violence to which they might subject the culprit. This threat had its effect. Baron Shoskuty, indeed, was heard to murmur against the impertinence of young men, while Mr. Zatonyi made some edifying reflections about sneaking informers; but this was all. No further mention was made of the whipping.

While the above conversation was being carried on in a tongue of which he could but catch the sounds and not the meaning, Viola stood quietly by, although a lively interest in the words and motions of the speakers was expressed in his face. Messrs. Catspaw and Skinner conversed in a whisper. At length the attorney turned round and addressed the court:—

«As the prisoner has thought proper to accuse *me*,» said he, «it is but right that I should be allowed to ask him a few

questions. You said I was near you when you left the hut, did you not? Now tell me, did you see me at the time?»

«No, I did not; I was blind with the smoke and fire in the hut; but the peasants told me that the two gentlemen were near me, and I felt somebody snatch the papers from my hand.»

«Do you mean to say that the smoke in the hut was very dense?»

«I could not see through it; at times the flames were so fierce that they nearly blinded me.»

«But how did you manage to save the papers?»

«They lay by my side on my bunda. I seized them and took them out. They were wrapped in a blue handkerchief.»

«He speaks the truth,» said Mr. Catspaw smiling; «or rather he tells us what he believes to be the truth. He held something in his hand, when he rushed from the hut more like a beast than like a human creature, I assure you, my honorable friends. I was not at all sure whether it was not a weapon of defense; I snatched it away, and on examination I identified it as a most harmless handkerchief, which certainly was wrapped round some soft substance. But,» continued he, addressing the prisoner, «if you fancy you saved the papers, my poor fellow, you are much mistaken, indeed you are! My dear Mr. Skinner, pray fetch the parcel which we took from Viola at the time of his capture.»

Mr. Skinner rose and left the room.

«The papers were in the handkerchief, I'll swear!» said Viola; but his astonishment and rage were unbounded when the judge returned with the parcel, which on examination was found to contain a pair of cotton drawers. He knew it was the handkerchief, the same in which he had wrapped the papers, and yet they were not there! How could he prove that they had been stolen?

«I trust my honorable friends are convinced,» said Mr. Catspaw, «that the wretched man has no intention of imposing upon the court. I believe, indeed, nothing can be more probable than that he was possessed of Tengelyi's documents; and it is likewise very probable that he intended to save those papers; but according to his own statement, he was half blind with the fire and smoke, and instead of the papers he took another parcel—some other booty, perhaps. Nothing can be more natural—»

«Yes, indeed!» interposed Baron Shoskuty. «*Nemo omnibus!*—you know! Awkward mistakes *will* happen. Perhaps you will

be pleased to remember the fire in the house of the receiver of revenues in the —— county. The poor man was so bewildered with fear that all he managed to get out of the house was a pair of old boots. The whole of the government money was burned. The visiting justices found the money-box empty—empty, I say! All the bank-notes were burned, and nothing was left but a small heap of ashes."

"Gentlemen!—" said Viola at length; but Mr. Catspaw interrupted him.

"I implore my honorable friends not to resent anything this wretched creature may say! I am sure he speaks from his conscience; nor is he deserving of chastisement. He is a prey to what we lawyers term '*Ignorantia invincibilis*'!"

"Of course! of course!" said Baron Shoskuty. "It's a legal remedy, you know."

"Gentlemen!" said the prisoner, "I am a poor condemned criminal, but the judge and Mr. Catspaw are mighty men. And I am doomed to appear this day before God's judgment seat! What motive should I have for not telling you the truth? May I be damned now and forever—yes, and may God punish my children to the tenth generation—if the papers were not in this very cloth!"

"I told you so!" said Mr. Catspaw, still smiling. "I knew it. This man is doting—'*borné*,' to use a French term. He'd say the same if we were to put him on the rack!—It's all very natural," said he to the prisoner. "You've made a mistake, that's all. Pray be reasonable, and consider, if you had brought Mr. Tengelyi's papers from the hut, what reason could I or Mr. Skinner have for refusing to produce them?"

"Of course!" said Baron Shoskuty. "What reason could these gentlemen have? How is it possible to suppose such a thing?"

Viola was silent. He stood lost in deep and gloomy thoughts. At last he raised his head and asked that the attendants might be sent away, adding, "I am in chains, and there are no less than six of you. You are safe, I assure you."

The room was cleared. Viola looked at Mr. Catspaw, and said:—

"What I have to tell you will astonish you all, except Mr. Catspaw. I never wished to mention it, and I would not now allow the servants to hear it; for my wife and children live at

Tissaret, and the Retys may perhaps be induced to pity the poor orphans. But if it is asked what reason the attorney can have for not producing the notary's papers, I will simply say that Mr. Catspaw is most likely to know his own mind and his own reasons — and good reasons they must be — to induce him to bribe somebody to steal the papers; for to tell you the truth, it was he who planned the robbery."

The attorney trembled.

"Really, this man is malicious!" cried he. "I am curious to know what can induce him to accuse an honest man of such a thing."

"Don't listen to his nonsense!" said Baron Shoskuty.

But Mr. Völgyeshy insisted on the prisoner's being heard, and Viola told them the history of the robbery, from the evening on which he had listened to the attorney's conversation with Lady Rety, to the night in which he seized the Jew in Tengelyi's house, knocking him down, and fled with the papers. The only circumstances which he did not mention were the fact of his having been hid in the notary's house when Messrs. Catspaw and Skinner pursued him in Tissaret, and his conversations with the Liptaka and Peti. Mr. Catspaw listened with a smile of mingled fear and contempt; and when Viola ceased speaking, he asked for permission to put a few questions to the prisoner.

"Not, indeed," said he, "for the purpose of defending myself or Lady Rety against so ridiculous an accusation; but merely to convince this fellow of the holes, nay, of the large gaps, in his abominable tissue of falsehoods." And turning to Viola he asked: —

"Did you inform anybody of the conversation which you pretend to have overheard between me and Lady Rety?"

"No, I did not."

"Pray consider my question. Is there any one to whom you said that some one wished to steal the notary's papers? We ought to know your associates. Now, did you not speak to Peti the gipsy, or to that old hag the Liptaka?"

Viola persisted in denying the fact. He was too well aware of the disastrous consequence this avowal would have for his friends.

Mr. Catspaw went on.

"Where did you hide at the time we pursued you at Tissaret?"

Viola replied that he was not in Tissaret.

«Do you mean to say that you were not in the village?»

«No!»

The attorney sent for the old Liptaka, to whom he read her depositions, from which it appeared that the prisoner attempted to inform Tengelyi of the intended robbery.

«What do you say to this evidence?» added he.

«That it is true, every word of it. I'll swear to the truth of my words!» said she.

«Viola has confessed,» said Mr. Catspaw, «that he told you of the matter when hiding in the notary's house, while we pursued him through Tissaret. Is there any truth in this statement?»

The Liptaka, feeling convinced that Viola must have confessed as much, said it was quite true, but that Tengelyi was ignorant of the prisoner's presence. The old woman was sent away, and Mr. Catspaw, turning to the court, asked triumphantly:—

«Did you ever hear of such impertinence? The prisoner protests that he did not inform anybody of the alleged intended robbery; and the old woman swears that Viola did inform her, for the purpose of cautioning the notary. Then again, the old woman did not say anything to the notary, without having any ostensible reason for not doing what she alleges she promised to do. The prisoner will have it that he was not in Tissaret at the time we pursued him; and the witness—why, gentlemen, the witness deposes that the subject in question was mentioned to her at that very time. I say, you great fool! if you had time for another batch of lies, I would advise you to make out a better story. But let us go on. Who told you that the Jew and Tzifra intended to rob the notary?»

«I cannot answer that question,» replied Viola.

«Indeed? What a pity! I'd like to know the gentleman who gives you such correct information; unless, indeed, you keep a '*familiaris*,'—a devil, I mean.»

«The only thing I told you was that I knew of the robbery.»

«But how did you know of it?»

«The Jew and Tzifra talked about it in the pot-house near Dustbury.»

«Were you present? Did you hear them?»

«No; I had it from a friend.»

«I'm sure it was your '*familiaris*,' your devil,—your artful dodger!» said Mr. Catspaw smiling; «but since you knew that

the robbery was to take place, why did you not inform the justice of it?"

"I was outlawed; a prize was offered for my head."

"Indeed, so it was; but your friend—why did not he inform the proper authorities? Was he also *wanted?* and if so, why did he not inform Tengelyi, or Mr. Vandory, who I understand has likewise lost his papers?"

"I cannot tell you. Perhaps he did not find the notary. At all events, he knew that I would prevent the robbery, so he told me of it."

"A very extraordinary thing, this!" said Mr. Catspaw; "for a man to apply to a robber with a view to prevent a robbery! And you wanted to prevent the robbery, did you not? Now tell me, did you set about it by yourself? And what became of your comrade—I mean the man who told you about it? Did he too go to Tissaret?"

"There was no occasion for it."

"Still, it is very extraordinary that you should not have hunted in couples, knowing as you did that there were two men to commit the robbery. What a capital thing for you, if you could summon your comrades to explain it all! For if some went to Tissaret to prevent the robbery, there can be no harm in our knowing who your comrade is. He ought to be rewarded for his zeal."

"I had no comrade. I was alone," said Viola.

"Very well, you were alone; let it be so. Whom did you see in the notary's house?"

"No one but the Jew; he who is now waiting in the hall."

"Did you see Tzifra?"

"No. The Jew was alone in the house."

"But the Jew swears that it was you who committed the robbery!"

"I don't care. I've said what I've said."

"Is there anything else you have to say?"

"No."

"Very well. I've done with you," said the attorney, as he rang for the servants.

"Take him away," said he, as the haiduks made their appearance. Viola turned round and left the room.

EPICTETUS

(FIRST CENTURY A. D. ?)

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

OF THE three great authors among the later Stoics, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus offers the most cultivated literary flavor, Seneca the most varied and discursive knowledge, and Epictetus the simplest and most practical tonic. As compared with the two other writers, Epictetus shortens his sword; that is, his sentences. They have the merit which Thoreau set above all others: they are «concentrated and witty.» Some of them have attained to the rank of proverbs,—that is, of being quoted by those who never heard of the author; as when men say, «All things have two handles; beware of the wrong one,» which is not the precise phrase used by Epictetus, but comes very near it. What is more essential than any matter of language is that he, like the other later Stoics, and even more than the rest of these, had outgrown the earlier tradition of their predecessors and recognized human feeling. In this respect, indeed, he went further than many Christian teachers. When Cardinal Manning was on his way to Rome, after his conversion, he lost his portmanteau containing family letters. The moral lesson to be drawn from this is thus noted in his diary: «To be dead to earthly and natural affections.» Epictetus, although a Stoic by profession and practice, would not have gone so far.

The system of Epictetus is not hard to grasp, for it is very simple, and wholly practical. All objects, all events, in short, everything earthly, may be divided into classes: the things which are within our own control and the things over which we have no control. We must live for the one class—the things controllable; and must hold the other as absolutely secondary. All possessions that come to us from without, all joys, even those of domestic happiness, are beyond our own control and must be held as loans, not as gifts; the inward life is apart from these and goes on the same, whether they come or go, and this alone we can control. Children are dear, love is real, God is good; but we must acquiesce quietly in the loss of every human joy at the word of command, and never murmur. There is no hardness, as of the elder Stoics; no jaunty refusal of personal ties, as with Epicurus; behind the brief, terse maxims of this slave-philosopher there is an atmosphere of love and faith. It even

his Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. In the sixth century an elaborate commentary on the 'Enchiridion' was written in Greek, by Simplicius. This was translated into English by Stanhope, and was in turn made the text for a commentary, longer than itself, by Milton's well-known adversary Salmasius.

T. W. Higginson

FROM THE DISCOURSES

Selections from Higginson's 'Discourses of Epictetus,' Revised Edition, Boston, 1891

The Divine Supervision

When a person asked him how any one might be convinced that his every act is under the supervision of God: "Do you not think," said Epictetus, "that all things are mutually connected and united?"

"I do."

"Well, and do not you think that things on earth feel the influence of the Heavenly powers?"

"Yes."

"Else how is it that in their season, as if by express command, God bids the plants to blossom and they blossom, to bud and they bud, to bear fruit and they bear it, to ripen it and they ripen; and when again he bids them drop their leaves, and withdrawing into themselves to rest and wait, they rest and wait? Whence again are there seen, on the increase and decrease of the moon, and the approach and departure of the sun, so great changes and transformations in earthly things? Have then the very leaves, and our own bodies, this connection and sympathy with the whole; and have not our souls much more? But our souls are thus connected and intimately joined to God, as being indeed members and distinct portions of his essence; and must he not be sensible of every movement of them, as belonging and connatural to himself? Can even you think of the Divine administration, and every other Divine subject, and together with these of human affairs also; can you at once receive impressions on your senses and your understanding from a thousand objects; at once assent to some things, deny or suspend your judgment

concerning others, and preserve in your mind impressions from so many and various objects, by whose aid you can revert to ideas similar to those which first impressed you? Can you retain a variety of arts and the memorials of ten thousand things? And is not God capable of surveying all things, and being present with all, and in communication with all? Is the sun capable of illuminating so great a portion of the universe, and of leaving only that small part of it unilluminated which is covered by the shadow of the earth; and cannot He who made and moves the sun, a small part of himself if compared with the whole,—cannot he perceive all things?

"'But I cannot,' say you, 'attend to all things at once.' Who asserts that you have equal power with Zeus? Nevertheless, he has assigned to each man a director, his own good genius, and committed him to that guardianship,—a director sleepless and not to be deceived. To what better and more careful guardian could he have committed each one of us? So that when you have shut your doors and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone; for you are not alone, but God is within, and your genius is within; and what need have they of light to see what you are doing? To this God you likewise ought to swear such an oath as the soldiers do to Cæsar. For they, in order to receive their pay, swear to prefer before all things the safety of Cæsar: and will you not swear, who have received so many and so great favors; or if you have sworn, will you not fulfill the oath? And what must you swear? Never to distrust, nor accuse, nor murmur at any of the things appointed by him; nor to shrink from doing or enduring that which is inevitable. Is this oath like the former? In the first oath persons swear never to dishonor Cæsar; by the last, never to dishonor themselves."

Concerning Providence

"Are these the only works of Providence with regard to us? And what speech can fitly celebrate their praise? For if we had any understanding, ought we not, both in public and in private, incessantly to sing and praise the Deity, and rehearse his benefits? Ought we not, whether we dig or plow or eat, to sing this hymn to God:—Great is God, who has supplied us with these instruments to till the ground; great is God, who has given us hands and organs of digestion; who has given us to grow

insensibly, to breathe in sleep? These things we ought forever to celebrate; and to make it the theme of the greatest and divinest hymn, that he has given us the power to appreciate these gifts, and to use them well. But because the most of you are blind and insensible, there must be some one to fill this station, and lead, in behalf of all men, the hymn to God; for what else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan; but since I am a reasonable creature, it is my duty to praise God. This is my business; I do it; nor will I ever desert this post, so long as it is permitted me: and I call on you to join in the same song."

Concerning Parentage

Why do you, Epicurus, dissuade a wise man from bringing up children? Why are you afraid that upon their account he may fall into anxieties? Does he fall into any for a mouse that feeds within his house? What is it to him if a little mouse bewails itself there? But Epicurus knew that if once a child is born, it is no longer in our power not to love and be solicitous for it. On the same grounds he says that a wise man will not engage himself in public business, knowing very well what must follow. If men are only so many flies, why should he not engage in it?

And does he, who knows all this, dare to forbid us to bring up children? Not even a sheep or a wolf deserts its offspring; and shall man? What would you have,—that we should be as silly as sheep? Yet even these do not desert their offspring. Or as savage as wolves? Neither do these desert them. Pray, who would mind *you*, if he saw his child fallen upon the ground and crying? For my part, I am of opinion that your father and mother, even if they could have foreseen that you would have been the author of such doctrines, would not have thrown you away.

Concerning Difficulties

Difficulties are things that show what men are. For the future, in case of any difficulty, remember that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic conqueror; and this cannot be without toil. No man, in my opinion, has a more

profitable difficulty on his hands than you have, provided you will but use it as an athletic champion uses his antagonist.

Suppose we were to send you as a scout to Rome. But no one ever sends a timorous scout, who when he only hears a noise or sees a shadow runs back frightened, and says, «The enemy is at hand.» So now if you should come and tell us:—«Things are in a fearful way at Rome; death is terrible, banishment terrible, calumny terrible, poverty terrible; run, good people, the enemy is at hand;» we will answer, Get you gone, and prophesy for yourself; our only fault is that we have sent such a scout. Diogenes was sent as a scout before you, but he told us other tidings. He says that death is no evil, for it is nothing base; that calumny is only the noise of madmen. And what account did this spy give us of pain, of pleasure, of poverty? He says that to be naked is better than a purple robe; to sleep upon the bare ground, the softest bed; and gives a proof of all he says by his own courage, tranquillity, and freedom, and moreover by a healthy and robust body. «There is no enemy near,» he says; «all is profound peace.» How so, Diogenes? «Look upon me,» he says. «Am I hurt? Am I wounded? Have I run away from any one?» This is a scout worth having. But you come and tell us one tale after another. Go back and look more carefully, and without fear.

Words and Deeds

«Pray, see how I compose dialogues.»

Talk not of that, man, but rather be able to say:—See how I accomplish my purposes; see how I avert what I wish to shun. Set death before me; set pain, a prison, disgrace, doom, and you will know me. This should be the pride of a young man come out from the schools. Leave the rest to others. Let no one ever hear you waste a word upon them, nor suffer it, if any one commends you for them; but admit that you are nobody, and that you know nothing. Appear to know only this, never to fail nor fall. Let others study cases, problems, and syllogisms. Do you rather contemplate death, change, torture, exile; and all these with courage, and reliance upon Him who hath called you to them, and judged you worthy a post in which you may show what reason can do when it encounters the inevitable.

Of Tranquillity

Consider, you who are about to undergo trial, what you wish to preserve, and in what to succeed. For if you wish to preserve a mind in harmony with nature, you are entirely safe; everything goes well; you have no trouble on your hands. While you wish to preserve that freedom which belongs to you, and are contented with that, for what have you longer to be anxious? For who is the master of things like these? Who can take them away? If you wish to be a man of modesty and fidelity, who shall prevent you? If you wish not to be restrained or compelled, who shall compel you to desires contrary to your principles; to aversions contrary to your opinion? The judge, perhaps, will pass a sentence against you which he thinks formidable; but can he likewise make you receive it with shrinking? Since, then, desire and aversion are in your own power, for what have you to be anxious? Let this be your introduction; this your narration; this your proof; this your conclusion; this your victory; and this your applause. Thus said Socrates to one who put him in mind to prepare himself for his trial:—"Do you not think that I have been preparing myself for this very thing my whole life long?" By what kind of preparation? "I have attended to my own work." What mean you? "I have done nothing unjust, either in public or in private life."

But if you wish to retain possession of outward things too,—your body, your estate, your dignity,—I advise you immediately to prepare yourself by every possible preparation; and besides, to consider the disposition of your judge and of your adversary. In that case, if it be necessary to embrace his knees, do so; if to weep, weep; if to groan, groan. For when you have once made yourself a slave to externals, be a slave wholly; do not struggle, and be alternately willing and unwilling, but be simply and thoroughly the one or the other,—free or a slave; instructed or ignorant; a game-cock or a craven; either bear to be beaten till you die, or give out at once; and do not be soundly beaten first, and then give out at last.

FROM THE 'ENCHIRIDION'

The Basis of Philosophy

There are things which are within our power, and there are things which are beyond our power. Within our power are opinion, aim, desire, aversion, and in one word, whatever affairs are our own. Beyond our power are body, property, reputation, office, and in one word, whatever are not properly our own affairs.

Now, the things within our power are by nature free, unrestricted, unhindered; but those beyond our power are weak, dependent, restricted, alien. Remember, then, that if you attribute freedom to things by nature dependent, and seek for your own that which is really controlled by others, you will be hindered, you will lament, you will be disturbed, you will find fault both with gods and men. But if you take for your own only that which is your own, and view what belongs to others just as it really is, then no one will ever compel you, no one will restrict you, you will find fault with no one, you will accuse no one, you will do nothing against your will; no one will hurt you, you will not have an enemy, nor will you suffer any harm.

Aiming therefore at such great things, remember that you must not allow yourself any inclination, however slight, towards the attainment of the others; but that you must entirely quit some of them, and for the present postpone the rest. But if you would have these greater things, and possess power and wealth likewise, you may miss the latter in seeking the former; and you will certainly fail of that by which alone happiness and freedom are procured.

Terrors

Men are disturbed not by things, but by the views which they take of things. Thus death is nothing terrible, else it would have appeared so to Socrates. But the terror consists in our notion of death, that it is terrible. When therefore we are hindered, or disturbed, or grieved, let us never impute it to others, but to ourselves; that is, to our own views. It is the action of an uninstructed person to reproach others for his own misfortunes; of one entering upon instruction, to reproach himself; and of one perfectly instructed, to reproach neither others nor himself.

The Voyage

As in a voyage, when the ship is at anchor, if you go on shore to get water you may amuse yourself with picking up a shell-fish or a truffle in your way, but your thoughts ought to be bent towards the ship and perpetually attentive, lest the captain should call, and then you must leave all these things, that you may not have to be carried on board the vessel bound like a sheep; thus likewise in life, if instead of a truffle or shell-fish such a thing as a wife or a child be granted you, there is no objection; but if the captain calls, run to the ship, leave all these things, and never look behind. But if you are old, never go far from the ship, lest you should be missing when called for.

Events

Demand not that events should happen as you wish; but wish them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well.

Surrender

If a person had delivered up your body to some passer-by, you would certainly be angry. And do you feel no shame in delivering up your own mind to any reviler, to be disconcerted and confounded?

Integrity

If you have assumed any character beyond your strength, you have both demeaned yourself ill in that, and quitted one which you might have supported.

The Test

Never proclaim yourself a philosopher, nor make much talk among the ignorant about your principles; but show them by actions. Thus, at an entertainment, do not discourse how people ought to eat; but eat as you ought. For remember that thus Socrates also universally avoided all ostentation. And when persons came to him, and desired to be introduced by him to philosophers, he took them and introduced them; so well did he bear being overlooked. So if ever there should be among the ignorant any discussion of principles, be for the most part silent.

For there is great danger in hastily throwing out what is undigested. And if any one tells you that you know nothing, and you are not nettled at it, then you may be sure that you have really entered on your work. For sheep do not hastily throw up the grass, to show the shepherds how much they have eaten; but inwardly digesting their food, they produce it outwardly in wool and milk.

The Two Handles

Everything has two handles: one by which it may be borne, another by which it cannot. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold on the affair by the handle of his injustice, for by that it cannot be borne; but rather by the opposite, that he is your brother, that he was brought up with you; and thus you will lay hold on it as it is to be borne.

FROM THE 'FRAGMENTS'

Sweet and Bitter

It is scandalous that he who sweetens his drink by the gift of the bees, should by vice embitter reason, the gift of the gods.

Love of Man

No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind; but only he who is a lover of virtue.

Monuments

If you have a mind to adorn your city by consecrated monuments, first consecrate in yourself the most beautiful monument, —of gentleness and justice and benevolence.

Civic Honor

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.

Healing

It is more necessary for the soul to be healed than the body; for it is better to die than to live ill.

For Humanity

A person once brought clothes to a pirate who had been cast ashore and almost killed by the severity of the weather; then carried him to his house, and furnished him with all necessaries. Being reproached by some one for doing good to the evil, "I have paid this regard," answered he, "not to the man, but to humanity."

Aspiration

Think of God oftener than you breathe.

Divine Presence

If you always remember that God stands by as a witness of whatever you do, either in soul or body, you will never err, either in your prayers or actions, and you will have God abiding with you.

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ERASMUS

ER[illegible]AS[illegible]M[illegible]US

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IN ANY view [illegible] as a leading personage [illegible] literary men of modern [illegible] letters [illegible] have [illegible] stronger hold [illegible] influence [illegible] on the civilized world than [illegible] from the Renaissance [illegible] this day.

He was born at Rotterdam [illegible] biographers [illegible] thought that he [illegible] 1465 [illegible] believing that [illegible] that [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

ERASMUS

ERASMUS

(1465?–1536)

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

IN ANY view of modern civilization Erasmus is a leading personage, for he is one of the two great militant literary men of modern times;—one of the two men of letters who have taken a stronger hold and exercised a wider influence on the thought of the civilized world than have any others, from the Roman Empire to this day.

He was born at Rotterdam, most biographers say in 1467: Hallam thought that he had proved the date to be 1465: others see reasons for believing that it was 1466: Burigny insisted that no one knew the exact year—not even Erasmus himself.[1] But more important than a precise date is the fact that he was born only about ten years after the downfall of the Eastern Empire; only about a quarter of a century after the discovery of printing; about twenty years before Luther; and but little longer before the great age of discovery—the period of Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Magellan; the period also of a new awakening of scholarship in Germany, shown in the founding of new universities and the putting of new life into old ones;—the period of new horizons, hopes, and activities. He stood in the centre of this great epoch, and acted most powerfully upon it.[2]

Though an illegitimate child, he took his paternal name Gerard, which, being interpreted to mean amiable, was put into Latin as Desiderius, and into Greek as Erasmios or perhaps Erasmos. So, in accordance with the custom of men of his sort in his time, he called himself Desiderius Erasmus; just as Schwartzerd or Black-earth translated his name into Greek and called himself Melanchthon.

The first years of Erasmus were full of hardship. His patrimony was stolen from him by faithless guardians; his liberty was wheedled from him by zealous monks: but a remarkable keenness, shrewdness,

[1] For Hallam's argument regarding the exact date of Erasmus's birth, see his 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe' (London, 1847), page 287, note; see also Drummond. For Burigny, see his 'Vie d'Érasme' (Paris, 1757), pages 5 and 6, and note.

[2] Regarding the strengthening of university life and of thought generally in Germany at this period, see especially Creighton, 'History of the Papacy during the Reformation.'

and passion for knowledge asserted itself in him; though struggling against poverty throughout his early life, and against ill health always, he grew rapidly and symmetrically in the best knowledge of his time, and especially in the new learning;—that new study of Latin thought to which thinking men, weary of scholastic philosophy, had turned toward the close of the Middle Ages; and above all, to that study of Greek thought which had taken refuge in Western Europe at the downfall of the Eastern Empire, and especially at the Turkish conquest of Constantinople in 1453.

It happened, to the great good fortune of the world, that the scholarship in which Erasmus was nurtured had in it not only enlightenment, but manliness and earnestness. In the little town of Deventer in Holland, Gerard Groot had founded in 1400 an order called the Brotherhood of the Life in Common, or as they were more popularly known, the Good Brethren. The order was devoted to plain living and high thinking. Property was for the most part held in common. Manual labor was exacted of all. All showed a fervency in devotion and an energy in well-doing such as the older orders of monks had not known for many generations.

Among other things, the Brethren devoted themselves to a scheme of education at once thorough and comprehensive; not disdaining to work in primary schools, not shrinking from the most advanced scholarly inquiry. This Deventer school acted powerfully in fusing what was best in mediæval thought with the new learning. Its influence was felt in all parts of Northern Europe. In 1433 the order numbered forty-five houses, in 1460 three times as many. Several of its scholars became famous; among them Thomas à Kempis, and Nicholas of Cues, the poor fisherman's son, who became the Cardinal de Cusa,—scholar, statesman, and reformer,—the forerunner of Copernicus in teaching the new astronomy.[1]

From these men of the Deventer school Erasmus received the first strong impulse toward his great career; and though he remained at the school only until about his fourteenth year, he secured recognition as a youth of wonderful promise.

Now came an evil period. He was entrapped into a monastery, and finally, about the time of his coming of age, was induced to take priestly orders. Yet even in the monastery the spirit of the Deventer school was still working within him; for now it was, in his monastery at Stein, about 1490, that he took up the work of the man who first brought the modern spirit of scholarly criticism to bear upon Biblical research,—the brilliant Italian scholar Laurentius Valla. Out

[1] For the value of the Deventer school, see Hallam, 'History of Literature,' Vol. i., page 125; also a reference in Cantù, which is very striking as coming from so devoted a Catholic; also Creighton as above, Vol. v., Chap. i.

of this grew Erasmus's greatest contribution to the thought of Christendom,—a contribution which is doing its work in all lands to-day: none of Erasmus's revolutionary work has ever shown such persistent vitality as this evolutionary work.[1]

He soon saw that a monastic life was not for him. Others saw it; among these the Archbishop of Cambray, who made him his private secretary, and finally supplied him the means with which to study at Paris. But these means were dealt out grudgingly. He still had to endure great privations in order to gain instruction from the accomplished teachers gathered there, and in one of his letters he writes:—

«I have given my whole soul to Greek learning, and as soon as I get any money I shall first buy Greek books and then clothes.»

During his stay in Paris his ability was noted by various men of influence; and now began his struggle to rid himself of monastic and clerical entanglements, in which effort he was finally successful. It was at this period—in 1500—that he published among other things the first edition of his 'Book of Adages' or Proverbs.

The 'Book of Adages' was the first broadside sent from the new scholarship into the old, and it penetrated European thought widely and deeply. Erasmus became at once the head of the party supporting the new learning against mediæval scholasticism. Admirers sought his friendship on all sides; among them the leading mitred heads, crowned heads, and even the Pope himself. He received letters breathing the warmest friendship from Henry VIII. of England; Francis I. of France; Charles V. of Spain and Germany; the two successive popes, Leo X. and the schoolmate of Erasmus at Deventer, Adrian VI.; and still later from the two popes who succeeded these. In the 'Adages' Erasmus proclaimed war against the mendicant friars throughout Europe; and from time to time, in new editions, came new forms of ridicule, even more and more effective.

Another manifestation of Erasmus's boldness is yet more striking; for while he attacked bigotry fearlessly, he attacked tyranny with yet more bitter hatred. Strenuous as his attacks on bigotry were, he never really penetrated to its underlying principle—to the doctrine that salvation depends upon belief; but in attacking the oppressions of monarchy he went to its very heart. This will be especially shown in the extracts from the 'Adages,' as well as from the other writings given as an appendix to this article. He attacked its foundations; so that one might imagine himself within sound, not of a

[1] For the evolution of Erasmus's ideas in Biblical criticism out of those of Valla, see White's 'History of the Warfare of Science with Theology,' Vol. ii., pages 303 and following; also Drummond, 'Life of Erasmus,' Vol. i., pages 26 and following; also Durand de Laur, 'Érasme,' Vol. i., pages 16 and following.

scholar admired in colleges and petted in courts, but of some modern French tribune or American stump orator.

Curiously enough, this book, the 'Adages,' which aided powerfully to bring in the great revolution of the sixteenth century, became the fashion and fad among those at whom it really struck. Pope Leo X., as well as Charles V., Henry VIII., Francis I., and a host of royal personages, welcomed the 'Adages' of Erasmus; just as two centuries later Frederick the Great, Catherine the Great, Joseph II. of Austria, Charles III. of Spain, and a multitude of eighteenth-century princes, welcomed the 'Persian Letters' of Montesquieu and the 'Philosophical Dictionary' of Voltaire: the book took hold upon thinking men throughout Europe, and it went speedily through more than fifty editions.

The bitterness of the monks against him and the admiration of thinking men for him steadily increased. From almost every crowned head in Europe, including the Pope, came lucrative invitations to their respective courts. And here a remark should be made in justice to him. It strikes a modern scholar unpleasantly, in reading Erasmus's correspondence, to see him insisting constantly on his needs, and demanding pecuniary aid. He seemed to feel that he had a right to it, and he obtained it: gold, silver, and pensions came to him from every land; from friends in England like Lord Mountjoy, and Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury; and from various personages on the Continent. But this was simply the way of his time among scholars. All this was in the old system of patronage. Men wealthy and high placed were expected to see that the republic of letters received no detriment, and that its main upholders were cared for.

But for any proper understanding of this history, and of Erasmus's character, one thing should be most carefully noted. It is vastly to his credit. The highest Church preferment was pressed upon him by the Pope, by the sovereigns, and by various eminent ecclesiastics, throughout the greater part of his life; cardinals' hats, bishoprics, deaneries, would have been his had he signified a wish, or even a willingness to take them: but positions of this sort, lucrative though they might be, sinecures though they might be, he steadfastly refused. He determined to keep his freedom; to give no one a right to call him servant; to undertake no duties — no matter how splendid or honorable, no matter how easy — which should in any way deprive him of his liberty.

And here sundry sources of Erasmus's qualities should be noted. He was not only a scholar by the study of books, but by the study of men and events. For leading features in his training were his acquaintance with the men best worth knowing, and his knowledge

of the history then making in all parts of Europe. Considering his limited resources and the difficulty of traveling at that period, the frequency and length of his journeys strike us with wonder. We hear of him in Paris, at Oxford and Cambridge, in various parts of Italy, in Germany, in Switzerland, and in the Netherlands. The extent of his correspondence amazes us.

One thing, effective in determining his character, has perhaps not been sufficiently dwelt upon by those who have studied him; this was his intimate association with leading Englishmen. During his different residences in England he was thrown into close relations with some of the best men that the Anglo-Saxon race has ever produced. It was not only the time of the revival of scholarship in England, but of great seriousness in thought. Wyclif had been dead more than a hundred years, but his spirit still lived; among Erasmus's English associates were such scholars as Linacre, Grocyn, Latimer, and above all, Sir Thomas More and Colet. These English friends of his certainly promoted his zeal in scholarship and deepened his character.[1]

In 1503 appeared a work which showed strongly the influence of Anglo-Saxon devotion to truth, and to the exercise of reason in reaching truth. This was his 'Enchiridion, or Christian's Manual.' It was in the main a quiet, strong argument against the substitution of fetichism for religious thought and action. Though pithy at times, it had much less of the biting, satirical spirit than had his better known writings. In this he argued against all substitutes for real Christian life, of which Europe was then full, and indeed of which all ages and countries have been full. He fell back mainly upon the exercise of right reason as the God-given means of attaining to truth and righteousness. For this he was of course bitterly attacked. One charge against him was that he had denied the existence of real and literal fire in hell. He defended himself rather wittily by saying that he did not deny it,—that he only declared it to be more clearly taught in theology than in the Scriptures.

Many things might be noted in this book, but two should be remembered. First, that Erasmus throughout appeals to right reason; not unnatural, then, was the declaration of Ignatius Loyola that these writings cooled his piety. The other point to be noted is, that while there is a similarity in the work of Erasmus upon the great revolution of the sixteenth century to the work of Voltaire upon the revolution of the eighteenth, here is a fundamental difference; here

[1] For very full and interesting details of the relations of Erasmus to Englishmen, see Knight, 'Life of Dean Colet,' Oxford, 1823, pages 152 *et passim;* see also Froude, 'Life and Letters of Erasmus,' pages 105–7; also Seebohm, 'The Oxford Reformers,' London, 1869, *passim.*

is a depth of moral and religious feeling, and an appeal to the underlying constitution of Christendom, such as appears in none of the French philosophers or Encyclopædists.

In 1511 Erasmus gave to the world a book of a very different sort,—his 'Encomium Moriæ,' or Praise of Folly. It was dedicated to Sir Thomas More; and More's name, in a punning way, was imbedded in its title. The work was received with delight from one end of Europe to the other. Later it was illustrated with caricatures by Hans Holbein, and so gained yet wider popularity.[1] In this book Folly is represented as preaching from her lofty pulpit to all sorts and conditions of men; proving that all are fools, and therefore her subjects; and that from her come the gifts they most prize. Especially does she claim credit for the superstitions of the Church; and above all for the monks and theologians, whom she exhibits as her masterpieces.

The publication of the 'Praise of Folly' raised a terrific storm. The monks were especially violent, but they succeeded poorly. They were too angry. Strange as it may seem, even this work did not lead to any decided break between Erasmus and the higher ecclesiastics outside the monasteries. Pope Leo X., with his dislike for over-fervid religionists, and his passion for amusing literature, still held strongly to the bold thinker who expressed the leading thought of his time so pungently. So did those who succeeded Leo during Erasmus's lifetime; though his immediate successor, Adrian VI., was an ascetic, and cared far more for theology than for literature. This book wrought more powerfully on Erasmus's own time and on that which immediately followed, than any other he ever wrote. Here, to use the old phrase, was "the egg which Erasmus laid and which Luther hatched."

But far more powerful in its remoter consequences on the building up of modern Germany, and indeed on all thinking Christendom, was a book which he published five years later at Basle,—his first edition of the Greek Testament. His main object was doubtless to popularize Biblical studies and to bring them to bear upon the needs of his time. But he also wished to show what the Bible really was, and thus to beat back the dogmatists who used its texts to injure the new learning.

This work was undoubtedly in some sort an evolution out of the earlier work of Laurentius Valla, the only great Italian scholar of the Renascence who had devoted himself to the problems of theology and Biblical criticism. But the spirit of Erasmus was very different

[1] For the origin and character of Holbein's illustrations of the 'Praise of Folly,' with specimens, see Woltmann, 'Holbein and his Time,' Chap. xi.

from that of Valla.[1] Valla was a brilliant skeptic; Erasmus a profound believer in God and in righteousness. He stands among the first of those who have endeavored to bring the Scriptures within the reach of the world at large: without him the translations of Tyndale in England and of Luther in Germany would have been almost impossible.

But Erasmus's work did not end with his Greek Testament: he wrote a new Latin version, enriching it with notes; and finally a series of paraphrases in Latin of all the New Testament books, except Revelation. These were translated into various modern languages, and of the English version every parish church in England was supplied with a copy.

The greatness of this work is shown in its remoter consequences. This it was which began the application of critical knowledge to our sacred books: Erasmus is the forerunner of that long line of devoted men in all countries who from that day to this have risked reputation and even life, in endeavoring to clear from the sacred text the errors which so many pious men have in all ages insisted on retaining in it.

It is true that he had little of Hebrew scholarship, and that his critical apparatus and knowledge were small compared to that which scholars now consider indispensable; it is true that some of his annotations were fanciful; but as a whole, their acuteness and boldness are among the wonders of European history. He it was who dared strike out the famous verse in the fifth chapter of the first Epistle General of St. John regarding the «three witnesses.» For this he was fiercely attacked: in England by Lee, afterwards Archbishop of York; in Spain by Stunica, one of the most renowned of South-European scholars; in France by Budé, syndic of the Sorbonne; by the University of Paris; and throughout Europe by the friars;—but he kept on, and to-day there is no scholar who does not acknowledge that he was right. He it was who dared point out some of the mistakes in quotations made from the Hebrew Scriptures in the Gospels; and to show that the Epistle to the Hebrews is not the work of St. Paul; and that the Revelations of St. John, and the Gospel according to St. John, cannot be the work of the same person; and that the passage in Matthew which is now inscribed around the inner base of St. Peter's dome—«Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church»—has no reference to the Papacy. For these things, which the great mass of scholars now accept as mere commonplaces,

[1] For a more thorough statement regarding the work of Valla as compared with that of Erasmus, see White's 'History of the Warfare of Science with Theology,' Vol. ii., pages 303 and following. For the extent of Erasmus's New Testament work, see Jebb's 'Erasmus,' pages 44, 45.

he was then called a blasphemer. But the ages since his time have more and more agreed in declaring all this a proof of Erasmus's greatness as a scholar and of his boldness as a man.[1]

Here too we have utterances of his which throw light upon his view of his time, and of his own work in it. In one of his letters he says, «I would rather work for a month at expounding St. Paul than waste a day in quarreling.»

Nor was he working for scholars alone. He had in mind also the plain every-day man. Regarding his translations of Scripture he said:—«I long that the husbandman should sing them as he follows the plow; that the weaver should hum them to the tune of the shuttle; that the traveler should beguile with them the weariness of his journey.»[2]

In 1522 Erasmus published his 'Colloquies.' These were conversations, written nominally for the instruction of youth. They are not, in general, phrased so sharply as the 'Adages' and 'Praise of Folly'; they are more kindly, more genial. The purpose of this work seems to have been to infuse into the youth of his time more earnestness, and especially to bring in a better handling of religious questions. In this, as in preceding works, Erasmus firmly adheres to the Church, no matter how much he criticizes various parasitic growths which had attached themselves to it; and he will listen to no suggestions of separation from it.

The twenty-nine 'Colloquies' formed an arsenal of argument and satire. Again the monks trooped forth and widely denounced him as satirizing Church fasts, virginity, monkery, pilgrimages, and other important parts of her system; but hardly any one read their tirades; they were too long-winded. The main attack on the 'Colloquies' was made in 1526; and in 1527 Colinæus printed twenty-four thousand copies of them, and sold them all.[3]

But while the popes and higher ecclesiastics still professed themselves pleased with this work, theologians here and there became alarmed. Luther had appeared on the scene; and though Erasmus during a large part of his literary life was in quarrel with Luther, the deeper meanings of the whole movement, and of their relations to it,

[1] For excellent statements regarding Erasmus's relations to modern Biblical criticism, see Beard, 'Hibbert Lectures for 1883 on the Reformation,' pages 66 and following. For a very full detail of Erasmus's account of his dealing with the text regarding the Three Witnesses, see Jortin (London, 1808), Vol. ii., pages 229 *et seq.*

[2] For the citation above given, see Jebb's 'Erasmus,' Cambridge, 1890, pages 45, 46, and 53.

[3] For satires and squibs against Erasmus, see Schade, 'Satiren u. Pasquille aus der Reformationszeit,' Hanover, 1863: *passim.*

began to be revealed. The book was publicly condemned by the Sorbonne in France, solemnly burned by the Inquisition in Spain, and after the death of Erasmus placed upon the Index in Italy. The Romanic countries thus sought to keep it out of popular reach. In the Teutonic countries its work continued. It held the field longer than did any of his other works, save his edition of the New Testament; nearly a century and a half after Erasmus's time Milton spoke of it as in the hands of everybody at Cambridge; and even in our own time new editions of it have been published.

With the 'Colloquies' ends the last of Erasmus's most popular books. Further into the vast mass of his writings, which have been collected into ten great folios, we may not go, save to notice one field of his activity, in some respects the most important: this is his Correspondence.

As already hinted, it was enormous. It embraces letters to and from the most noted men of his time, including not only four successive popes and all the principal monarchs of Europe, but the leaders of thought on both sides for some time after the outbreak of the Reformation. The subjects treated were the most important; educational, literary, political, and religious. The mode of treatment was flowing, bright, witty, often playful and apparently superficial; but beneath all was deep religious and moral feeling. Not conventionally so: Erasmus may well be called the first Broad-Churchman. To him the permanent element in Christianity was everything; the transient comparatively nothing.

The influence of his letters was undoubtedly far-reaching and healthful. They penetrated and pervaded the minds of popes, monarchs, governors, councilors, professors, authors,—the principal men of light and leading of his time. He thus urged especially better education, better literature, peace, tolerance,—everything in the line of common-sense and right reason.

As to the medium, it was always Latin. The language of France, of Germany, of England, of Holland, and even of Italy, was then considered barbarous—and not without reason. But his was not the Latin of the Italian precisians and German pedants. It was virtually a living language,—easy, flowing, sparkling, well adapted to use: and it is to-day easy reading, even to beginners in the language of Rome.[1]

[1] The most accessible collection of Erasmus's letters is the selection and abridgment of them by Froude. For some unedited and interesting epistles to Sadolet, Bembo, and others, see De Nolhac, 'Érasme en Italie,' Paris, 1888. For copious extracts see especially Jortin and Drummond, *passim*. For the difference between the racy, effective Latin of Erasmus and the stilted affectations of the purists of his time, see Jebb, 'Erasmus,' (Cambridge, Eng., 1890), pages 39 *et seq.*

The value of Erasmus's writings caused much to be overlooked by the leaders of the older Church. Pope Paul III., the fourth of the popes whom Erasmus had known, wrote him in 1535,—a year before the great scholar's death,—asking him for aid in the approaching Council. During this year previous to his death Erasmus gave us a final revelation of his feeling. In one of his letters he says:—«You talk of the great name which I shall leave behind me, and which posterity is never to let die; . . . but I care nothing for fame, and nothing for posterity. I desire only to go home and to find favor with Christ.» His desire «to go home» was granted in 1536 at Basle. Thither he had gone to seek solace from ill health and protection from enemies, with his old friend Froben, the renowned printer. His grave in the cathedral there remains a place of pious pilgrimage, and Holbein's portrait of him, in the neighboring museum, a revelation of much in his work and character.[1]

In summoning up the work of Erasmus it is first of all needful to clear our minds of cant. Cant on this subject has taken various shapes; but its most usual statement is, that while Luther was brave, Erasmus was a coward. This is one of those superficial antitheses, popular in all times, but especially in periods of strife and struggle. That Luther was brave the whole world knows; that Erasmus was brave any one may know who will study his writings. He showed this bravery by fighting the strong army of ignorance throughout Europe in his books, and by telling unpalatable truths to the great men of his time in his letters.

It also unjust to say that Erasmus was wavering. That his opinions showed varying moods and developed new phases, is true; but from first to last he stood consistently by his fundamental idea,—progress by evolution rather than by revolution.

It is foolish to say that he had no convictions. He had deep convictions; and among them a conviction as to the great value in religion of what is permanent, and as to the small value of what is transient.

It is trivial to say that as he became old he grew weaker. Most men do. Even Luther did at times. That is in the order of nature; but even in Erasmus's last days we have noble exhibitions of strength, even as we have them in Luther's last days.

It is shallow to say that Luther was open, and Erasmus a trimmer. Each thought and fought in his own way. Luther soon thought it best to fight the Church from without; Erasmus thought it wiser to renew the Church from within.

[1] For special details of the last days of Erasmus at Basle, see M. de Ram, in the 'Bulletin de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de Belgique,' 1843, pages 462 *et seq.*

It is simply unhistorical to say that Erasmus was "false both to the old Church and to the new." He sought to save the old Church; to renew it; to revive a better life in it. He sought to moderate the new Church; to prevent the monstrous riot and unreason which followed,—the ages of Protestant bigotry, far less excusable than Catholic bigotry,—the carnival of fire and murder which lasted through two centuries. He sought to weld both Churches into a new force—into a higher form of Christianity. He sought to clear and clean the dominant Church of its noxious growths, and hoped that in the air of new knowledge and right reason it would grow into a Church new and comprehensive, suited to the new and regenerate world. He foresaw justly that Protestant dogmatism would soon become as violent and unreasoning as Catholic dogmatism.

He cared no more for Luther's dogma, justification by faith, than for the mediæval dogma, justification by works. To him the one thing precious was the simple teaching of Christ and his immediate followers; all the rest was sound and fury, signifying nothing. What he labored for was not to establish a new Church and new growths of dogma, which he rightly believed would soon become an incubus upon the weary earth; but he sought to promote an evolution of righteousness, which is *rightness*. To find fault with him because he and his work were not like Luther and his work, is like finding fault with Emerson because his make-up and methods were not those of Garrison.[1] One class of minds will always prefer Erasmus, and believe in his work, and lament that he could not have had his way. Another class will prefer Luther, and believe in his work, and rejoice that he had his way. But it should be remembered that before Luther was heard of, Erasmus began, in political affairs and religious affairs, a course of astounding boldness, setting reform in motion; and this course, in spite of reproach and attack from both sides, he kept during his entire life.

But it may be said that Erasmus's idea of a peaceful evolution was not the right idea; that what was needed was revolution.

Alas! history confirms this view too thoroughly. Just as Turgot, the greatest and wisest of French statesmen in the eighteenth century, proposing rational and peaceful measures which would have saved the ancient monarchy and developed liberty in France, was met by fierce opposition and unrelenting hate on both sides, so that the work had to be done far less satisfactorily, at the cost of millions of lives and billions of treasure and generations of sterile revolt and turmoil; just as Henry Clay, one of the wisest American statesmen

[1] For a very full expression of Erasmus's view regarding Luther, see his letter to Cardinal Wolsey, given by Jortin, Vol. i., pages 130–1. It must be confessed that this view differed in Erasmus's differing moods.

of the nineteenth century, proposing rational and peaceful measures which would have gradually extinguished slavery and compensated the slave-owners at a paltry cost of twenty-five millions, was met by fierce unrelenting opposition on both sides, so that the work had to be done by a civil war at a loss of a million of lives and many thousands of millions of dollars: so Erasmus, seeking concessions from the old Church and moderation from the new, met opposition bitter and unrelenting from both sides; and the work of reform had to be accomplished by a schism which cost two hundred years of frightful war, with the loss of millions on millions of lives and of billions on billions of treasure.

Such was the price paid that the Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Anglo-Saxon countries and their colonies might be saved from the fate of Spain and her colonies.

The question now occurs: What was Erasmus's work in its sum? What did he for Christendom in general and for Germany in particular? The Roman Church answers in the old saying, «Erasmus laid the egg and Luther hatched it.» Erasmus answers in the comparison of his work to the breaking of dikes. Luther answers in these words:—«Erasmus is very capable of exposing error, but he knows not how to reach the truth.»[1]

All these estimates of his agency in the Reformation concur in making him a critic and satirist; a forerunner of reformers and revolutionists. But if we consider him merely as a forerunner, we shall form a judgment sadly inadequate. In a letter to Jean Gachet, Erasmus says:—

> HERE, to sum up, is what I have done in my books.
>
> I have raised my voice boldly against the wars which for so many years we have seen shaking all Christendom.
>
> Theology had degenerated into sophistic niceties. I labored to bring it back to its sources, and to its ancient simplicity.
>
> I endeavored also to restore their first lustre to those sacred authors of whom men generally have only fragments. I taught literature, which before me was almost pagan, to speak of Christ.
>
> I have aided, so far as I was able, the revived study of languages.
>
> I have censured various foolish claims of men.
>
> I aroused the world which was sleeping in ceremonies almost Judaic, and called it to a Christianity more pure; never condemning the ceremonies of the Church, but showing that which is best.

Although this claims much, every thoughtful student of the sixteenth century must now acknowledge that it claims too little. Let

[1] For a thoughtful estimate of Erasmus's work from the moderate Roman Catholic point of view, see Döllinger, 'Die Reformation' (Regensburg, 1848), pages 1–20.

us sum up rapidly the work of Erasmus in the light of the history developed since his time.

First, he did much to develop a better education, and to instill a fruitful scholarship into the minds of the younger thinking men throughout Europe.

Second, he contributed more powerfully than any other to the spreading of the Revival of Learning, and therefore to the awakening of reform ideas.

Third, he did more than any other to prevent the Revival of Learning in the North of Europe from degenerating into mere dilettantism, as it did in the South of Europe.

Fourth, more boldly than any other, he wrought to mitigate the tyranny of princes.

Fifth, a great service in which he was far beyond his time,—beyond the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church, beyond the leaders of the Protestant Church,—he declared always for toleration.

Sixth, he planted in European statesmanship a most beneficent germ, which has since come to great growth, in showing at all times and in all places the futility of attempting to crush thought by force.

Seventh, centuries in advance of his time, he labored to discourage war and to substitute for it arbitration.

Eighth, he stood at the beginning of the critical study of the Scriptures—of all that great work going on in our own time, which is giving religion new and broader foundations. With good reason has an eminent modern scholar said:—"Luther made the Reformation that was; Erasmus, the Reformation that is to be."

Any one looking at contemporary portraits of Erasmus, and especially at that painted by Hans Holbein, will at once see that we have no right to expect in the great scholar a leader in the rough work of revolution. There is a delicacy in the face, a play of sarcasm over the features, a bright light from the eyes, which all remind us at once of Voltaire's portrait; but there is a quiet depth in it which we find in no portrait of Voltaire.

So, too, his work in many respects was strongly like the work of Voltaire. Both exposed wrongs and satirized wrong-doers. Both reminded rulers of their duties. Both stirred the common-sense of their own times. Both spurred on bold thinkers of after times. Both fought bigotry. Both wrought powerfully for a thorough change in the world's thought and action: one, without designing it, for the Reformation; the other, without designing it, for the French Revolution.

And as Voltaire, the critic, satirist, and scholar, preceding the French Revolution, is to Mirabeau, the fearless orator of that Revolution: so is Erasmus, the critic, satirist, and scholar, preceding

the Reformation, to Luther, the orator and warrior of the Reformation.

Yet there was a deep difference between these two greatest of European men of letters. Erasmus's is the more profound nature. Out of it grew no things more brilliant than out of Voltaire's nature; but out of it grew things more beautiful and noble.

Finally, as to the sphere of Erasmus's influence. He wrought, as we have seen, on all Christendom; but most directly and fully upon Germany. His letters show this amply. Under all temptations he refused to break with German thought. He saw that in Germany the soil was deep, and that it was the garden where his ideas were to come to their first and perhaps their fullest bloom and fruitage. He himself has told us:—«I did my best to deliver the rising generation from the slough of ignorance, and to inspire them with a taste for better studies. I wrote not for Italy, but for Germany and the Netherlands.»

NOTE.—The collected works of Erasmus were finally published by Le Clerc in 10 vols. folio, Louvain, 1703–6. The few selections here given are taken from his most popular writings.

FROM THE 'ADAGES'

[The first edition of the 'Adages' was published in 1500. A great number of successive editions were issued, the number of proverbs dealt with being steadily increased until 1517, when an edition greatly enlarged was given to the press. See Hallam, 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe,' especially Vol. i., Chap. iv.]

I. ADAGES RELATING TO MONARCHY

LET any one turn over the pages of ancient or modern history: scarcely in several generations will you find one or two princes whose folly has not inflicted the greatest misery on mankind.

I know not whether much of this is not to be imputed to ourselves. We trust the rudder of a vessel, where a few sailors and some goods alone are in jeopardy, to none but skillful pilots,

but the State, wherein the safety of so many thousands is concerned, we put into any hands. A charioteer must learn, reflect upon, and practice his art; a prince need only be born. Yet government, as it is the most honorable, so it is the most difficult of all the sciences. And shall we choose the master of a ship, and not choose him who is to have the care of many cities, and so many souls? But the usage is too long established for us to subvert. Do we not see that noble cities are erected by the people; that they are destroyed by princes? that the community grows rich by the industry of its citizens, is plundered by the rapacity of its princes? that good laws are enacted by popular magistrates, are violated by these princes? that the people love peace; that princes excite war?

It is the aim of the guardians of a prince, that he may never become a man. The nobility, who fatten on public calamity, endeavor to plunge him into pleasures, that he may never learn what are his duties. Towns are burned, lands are wasted, temples are plundered, innocent citizens are slaughtered, while the prince is playing at dice, or dancing, or amusing himself with puppets, or hunting, or drinking. O race of the Bruti, long since extinct! O blind and blunted thunderbolts of Jupiter! We know indeed that those corrupters of princes will render account to Heaven, but not easily to us.

Let any physiognomist, not a blunderer in his trade, consider the look and features of an eagle,— those rapacious and wicked eyes, that threatening curve of the beak, those cruel cheeks, that stern front: will he not at once recognize the image of a king— of a magnificent and majestic king? Add to these a dark ill-omened color, an unpleasing, dreadful, appalling voice, and that threatening scream at which every kind of animal trembles. Every one will acknowledge this type, who has learned how terrible are the threats of princes, even uttered in jest. At the scream of the eagle the people tremble, the senate shrinks, the nobility cringes, the judges concur, the divines are dumb, the lawyers assent, the laws and constitutions give way; neither right nor religion, neither justice nor humanity prevails. And thus, while there are so many birds of sweet and melodious song, the unpleasant and unmusical scream of the eagle alone has more power than all the rest.

Of all birds, the eagle alone has seemed to wise men the apt type of royalty: not beautiful, not musical, not fit for food; but carnivorous, greedy, plundering, destroying, combating, solitary, hateful to all, the curse of all, and with its great powers of doing harm, surpassing them in its desire of doing it.

II. Adages Showing Erasmus's Political Philosophy

Princes must be endured, lest tyranny should give way to anarchy, a still greater evil. This has been demonstrated by the experience of many States; and lately the insurrection of the German boors has taught us that the cruelty of princes is better to be borne than the universal confusion of anarchy.

III. Adages Relating to the Mendicant Friars

There is a wretched class of men, of low degree, yet full of malice; not less dingy, nor less filthy, nor less vile than beetles; who nevertheless by a certain obstinate malignity of disposition, though they can never do good to any mortal, become frequently troublesome to the great. They frighten by their ugliness, they molest by their noise, they offend by their stench; they buzz round us, they cling to us, they lie in ambush for us, so that it is often better to be at enmity with powerful men than to attack these beetles; whom it is a disgrace even to overcome, and whom no one can either shake off or encounter without some pollution.

Note. — For full information regarding the above passages, with specimens of the original Latin, see Hallam, 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe,' as above; also Jortin, Vol. iii.

FROM 'THE CHRISTIAN'S MANUAL'

'Enchiridion Militis Christiani'

Every tree is known by its own fruit. Although you watch, fast, attend Divine service, sing, or observe strict silence and the like ordinances, I value them not; nor shall I believe that you are in the Spirit except I behold in you the fruits of the Spirit.

The generality of mankind place religion in ceremonies or creeds; a certain appointment of psalms, or in bodily exercises.

If you examine them about spiritual matters, you will find them merely carnal.

God despised the burnt-offerings, new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, and the appointed feasts of his people, while they were evil-doers, although he himself had commanded them; and will any man dare to compare his own paltry institutions with the Divine precepts? You may read in Isaiah what contempt and loathing he expresses concerning them. When he speaks of rites, ceremonies, and the multitude of prayers, does he not, as it were, point at those men who measure religion by psalms, prayers, creeds, or other human institutions?

Christ is nothing else than love, simplicity, patience, purity,—in short, all that he himself is; and the Devil is nothing but that which draws us away from these ideals.

NOTE.—See Crowther's translation of the 'Enchiridion' under the title of 'The Christian's Manual,' London, 1816, Rule v. and elsewhere; also the excellent book of Kuno Francke, 'Social Forces in German Literature,' page 145; also Seebohm, 'The Oxford Reformers,' pages 175 *et seq.*

FROM 'THE PRAISE OF FOLLY'

'ENCOMIUM MORIÆ'

THE next to be placed in the "Regiment of Fools" are such as make a trade of telling or inquiring after incredible stories of miracles and prodigies. . . . And these absurdities do not only bring an empty pleasure and cheap diversion, but they are a good trade, and procure a comfortable income to such priests and friars as by this craft get their gain. To these, again, are nearly related such others as attribute strange virtues to the shrines and images of saints and martyrs, and so would make their credulous proselytes believe that if they pay their devotion to St. Christopher in the morning, they shall be guarded during the day following from all dangers and misfortunes. If soldiers when they first take arms shall come and mumble over a set prayer before the picture of St. Barbara, they shall return safe from their engagements; or if any one pray to St. Erasmus on particular holidays, with wax candles and other fopperies, he shall shortly be rewarded with plentiful increase of

wealth. The Christians have now their gigantic St. George, just as the pagans had their Hercules: they paint the saint on horseback, and drawing the horse very gloriously accoutred, they scarce refrain in a literal sense from worshiping the very beast.

What shall I say of such as cry up and maintain the cheat of pardons and indulgences? that by these compute the time of each soul's residence in purgatory, and assign them a longer or shorter continuance according as they purchase more or fewer of these paltry pardons? . . . By this easy way of purchasing pardons, any notorious highwayman, any plundering soldier, any bribe-taking judge, shall disburse some part of his unjust gains and so think all his grossest impieties atoned for. So many perjuries, lusts, drunkennesses, quarrels, bloodsheds, cheats, treacheries, debaucheries, shall all be, as it were, struck a bargain for; and such a contract made as if they had paid off all arrears and might now begin a new score.

There are a thousand other more sublimated and refined niceties of notions, relations, quantities, formalities, quiddities, hæcceities, and such-like absurdities. . . . But alas! those notional divines, however condemned by the sober judgment of others, are yet mightily pleased with themselves, and are so laboriously intent upon prosecuting their crabbed studies that they cannot afford so much time as to read a single chapter in any one book of the Bible. And while they thus trifle away their misspent hours in trash and babble, they think that they support the Catholic Church.

Next to these are another sort of brain-sick fools, who style themselves monks and of religious orders, though they assume both titles very unjustly. For as to the last, they have very little of religion in them; and as to the former, the etymology of the word monk implies solitariness, or being alone; whereas they are so thick abroad that one cannot pass any street or alley without running against them. . . . Though this sort of men are so detested by every one that it is reckoned unlucky even to meet them by accident, they think nothing equal to themselves, and hold it a proof of consummate piety if they be so illiterate as not to be able to read. And when their asinine voices bray out in the churches their psalms, of which they understand the

notes but not the words, then it is they fancy that the ears of the saints above are enraptured with the harmony.

Among these some make a good profitable trade of beggary, going abroad from house to house, not like the apostles to break their bread, but to beg it; nay, thrust themselves into all public houses, crowd into passage boats, get into travelers' wagons, and omit no chance of craving people's charity, and injuring common beggars by interloping in their traffic of alms.

All these orders are not so careful of becoming like Christ as to be unlike each other; they care less to be known as disciples of the Founder of our religion than as followers of the founders of their orders.

Some will not touch a piece of money, though they make no scruple of the sin of drunkenness and worse sins.

Now, as to the popes of Rome, who pretend themselves Christ's vicars: if they would but imitate his exemplary life by preaching incessantly, by taking up with poverty, nakedness, hunger, and contempt of the world; if they did but consider the import of the word pope, which signifies father, . . . there would be no such vigorous making of parties and buying of votes in the conclave; . . . and those who by bribery should get themselves elected would never secure their sitting firm in the chair by pistol, poison, and violence. How much of their pleasure would be abated if they were endowed with one dram of wisdom? Wisdom, did I say? Nay, with one grain of that salt which our Savior bid them not lose the savor of. In place of their riches, honors, jurisdictions, Peter's pence, offices, dispensations, licenses, indulgences, would succeed watchings, fastings, tears, prayers, sermons, hard studies, repentant sighs, and a thousand such severe penalties; nay, what is yet more deplorable, it would follow that all their clerks, notaries, advocates, grooms, ostlers, lackeys, pimps, and some others whom for modesty's sake I shall not mention, . . . would all lose their employments. . . . But all this is upon the supposition only that the popes understood what circumstances they are placed in: whereas now, by a wholesome neglect of thinking, they live as well as heart can wish. Whatever of toil and drudgery belongs to their office, that they assign over to St. Peter or St. Paul, who have time enough to

mind it; but if there be anything of pleasure and grandeur, that they assume to themselves as being thereunto called. . . . They think to serve their Master, our Lord and Savior, with their great state and magnificence, . . . with their titles of reverence and holiness, and with exercising their episcopal function only in blessing and cursing. The working of miracles is old and out of date; teaching the people is too laborious; interpreting the Scripture is to invade the prerogative of the schoolmen; to pray is too idle; to repent is too unmanly and cowardly; to fast is too mean and sordid. . . . Their only weapons ought to be those of the spirit; and of these indeed they are mighty liberal, as of their interdicts, their suspensions, their denunciations, their greater and lesser excommunications, and their bulls. . . . They give dispensations for the not preaching of Christ, make void the design and effect of our redemption by bribes and sales, adulterate the gospel by their forced interpretations and undermining traditions, and lastly, by their lusts and wickedness grieve the Holy Spirit and make the Savior's wounds bleed afresh. Farther, where the Christian Church hath been first planted, then confirmed and then established by the blood of martyrs,—as if Christ were not strong enough still to protect her, they invert the order, and propagate their religion now by arms and violence, which was formerly done only by patience and sufferings.

NOTE.—The extracts are made from Bishop Kennett's quaint and pithy translation (London, 1724), especially pages 67, 69, 102, 107, and following to page 296.

FROM THE 'COLLOQUIES'

COLLOQUY OF 'THE SHIPWRECK'

SOME were spewing, some were praying. I remember one Englishman there. What mountains of gold did he promise to our Lady of Walsingham if he ever got safe ashore again! One made a vow to deposit a relic of the Cross in this place; another to put a relic of it in that;—some promised to turn monks; one vowed a pilgrimage, barefooted and bareheaded, in a coat of mail, and begging his bread all the way, to St. James of Compostella. I could not but laugh at one fellow there. He vowed as loud as he could bellow to the St. Christopher in the

great church at Paris (that the saint might be sure to hear him) a wax candle as big as the saint himself. Now, you must know that the Paris St. Christopher is enormous, and rather a mountain than a statue. He was so loud, and went over and over with it so often, that a friend of his gave him a touch on the elbow: «Take care what you promise,» said he; «if you should sell yourself, you could not buy such a candle.» «Hold your tongue, you fool,» says the other (softly, so that St. Christopher might not hear). «Let me but set foot on land once more, and St. Christopher has good luck if he get even a tallow candle from me.»

Adolphus—To which of the two saints did you pray?

Antony—To not one of them all, I assure you. I don't like your way of bargaining with the saints: «Do this and I'll do that. Here is so much for so much. Save me, and I will give you a taper or go on a pilgrimage.» Just think of it! I should certainly have prayed to St. Peter if to any saint, for he stands at the door of heaven, and so would be likeliest to hear. But before he could go to the Almighty and tell him my condition, I might be fifty fathoms under water.

Adolphus—What did you do, then?

Antony—I went straight to God himself, and said my prayer to him. The saints neither hear so readily nor give so willingly.

Colloquy of 'The Religious Pilgrimage'

Just before the chapel stood a little house, which the officer told us was conveyed thither through the air after a wonderful manner. . . . Upon strict observation of everything, I asked the officer how many years it might be since that little house was brought thither. He told me that it had been there for some ages. «And yet methinks,» said I, «the walls do not seem to be of that antiquity:» and he did not much deny it. «Nor these pillars,» said I. «No, sir,» said he. «Then,» said I, «methinks that straw, those reeds, and the whole thatch of it, look as if they had not been so long laid.» «'Tis very right,» said he. «And what do you think,» said I, «of those cross-beams and rafters? They cannot be near so old.» He confessed they were not. At last, when I had questioned him as to every part of this poor cottage, said I:—«How do you know that this

is the house that was brought so far in the air so many years ago?" At that he laughed at us scornfully, as at people invincibly ignorant.

I had rather lose all Duns Scotus, and twenty more such as he, than one Cicero or Plutarch. Not that I am wholly against them, either: but from the reading of the one I find myself to become honester and better; whereas I rise from the other extremely dull, indifferent to virtue, but violently bent on cavil and contention.

[The seventh Colloquy is leveled mainly against monastic vows. The ninth is entitled 'A Pleasant and Profitable Colloquy between two Franciscan Monks and a German Tavern-keeper.' The eleventh is entitled 'A Pleasant Relation of John Reuchlin's Ghost, appearing to a Franciscan in a Dream.' The twenty-first is entitled 'Hell Broke Loose. The Divisions of Christian Princes are the Scandal of their Profession. The Furies Strike the Fire and the Monks Blow the Coal.']

NOTE.—The above extracts are made from Sir Roger L'Estrange's English Translation of Erasmus's 'Colloquies,' London, 1725.

FROM ERASMUS'S CORRESPONDENCE

PASSAGES SHOWING HIS VIEWS OF LIFE AND CONDUCT

READ first the best books. . . . The important thing for you is not how much you know, but the quality of what you know. Divide your day and give to each part of it a special occupation. . . . Never work at night. It dulls the brain and hurts the health.

I would not change my freedom for the best bishopric in the world.—LETTER TO PETER GILES, 1516.

I am now fifty-one years old. . . . I am not enamored of life, but it is worth while to continue a little longer with such a prospect of a golden age. . . . All looks brighter now. . . . I myself, insignificant I, have contributed something. I have at least stirred the bile of those who would not have the world grow

wiser, and only fools now snarl at me. One of them said in a sermon lately, in a lamentable voice, that all was now over with the Christian faith.— LETTER TO CAPITO, *circa* 1518.

Old institutions cannot be rooted up in an instant. Quiet argument may do more than wholesale condemnation. Avoid all appearance of sedition. Keep cool. Do not get angry. Do not hate anybody. Do not get excited over the noise which you have made. . . . May Christ give you his spirit, for his own glory and the world's good.— LETTER TO LUTHER, *circa* 1519.

The world is waking out of a long deep sleep. The old ignorance is still defended with tooth and claw, but we have kings and nobles now on our side.— LETTER TO SIR HENRY GUILDFORD, 1519.

For yourself, the intelligence of your country will preserve the memories of your virtues, and scholars will tell how a king once reigned there who in his own person revived the virtues of the ancient heroes.— LETTER TO KING HENRY VIII., 1519.

The justest war can hardly approve itself to any reasonable person. . . . The people build cities, the princes destroy them, and even victory brings more ill than good.— LETTER TO THE ABBOT OF ST. BERTIN.

My work has been to restore a buried literature, and recall divines from their hair-splittings to a knowledge of the New Testament.— LETTER THROWING LIGHT ON HIS PURPOSE IN PRESENTING HIS EDITION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, 1521.

PASSAGES RELATING TO THE MONKS

HAPPY Epimenides, that he woke at last! Some divines never wake at all, and fancy themselves most alive when their slumber is deepest. . . . Do not mistake me. Theology itself I reverence and always have reverenced. I am speaking merely of the theologasters of our own time, whose brains are the rottenest, intellects the dullest, doctrines the thorniest, manners the brutalest, life the foulest, speech the spitefulest, hearts the blackest, that I have ever encountered in the world. — LETTER TO HIS PUPIL GREY.

A set of creatures who ought to be lamenting their sins, but who fancy they can please God by snorting in their throats.

You say that I cannot die better than among my brethren. I am not so sure of that. Your religion is in your dress; . . . your religious orders, as you call them, have done the Church small service.—LETTER TO SERVATIUS, 1514.

I am delighted that you have stood up for Reuchlin. . . . What a fight he is having, and with what enemies! The Pope himself is afraid to provoke the monks. . . . Those wretches in the disguise of poverty are the tyrants of the Christian world. —LETTER TO PIRKHEIMER, 1517.

What a thing it is to cultivate literature! Better far to grow cabbages. Bishops have thanked me for my work, the Pope has thanked me; but these tyrants the mendicant friars never leave me alone with their railing.—LETTER TO CARDINAL WOLSEY, 1518.

PASSAGES RELATING TO SCHOLASTICISM AND THEOLOGY

I WISH there could be an end of scholastic subtleties, . . . and Christ be taught plainly and simply. The reading of the Bible and the early Fathers will have this effect.—LETTER TO CAPITO, *circa* 1518.

. . . Wrangling about the nature of the Second Person of the Trinity, as if Christ were a malignant demon, ready to destroy you if you made a mistake about his nature! . . . Reduce the articles of faith to the fewest and simplest. . . . Let our divines show their faith by their works, and convert Turks by the beauty of their lives.—LETTER TO ABBOT VOLZIUS, *circa* 1518.

Heresy is held a deadly crime; so if you offend one of these gentlemen they all rush on you together, one grunting out "Heretic," the rest grunting in chorus and crying for stones to hurl at you.—LETTER TO LAURINUS, *circa* 1518.

It would be well for us if we thought less of our dogmas and more of the gospel.—LETTER TO PETER BARBIRIUS, 1521.

May not a man be a Christian, who cannot explain philosophically how the nativity of the Son differs from the procession

of the Holy Spirit? . . . The sum of religion is peace, which can only be when definitions are as few as possible, and opinion is left free on many subjects. Our present problems are said to be waiting for the next Œcumenical Council. Better let them wait till the veil is removed, and we see God face to face.—LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF PALERMO, 1522.

PASSAGES RELATING TO LUTHER

LUTHER'S party have urged me to join them, and Luther's enemies have done their best to drive me to it by their furious attacks on me in their sermons. Neither have succeeded. Christ I know; Luther I know not. . . . I have said nothing, except that Luther ought to be answered and not crushed. . . . We must bear almost anything rather than throw the world into confusion. . . . The actual facts of things are not to be blurted out at all times and places, and in all companies. . . . I was the first to oppose the publication of Luther's books. I recommended Luther himself to publish nothing revolutionary. I feared always that revolution would be the end, and I would have done more had I not been afraid that I might be found fighting against the Spirit of God.—LETTER TO BISHOP MARLIANUS, 1520.

May Christ direct Luther's actions to God's glory! . . . In Luther's enemies I perceive more of the spirit of this world than of the Spirit of God. I wish Luther himself would be quiet for a while. . . . What he says may be true, but there are times and seasons. Truth need not always be proclaimed from the house-tops.—LETTER TO SPALATIN, 1520.

As to Luther himself, I perceived that the better a man was, the less he was Luther's enemy. . . . Can it be right to persecute a man of unblemished life, in whose writings distinguished and excellent persons have found so much to admire? . . . The Pope has no worse enemies than his foolish defenders. He can crush any man if he pleases, but empires based only on terror do not last.—LETTER TO CARDINAL CAMPEGGIO, 1520.

By burning Luther's books you may rid your book-shelves of him, but you will not rid men's minds of him.—LETTER TO GODSCHALK, MODERATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN, 1520.

I told him that it was useless to burn Luther's books, unless you could burn them out of people's memories.—LETTER TO SIR THOMAS MORE, *circa* 1520.

Curses and threats may beat the fire down for the moment, but it will burst out worse than ever. The Bull has lost Luther no friends, and gained none for the Pope.—LETTER TO A FRIEND AT ROME, *circa* 1521.

All admit that the corruptions of the Church required a drastic medicine. But drugs wrongly given make the sick man worse. I said this to the King of Denmark lately. He laughed, and answered that small doses would be of no use; that the whole system needed purging. For myself, I am a man of peace and hate quarrels.—LETTER TO WARHAM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, 1521.

It is easy to call Luther «a fungus»; it is not easy to answer him.—LETTER TO LORD MOUNTJOY, *circa* 1521.

They may chain the tongues of men: they cannot touch their minds.—LETTER TO PIRKHEIMER, *circa* 1521.

They call me a Lutheran. Had I but held out a little finger to Luther, Germany would have seen what I could do. But I would rather die ten times over than make a schism.—LETTER TO CORONELLO, *circa* 1522.

Christendom was being asphyxiated with formulas and human inventions . . . Men needed waking. The gospel light had to be rekindled. Would that more wisdom had been shown when the moment came. . . . Your Highness sends me two books of Luther's, which you wish me to answer. I cannot read the language in which they are written.—LETTER TO GEORGE, DUKE OF SAXONY, *circa* 1522.

I do not object generally to the evangelical doctrines, but there is much in Luther's teachings which I dislike. He runs everything which he touches into extravagance. . . . Do not fear that I shall oppose evangelical truth. I left many faults in him unnoticed, lest I should injure the gospel. I hope mankind will be the better for the acrid medicines with which he has

dosed them. Perhaps we needed a surgeon who would use knife and cautery.—LETTER TO MELANCHTHON, 1524.

Luther could not have succeeded so signally if God had not been with him, especially when he had such a crew of admirers behind him. I considered that it was a case for compromise and argument. Had I been at Worms, I believe I could have brought it to that.—LETTER TO DUKE GEORGE OF SAXONY, 1524.

LETTER TO POPE ADRIAN VI.

YOUR Holiness requires my advice, and you wish to see me. I would go to you with pleasure if my health allowed. But the road over the Alps is long. The lodgings on the way are dirty and inconvenient. The smell from the stoves is intolerable. The wine is sour and disagrees with me. . . . As to writing against Luther, I have not learning enough. . . . One party says I agree with Luther because I do not oppose him. . . . The other finds fault with me because I do oppose him. I did what I could. I advised him to be moderate, and I only made his friends my enemies. . . . They quote this and that to show we are alike. I could find a hundred passages where St. Paul seems to teach the doctrines which they condemn in Luther. I did not anticipate what a time was coming. I did, I admit, help to bring it on; but I was always willing to submit what I wrote to the Church. . . . Those counsel you best who advise gentle measures. . . . Your Holiness wishes to set things right, and you say to me, «Come to Rome. Write a book against Luther. Declare war against his party.» Come to Rome? Tell a crab to fly. The crab will say, «Give me wings.» I say, «Give me back my youth and strength.» . . . If I write anything at Rome, it will be thought that I am bribed. If I write temperately, I shall seem trifling. If I copy Luther's style, I shall stir a hornets' nest.

But you ask me what you are to do. Well, some think there is no remedy but force. That is not my opinion; for I think there would be frightful bloodshed. . . . Things have gone too far for cautery. Wyclif and his followers were put down by the English kings; but they were only crushed, not extinguished. . . . However that may be, if you mean to try prisons, lashes,

confiscations, stake, and scaffold, you need no help from me. You yourself, I know, are for mild measures: but you have no one about you who cares for anything but himself; and if divines only think of their authority, monks of their luxuries, princes of their politics, and all take the bit between their teeth, what can we expect? For myself, I should say, discover the roots of the disease. Clean out those to begin with. Punish no one. Let what has taken place be regarded as a chastisement sent by Providence, and grant a universal amnesty. If God forgives so many sins, God's vicar may forgive.

You ask me why I did not speak out at once. Because I regarded Luther as a good man, raised up by Providence to correct the depravity of the age.—LETTER TO THE PRINCE OF CARPI, 1525.

You see how fiercely Luther strikes at me, moderate though I was. . . . Ten editions of his reply have been published already. The great men in the Church are afraid to touch him, and you want poor me to do it again. . . . In France they are at work with gibbet and dungeon. It won't answer. . . . Let Catholics meanwhile reform the abuses which have provoked the revolt, and leave the rest to a general council.—LETTER TO FABER, 1525(?).

The rival parties drag at the two ends of a rope. When it breaks, both will fall to the ground.—LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE, 1528.

The kings are fighting among themselves for objects of their own. The monks, instead of looking for a reign of Christ, want only to reign themselves. The theologians curse Luther. . . . Idiots that they are, they alienate with their foul speeches many who would have returned to the Church.—LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF AUGSBURG, 1528.

Now, partly from superstition, partly from avarice, the saying of masses has become a trade like shoemaking or bricklaying.—LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF HILDESHEIM, 1530.

The problem is how to heal this fatal schism without rivers of blood.— LETTER TO MEXIA, 1530.

To kill one's fellow-creatures needs no great genius; but to calm a tempest by prudence and judgment is a worthy achievement indeed.— LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF TRENT, 1530.

PASSAGES SHOWING VARIOUS MOODS, BUT GENERALLY HIS STRONG TENDENCY TOWARD BROAD-CHURCHMANSHIP.

OTHERS may be martyrs if they like. I aspire to no such honor.

We have not all strength for martyrdom, and I fear that if trouble comes I shall act like Peter.

I have not condemned ceremonies. I have only insisted on a proper use of them. Christ did the same; so why find fault with me? . . . The Christian religion nowadays does not require miracles, and there are none; but you know what lying stories are set going by crafty knaves.— LETTER TO AN ENGLISH BISHOP, 1528.

PASSAGE SHOWING A PLAYFUL SKEPTICISM

(Referring to the tearing down of the Saints' images at Basle)

STRANGE that none of them worked a miracle to avenge their dignity, when before they had worked so many at the slightest invitation. . . . At Basle not a saint stirred a finger.— LETTER TO PIRKHEIMER, *circa* 1529.

PASSAGES REVEALING HIS FEELINGS TOWARD THE END OF LIFE

YOU talk of the great name which I shall leave behind me, and which posterity is never to let die; . . . but I care nothing for fame and nothing for posterity. I desire only to go home and to find favor with Christ.— LETTER TO POPE PAUL III. IN 1535 (the year before Erasmus's death).

[For the full series of Erasmus's letters in the original, see various editions, but especially that of LeClerc, Louvain, 1703-6. Those given above are selected from the abridged translations given by Froude in his 'Life and Letters of Erasmus,' London, 1894. See also the selections in Jortin and Drummond.]

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

(1822–) (1826–1890)

BY FRÉDÉRIC LOLIÉE

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN is the joint name of two French novelists: Émile Erckmann, born at Pfalzburg in 1822, and Alexandre Chatrian, born in 1826 at Soldatenthal in the Meurthe department, died in 1890; whom constant collaboration, a completely similar bent of mind, grasp of things, observation, and style of writing, did, so to speak, blend into one and the same literary man. Their friendship and joint labor dated from their meeting in Alsace in 1845. At an early date they acquired that unity of style and conception which so long puzzled public opinion as to the double origin of their productions. Erckmann as a rule resided at Pfalzburg; as to Chatrian, he lived in Paris. The descriptions of the former were sketched in the Vosges country; those of the latter in the Seine department. But their conception was identical, the flight of their imagination similar; so that, being in close communion of ideas, the style of the one became that of the other. From afar they completed each other. This perfectly simultaneous collaboration, of which the De Goncourt brothers alone offer another instance, was unprecedented in literary history.

ERCKMANN CHATRIAN

Unnoticed and trying were the first attempts of our novelists. The special charm of their descriptions of the homes of middle-class people of the Rhine country was not at first appreciated as fully as it deserved to be; being, as they were, regular masterpieces as regards reality, feeling, and nicety of delineation. 'L'Illustre Docteur Matheus' (The Illustrious Doctor Matheus: 1859), whose exploits are performed in the misty spheres of the supernatural, constituted the first success of the novelists. The way now lay open before them.

Ringing successes made them soon forget their disappointing beginnings.

Erckmann and Chatrian, in twin, cultivated narrative poetry, the rustic and sentimental novel, the picture of country life,—having for preferred frame the quiet horizons which extend between the Rhine and the Mosel,—dismal and fantastic fancies after the manner of Hoffmann, the weird German dreamer; and lastly, the historical and political novel. Chiefly under this last form, as applied to the revolutionary epopee and to the wars of conquest of Napoleon I., did they make their names popular. Theirs was a personal and quite new conception of those episodical novels, to which they gave the title of «national,» and which however caused them to be twitted with anti-patriotism, for the reason that they represented war with the pen of philosophers rather than with the pencil of poets, and because they did not hesitate to show therein, with all the real horror pertaining to the subject, how through the frenzy of battles the fortune of a country runs out in blood, noise, and smoke.

The twin authors had given up, or at least put aside for a while, their primitive manner. Getting tired of those quiet descriptions, they felt driven to mix the simple legends of the Vosges country and those of the Black Forest with more solid and broader ideas. They now no longer limned the peaceful scenes of 'L'Ami Fritz' (Friend Fritz), the vast beer-shops filled with the smoke of the long china pipes, the fair housewives surrounded by their fair offspring, the pensive maids of German *lieder*, or the country balls at which the waltz carries away, on a rocking rhythm, the betrothed couples. To their lovely and limited former pictures had now succeeded the tumult of the camps and the horrors of battle-fields, hospital and ambulance scenes, all the awful details which disclose the ambitious egotism of leaders, the hesitation, the confusion, the half-pluck of the soldiers, the smallness of great things. They had then marked their twin object, quite democratic in its inspiration, which was to set off the lustre of the campaigns fought under the Revolution for the defense of national soil, and to sap the prestige of the Napoleonic idol, dimmed as it is in clouds of blood. The essential aim they had in view was to point out to the young generations the emptiness of military glory, and to prove to them that one is never so happy as through peace, liberty, and toil.

The public forthwith followed them in their evolution. In a short time, Erckmann-Chatrian's works were eagerly read throughout France; aided by the currents of anti-governmental opposition, they soon acquired an immense popularity. Everybody was anxious to read the pages of 'Madame Thérèse' and 'L'Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813' (The Story of a Conscript of 1813), where the conscript

relates himself, with charming artlessness, the great military events in which he had been an actor, albeit indifferent and devoid of enthusiasm. Success unfortunately so increased their productiveness as to completely exhaust the happy vein they had discovered. They were constantly writing, without however varying their topic. It was always the same variation performed by clever *virtuosi* on an Alsatian political and social theme. The first works had been enthusiastically welcomed, the following delighted the readers, but the last only met with a lukewarm and indifferent reception from the public. When 'Waterloo' was published, people noticed that that book was inferior to 'Le Conscrit.' 'Le Blocus' (The Blockade) seemed still beneath 'Waterloo.' 'L'Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple' (The Story of a Man of the People) had more of the merits of the foregoing works; as to 'L'Histoire d'un Paysan' (The Story of a Peasant), it was but the last expression of a form which had come to be but a process of writing. Literary critics ceased to notice the new productions of Erckmann-Chatrian. True to say, each of these works represented an idea. They at times breathed a powerful air of justice and liberty. But the plot was monotonous; the various episodes were ill combined and ill arranged; the style had become heavy, and began to lack the fine simplicity which constituted the very talent of Erckmann-Chatrian: in short, the cohesion that marked their former works no longer existed in the latter; they were no longer books, but series of fragments.

Possessed of rare perfection in their best passages, though not throughout equally good, the productions of Erckmann-Chatrian are like a poem in two *canti*. The military *canto* may grow obsolete; as to the more personal *canto*, that of the Vosgian legends, of sweet landscapes and picturesque manners, it is better assured of life.

One may likewise detect in the twin authors' talent two very distinct manifestations: the purely romantic one, rather weak as a rule, on account of the superabundance of the scenes and episodes which constantly break up the main plot; and the descriptive one, simply admirable. Their books, whose charm and merit chiefly consist in the finish of details, might be likened to a gallery of *genre* pictures. That is why anthologies — the aim of which is to pick only that which is excellent in an author's productions — might easily be enriched with marvelous passages borrowed from the somewhat massive work of Erckmann-Chatrian. To make choice collections from them, one would have to search right and left in their poems, legends, fantastic visions, great military scenes, and lovely pictures of rural life. The most important share might be gathered from those calm and comforting provincial scenes of which they were so faithfully fond. As an instance of their style, one might likewise include

that charming Alsatian idyl, 'L'Ami Fritz,' in which seems to revive the placid beauty of 'Hermann und Dorothea,' Goethe's immortal masterpiece.

THE DANCE IN THE VILLAGE INN

From 'Friend Fritz'

THEY descended therefore into the hall. The stewards of the dance, their straw hats streaming with ribbons, made the round of the hall close to the railing, waving little flags to keep back the crowd. Haan and Schoultz were still walking about looking for partners; Joseph was standing before his desk waiting; Bockel, his double-bass resting against his outstretched leg, and Andrès, his violin under his arm, were stationed close beside him, as they alone were to accompany the waltz.

Little Suzel, leaning on Fritz's arm, in the midst of the crowd of spectators, cast stolen glances around, her heart beating fast with agitation and inward delight. Every one admired her long tresses of hair, which hung down behind to the very hem of her little blue skirt with its velvet edging; her little round-toed shoes, fastened with black-silk ribbons, which crossed over her snow-white stockings; her rosy lips, her rounded chin, and her graceful flexible neck.

More than one pretty girl scrutinized her with a searching glance, trying to discover something to find fault with, while her round white arm, bare to the elbow after the fashion of the country, rested on Fritz's with artless grace; but two or three old women, peering at her with half-shut eyes, laughed amidst their wrinkles, and said to each other quite loud, « He has chosen well! »

Kobus, hearing this, turned towards them with a smile of satisfaction. He too would have liked to say something gallant to Suzel, but he could think of nothing—he was too happy.

At last Haan selected from the third bench to the left a woman about six feet high, with black hair, a hawk nose, and piercing eyes, who rose from her seat like a shot and made her way to the floor with a majestic air. He preferred this style of woman; she was the daughter of the burgomaster. Haan

seemed quite proud of his choice; he drew himself up and arranged the frill of his shirt, whilst the tall girl, who out-topped him by half a head, looked as if she were taking charge of him.

At the same moment Schoultz led forward a little roundabout woman, with the brightest red hair possible, but gay and smiling, and clinging tight to his elbow as if to prevent him making his escape.

They took their places, in order to make the circuit of the hall, as is the usual custom. Scarcely had they completed the first round when Joseph called out: —

« Kobus, are you ready ? »

As his only answer, Fritz seized Suzel by the waist with his left arm, and holding her hand aloof with the other, after the gallant manner of the eighteenth century, he whirled her away like a feather. Joseph commenced his waltz with three strokes of his bow. Every one understood at once that something strange was to follow — a waltz of the spirits of the air, which they dance on summer nights when nothing is to be seen but a streak of reddish light in the distant horizon; when the leaves cease their rustling, when the insects fold their wings to rest, and the chorister of the night preludes his song with three notes, — the first low and deep, the second tender, and the third so full of life and passion that every noise is hushed to listen.

So commenced Joseph, having many a time in his wandering life taken lessons from the songster of the night, his elbow resting on some mossy bank, his head supported on his hand, and his eyes closed in a sort of dreamy ecstasy of delight. Then, rising in animation, like the grand master of melody with his quivering wings, who showers down every evening around the nest where his well-beloved reposes, more floods of melody than the dew showers pearly drops on the grass of the valley, the waltz commenced, — rapid, sparkling, wild: the spirits of the air soared aloft, drawing Fritz and Suzel, Haan and the burgomaster's daughter, Schoultz and his partner, after them in endless gyrations. Bockel threw in the distant murmur of the mountain torrents, and the tall Andrès marked the time with rapid and joyous touches, like the cries of the swallows cutting the air; — for inspiration comes from heaven, and knows no law but its own fantasy, while order and measure reign on this lower earth!

And now picture to yourself the amorous circles of the waltz crossing and interlacing in never-ending succession, the

flying feet, the floating robes, rounding and swelling in fan-shaped curves; Fritz holding little Suzel in his arms, raising her hand aloft gracefully, gazing at her with delight, whirling around at times like the wind, and then slowly revolving in measured cadence, smiling, dreaming, gazing at her again, and then darting off with renewed ardor; whilst she, with her waist undulating in graceful curves, her long tresses floating behind her like wings, and her charming little head thrown backwards, gazed at him in ecstasy, her little feet scarcely touching the ground as she flew along.

Fat Haan, grappling his tall partner with uplifted arm, galloped away without a moment's intermission, balancing and stamping with his heels to mark the time, and looking up at her from time to time with an air of profound admiration; while she, with her hooked nose, twirled about like a weathercock.

Schoultz, his back rounded in a semicircle and his long legs bent, held his red-haired partner under the arms, and kept turning, turning, turning, without a moment's cessation, and with the most wonderful regularity, like a bobbin on its spindle, and keeping time so exactly that the spectators were fairly enchanted.

But it was Fritz and the little Suzel that excited universal admiration, from the grace of their movements and the happiness which shone in their faces. They no longer belonged to this lower earth,—they felt as if they were floating in a sort of celestial atmosphere. This music, singing in joyous strains the praises of happiness and love, seemed as if composed expressly for them. The eyes of the whole hall were riveted upon them, while they saw no one but each other. At times their youth and good looks so excited the enthusiasm of the audience that it seemed as if they were about to burst into a thunder of applause; but their anxiety to hear the waltz kept them silent. It was only when Haan, almost beside himself with delight in the contemplation of the tall burgomaster's daughter, raised himself on tiptoe, and whirling her around him twice shouted in a stentorian voice—« *You! you!* » subsiding the next moment into the regular cadence of the dance, and when Schoultz at the same moment, raising his right leg, passed it, without missing a bar of the tune, over the head of his plump little partner, and in a hoarse voice, and whirling round like one possessed, began to shout, « *You! you! you! you! you! you!* » that the admiration of the spectators found vent in clapping of hands and stamping of feet, and a storm of hurrahs which shook the whole building.

Never in their whole lives had they seen such dancing. The enthusiasm lasted for more than five minutes, and when at last it died away they heard with pleasure the waltz of the spirits of the air again resume the ascendant, as the song of the nightingale swells out in the night air after the summer storm has passed.

At last Haan and Schoultz were fairly exhausted; the perspiration was pouring down their cheeks, and they were fain to promenade their partners through the hall; although it seemed as if Haan were being led about by his *danseuse*, while Schoultz, on the other hand, looked as if he were carrying his fair one suspended from his elbow.

Suzel and Fritz still kept whirling round. The shouts and stamping of feet of the spectators did not seem to reach their ears; and when Joseph, himself exhausted, drew the last long-drawn sigh of love for his violin, they stopped exactly opposite Father Christel and another old Anabaptist, who had just entered the hall, and were gazing at them with surprise and admiration.

« Hallo! So you are here too, Father Christel,» exclaimed Fritz, beaming with delight; « you see Suzel and I have been dancing together.»

« It is a great honor for us, Mr. Kobus,» replied the farmer, smiling; « a great honor indeed. But does the little one understand it? I fancied she had never danced a step in her life.»

« Why, Father Christel, Suzel is a butterfly, a perfect little fairy; I believe she has wings!»

Suzel was leaning on his arm, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks covered with blushes; and Father Christel, looking at her with delight, asked: —

« But Suzel, who taught you to dance? I was quite surprised to see you just now.»

« Mazel and I,» replied the little one, « used to take a turn or two in the kitchen now and then to amuse ourselves.»

Then the people around, who had leaned forward to listen, could not help laughing; and the other Anabaptist exclaimed: —

« What are you thinking of, Christel? Do you imagine that young girls require to be taught to waltz? Don't you know that it comes to them by nature? Ha! ha! ha!»

A BIVOUAC AT LIGNY

From 'Waterloo: A Sequel to the Conscript of 1813': copyright 1869, by Charles Scribner & Co.

It was dark already, and the dense masses of smoke made it impossible to see fifty paces ahead. Everything was moving toward the windmills; the clatter of the cavalry, the shouts, the orders of the officers, and the file-firing in the distance, all were confounded. Several of the squares were broken. From time to time a flash would reveal a lancer bent to his horse's neck, or a cuirassier, with his broad white back and his helmet with its floating plume, shooting off like a bullet, two or three foot soldiers running about in the midst of the fray,—all would come and go like lightning. The trampled grain, the rain streaking the heavens, the wounded under the feet of the horses, all came out of the black night—through the storm which had just broken out—for a quarter of a second. Every flash of musket or pistol showed us inexplicable things by thousands. But everything moved up the hill and away from Ligny; we were masters. We had pierced the enemy's centre; the Prussians no longer made any defense, except at the top of the hill near the mills and in the direction of Sombref, at our right. St. Armand and Ligny were both in our hands.

As for us,—a dozen or so of our company there alone among the ruins of the cottages, with our cartridge boxes almost empty, —we did not know which way to turn. Zébédé, Lieutenant Bretonville, and Captain Florentin had disappeared, and Sergeant Rabot was in command. He was a little old fellow, thin and deformed, but as tough as steel; he squinted, and seemed to have had red hair when young. Now, as I speak of him, I seem to hear him say quietly to us, "The battle is won! by file right! forward, march!"

Several wanted to stop and make some soup, for we had eaten nothing since noon, and began to be hungry. The sergeant marched down the lane with his musket on his shoulder, laughing quietly, and saying in an ironical tone:—

"Oh! soup, soup! Wait a little; the commissary is coming!"

We followed him down the dark lane; about midway we saw a cuirassier on horseback with his back toward us. He had a

sabre-cut in the abdomen and had retired into this lane; the horse leaned against the wall to prevent him from falling off.

As we filed past he called out, "Comrades!" But nobody even turned his head.

Twenty paces farther on we found the ruins of a cottage, completely riddled with balls: but half the thatched roof was still there, and this was why Sergeant Rabot had selected it; and we filed into it for shelter.

We could see no more than if we had been in an oven; the sergeant exploded the priming of his musket, and we saw that it was the kitchen, that the fireplace was at the right, and the stairway on the left. Five or six Prussians and Frenchmen were stretched on the floor, white as wax, and with their eyes wide open.

"Here is the mess-room," said the sergeant: "let every one make himself comfortable. Our bedfellows will not kick us."

As we saw plainly that there were to be no rations, each one took off his knapsack and placed it by the wall on the floor for a pillow. We could still hear the firing, but it was far in the distance on the hill.

The rain fell in torrents. The sergeant shut the door, which creaked on its hinges, and then quietly lighted his pipe. Some of the men were already snoring when I looked up, and he was standing at the little window, in which not a pane of glass remained, smoking.

He was a firm, just man; he could read and write, had been wounded and had his three chevrons, and ought to have been an officer, only he was not well formed. He soon laid his head on his knapsack, and shortly after all were asleep.

It was long after this when I was suddenly awakened by footsteps and fumbling about the house outside. I raised up on my elbow to listen, when somebody tried to open the door. I could not help screaming out. "What's the matter?" said the sergeant. We could hear them running away, and Rabot turned on his knapsack, saying, "Night-birds—rascals! clear out, or I'll send a ball after you!" He said no more, and I got up and looked out of the window, and saw the wretches in the act of robbing the dead and wounded. They were going softly from one to another, while the rain was falling in torrents. It was something horrible.

I lay down again, and fell asleep, overcome by fatigue.

At daybreak the sergeant was up and crying «En route!»

We left the cottage and went back through the lane. The cuirassier was on the ground, but his horse still stood beside him. The sergeant took him by the bridle and led him out into the orchard, pulled the bits from his mouth, and said:—

«Go and eat; they will find you again by-and-by.»

And the poor beast walked quietly away. We hurried along the path which runs by Ligny. The furrows stopped here, and some plots of garden ground lay along by the road. The sergeant looked about him as he went, and stooped down to dig up some carrots and turnips which were left. I quickly followed his example, while our comrades hastened on without looking round.

I saw that it was a good thing to know the fruits of the earth. I found two beautiful turnips and some carrots, which are very good raw, but I followed the example of the sergeant and put them in my shako.

I ran on to overtake the squad, which was directing its steps toward the fires at Sombref. As for the rest, I will not attempt to describe to you the appearance of the plateau in the rear of Ligny, where our cuirassiers and dragoons had slaughtered all before them. The men and horses were lying in heaps; the horses with their long necks stretched out on the ground, and the dead and wounded lying under them.

Sometimes the wounded men would raise their hands to make signs, when the horses would attempt to get up and fall back, crushing them still more fearfully.

Blood! blood! everywhere. The directions of the balls and shot were marked on the slope by the red lines, just as we see in our country the lines in the sand formed by the water from the melting snow. But will you believe it? These horrors scarcely made any impression upon me. Before I went to Lützen such a sight would have knocked me down. I should have thought then:—«Do our masters look upon us as brutes? Will the good God give us up to be eaten by wolves? Have we mothers and sisters and friends, beings who are dear to us, and will they not cry for vengeance?» I should have thought of a thousand other things, but now I did not think at all. From having seen such a mass of slaughter and wrong every day and in every fashion, I began to say to myself:—

«The strongest are always in the right. The Emperor is the strongest, and he has called us, and we must come in spite of

everything, from Pfalzburg, from Saverne, or other cities, and take our places in the ranks and march. One who showed the least sign of resistance would be shot at once. The marshals, the generals, the officers, down to the last man, follow their instructions,—they dare not make a move without orders; and everybody obeys the army. It is the Emperor who wills, who has the power and who does everything. And would not Joseph Bertha be a fool to believe that the Emperor ever committed a single fault in his life? Would it not be contrary to reason?»

That was what we all thought, and if the Emperor had remained here, all France would have had the same opinion.

My only satisfaction was in thinking that I had some carrots and turnips; for in passing in the rear of the pickets to find our place in the battalion we learned that no rations had been distributed except brandy and cartridges.

The veterans were filling their kettles; but the conscripts, who had not yet learned the art of living while on the campaign, and who had unfortunately already eaten all their bread, as will happen when one is twenty years old and is on the march with a good appetite,—they had not a spoonful of anything.

At last, about seven o'clock, we reached the camp. Zébédé came to meet me, and was delighted to see me, and said:—«What have you brought, Joseph? We have found a fat kid, and we have some salt, but not a mouthful of bread.»

I showed him the rice which I had left, and my turnips and carrots.

«That's good,» said he; «we shall have the best soup in the battalion.»

I wanted Buche to eat with us too, and the six men belonging to our mess, who had all escaped with only bruises and scratches, consented. Padoue the drum-major said, laughing, «Veterans are always veterans; they never come empty-handed.»

We looked into the kettles of the five conscripts and winked; for they had nothing but rice and water in them, while we had a good rich soup, the odor of which filled the air around us.

At eight we took our breakfast with an appetite, as you can imagine.

Not even on my wedding day did I eat a better meal, and it is a pleasure even now to think of it. When we are old we are not so enthusiastic about such things as when we are young, but still we always recall them with satisfaction.

JOSÉ DE ESPRONCEDA

(1810–1842)

BY MARY J. SERRANO

IN THE year 1810 all Spain was in arms, disputing Spanish soil inch by inch with the soldiers of Napoleon, who, including in his plan of universal conquest the crown of Spain, had decoyed into France and then perfidiously imprisoned the Spanish King Ferdinand, and placed his brother Joseph by force of arms upon the vacant throne.

It was in the spring of this year that José de Espronceda was born in the little town of Almendrajo, in the province of Estremadura, during a halt of the cavalry regiment of which his father was colonel, his mother having accompanied her husband in the marches of the campaign.

Nursed amid the din of battle waged in defense of national rights, drawing in with every breath the spirit of national liberty that filled the air, and that continued to fill it during his childhood and youth, as an aspiration towards national regeneration, it was not strange that this spirit of liberty, converted by the workings of his poet's imagination into a spirit of revolt against all restraint, should have fermented in his blood and should remain a ruling influence in his short and agitated existence.

Thus it is that almost all Espronceda's poems, whatever their subject, are an aspiration toward freedom, whether from the bonds of spirit or of matter, or a passionate protest against the injustice of man or of fate. But in Espronceda's cynicism, unlike that of Byron,—whom he so strongly resembled both in his genius and his character,—of Heine, of Leopardi, or of Musset, there is nothing of egotism or of affectation, defects from which his sincere and generous nature was altogether free; and while his expression of feeling is intensely personal, as for instance in the cry of passionate regret for lost illusions which he calls 'Canto to Teresa,' and which stands as the second canto of 'El Diablo Mundo' (The World Spirit), the feelings he expresses are the common feelings of humanity; as the injustice against which he protests is the injustice suffered by his fellow-men. Thus, in 'The Mendicant,' 'The Executioner,' and 'The Condemned Criminal,' he arraigns human society for the inequalities

of station and of fortune which array man against his fellow-man, and for the indifference with which it regards the victim of its own defective organization, while sanctioning, in decreeing his death, the crime for which it condemns him to die.

The 'Song of the Cossack' and 'The Pirate' reflect vividly the free life of nature, the freedom of the desert and of the sea—the dash across the plain of the Cossack horseman, the wild sweep in which the steed responds to the will of the rider as the hand responds to the brain; the wide solitude of the boundless sea, the invigorating saltness of the breeze murmuring through the sails, the shimmer of the moon on the blue waters; and through and above all the intoxicating sense of conscious power, of strength unconquered and defiant.

Another note is struck in the poem 'To Jarifa in an Orgy.' Here the freedom aspired to is freedom from law, the unescapable law that ordains that satiety shall inevitably attend upon excess. But when the poet's soul, steeped in the dregs of pleasure, abandons itself unresistingly to its fate, a sudden touch of human sympathy, of pure feeling, stirs it with regenerating power and so saves it from moral death.

In 'The Student of Salamanca,' one of Espronceda's two long poems,—for of 'Pelayo,' an epic poem written in his boyhood, and a remarkable production thus considered, only a few fragments remain, —the prevailing note is one of defiance; defiance of all authority, human or Divine. The poem is based on the legend of Don Juan Tenorio; and in the character of the hero, Espronceda, like Byron in Don Juan, is supposed to have depicted his own. Imaginative power of the highest order, and an extraordinary skill in the employment of the resources of poetic expression, characterize this work, in which earth and heaven and hell, the natural and the supernatural, are brought together on a single canvas without dissonance or disproportion of line or color. The solitary landscape bathed in the mellow light of the moon; the branches of the trees outlined darkly against the softly luminous midnight sky; the brook murmuring its plaintive song; the touching figure of the gentle and unfortunate Elvira, whose illusions have been scattered to the wind by the ruthless hand of her faithless lover, like the petals which she pulls, in the abstraction of her grief, from the flowers; the gambling-house, with its exhibition of cynicism and depravity; the graves giving up their dead to celebrate ghastly festivities—all form a picture of surpassing power and extraordinary artistic beauty.

'El Diablo Mundo,' Espronceda's most important composition, recalls in its plan the legend of Faust. The hero, an old man who becomes endowed with immortal youth, has scarcely put on his new

form when he is seized by the police as a fugitive from justice, and cast into prison. Here he finds a companion in a hardened criminal who indoctrinates him in his own cynical philosophy of life, for the mind of the new Adam is the blank mind of a child. The daughter of his mentor comes to visit her father in the prison, and Adam conceives a violent passion for her, which she returns with equal vehemence. In the prison Adam meets some thieves who induce him to join in the midnight robbery of a beautiful and wealthy countess. The alarm is given, but Adam makes his escape. He wanders through the city streets, and at last enters a house where an orgy is going on in one room, while in another the daughter of the house lies dead. Touched by the mother's lamentations, Adam's heart is filled with the desire to restore the dead girl to life. Here ends the poem, which the author did not live to finish.

In Espronceda's poems the spirit of the man is reflected: a spirit of fire, a flame lurid and obscured at times by smoke, but a flame that always aspires. In his poems, too, is to be found the best history of his unsettled and adventurous life; of which the chief events to be recorded are his journeyings, now voluntary, now as an exile, to Lisbon, to Paris, to London, and back again to Madrid, and the part he took in the political movements of which they were in general the result.

An incident characteristic of the poet is related of his first visit to Lisbon. When the vessel on which he was a passenger arrived in port, the health officer, boarding her, proceeded to collect a small tax which it was the custom to demand from the passengers. When Espronceda's turn arrived, the poet took from his pocket a dollar, all the money he possessed, and handed it to the officer, who returned him the change. The poet tossed the coins lightly into the water, in order, as he said, that he might not «enter so great a capital with so small a sum of money.»

During his residence in London, Espronceda devoted himself with ardor to the study of the English poets, more particularly of Byron, whose influence is clearly traceable in his works. Here the passionate lament entitled 'Elegy to Spain' was written. Here, too, the unhappy passion which inspired the 'Canto to Teresa' reached the fatal culmination which was to prove a source of unending remorse to both the guilty lovers.

The accession to power in 1840 of the liberal party, whose principles he advocated, seemed to promise Espronceda at last leisure to take his just place in literature; a place, according to the judgment of Valera,—a cautious critic,—beside Goethe, Byron, and Leopardi. The promise, however, was never realized. His health had been undermined by a life often of privation and always irregular; and

before he could take his seat he was attacked by an inflammation of the larynx, and died after four days' illness, on the 23d of May, 1842, at the age of thirty-two years.

TO SPAIN: AN ELEGY

How solitary is the nation now
That peopled countries vast a former day!
That, all beneath her sovereignty to bow,
From East to West extended once her sway!

Tears now profuse to shed, unhappy one,
Queen of the world! 'tis thine; and from thy face,
Enchanting yet in sorrow, there is none
Its overwhelming traces to erase.

How fatally o'er thee has death poured forth
Darkness and mourning, horrible and great!
And the stern despot in his maddened wrath
Exulted wildly o'er thy low estate.

Nothing or great or beautiful he spared,
My country!—the young warrior by him fell,
The veteran fell, and vile his war-axe glared,
Pleased all its fury o'er thee to impel.

Even the pure maiden fell beneath the rage
Of the unpitying despot, as the rose,
Condemned the summer's burning sun to engage,
Her bloom and beauty withering, soon must close.

Come, O ye inhabiters of all the earth,
And contemplate my misery! can there,—
Tell me!—be any found of mortal birth
Bearing the sorrows I am doomed to bear?

I, wretched, banished from my native land,
Behold, far from the country I adore,
Her former glories lost and high command,
And only left her sufferings to deplore.

Her children have been fatally betrayed
By treacherous brethren, and a tyrant's power;

And these her lovely fertile plains have made
  Fields o'er which only lamentations lower.

Her arms extended wide, unhappy Spain!
  Her sons imploring in her deep distress:
Her sons they were, but her command was vain,
  Unheard the traitor-madness to repress.

Whate'er could then avail thee, tower or wall,
  My country! still amid thy woes adored?
Where were the heroes that could once appall
  The fiercest foe? where thy unconquered sword?

Alas! now on thy children's humbled brow
  Deeply is shame engraved, and on their eyes,
Cast down and sorrowfully throbbing now,
  The tears alone of grief and mourning rise.

Once was a time for Spain, when she possessed
  A hundred heroes in her hour of pride;
And trembling nations saw her manifest
  Her power and beauty, dazzling, by their side.

As lofty shows itself in Lebanon
  The cedar, so her brow she raised on high;
And fell her voice the nations round upon,
  As terrify a girl the thunders nigh.

But as a stone now in the desert's wild
  Thou liest abandoned, and an unknown way
Through strangers' lands, uncertain where, exiled,
  The patriot's doomed unfortunate to stray.

Her ancient pomp and power are covered o'er
  With sand and weeds contemptuous; and the foe,
That trembled at her puissance before,
  Now mocks exulting and enjoys her woe.

Maidens! your flowing locks disheveled tear,
  To give them to the wandering winds; and bring
Your harps in mournful company to share
  With me the sorrowful laments I sing.

Thus banished from our homes afar away
  Still let us weep our miseries. O Spain,
Who shall have power thy torments to allay?
  Who shall have power to dry thy tears again?

THE SONG OF THE PIRATE

THE breeze fair aft, all sails on high,
Ten guns on each side mounted seen,
She does not cut the sea, but fly,
A swiftly sailing brigantine;
A pirate bark, the 'Dreaded' named,
For her surpassing boldness famed,
On every sea well known and shore,
From side to side their boundaries o'er.

The moon in streaks the waves illumes;
Hoarse groans the wind the rigging through;
In gentle motion raised, assumes
The sea a silvery shade with blue;
While singing gaily on the poop,
The pirate captain, in a group,
Sees Europe here, there Asia lies,
And Stamboul in the front arise.

Sail on, my swift one! nothing fear;
Nor calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force
Shall make thee yield in thy career,
Or turn thee from thy course.
Despite the English cruisers fleet,
We have full twenty prizes made;
And see, their flags beneath my feet
A hundred nations laid.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

There blindly kings fierce wars maintain
For palms of land, when here I hold
As mine, whose power no laws restrain,
Whate'er the seas infold.
Nor is there shore around whate'er,
Or banner proud, but of my might
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,
And made to feel my right.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

Look, when a ship our signals ring
  Full sail to fly, how quick she's veer'd!
For of the sea I am the king,
  My fury's to be feared;
But equally with all I share
  Whate'er the wealth we take supplies;
I only seek the matchless fair,
  My portion of the prize.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
  My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
  My country is the sea.

I am condemned to die! I laugh;
  For if my fates are kindly sped,
My doomer from his own ship's staff
  Perhaps I'll hang instead.
And if I fall, why what is life?
  For lost I gave it then as due,
When from slavery's yoke in strife
  A rover I withdrew.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
  My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
  My country is the sea.

My music is the north wind's roar,
  The noise when round the cable runs,
The bellowings of the Black Sea's shore,
  And rolling of my guns.
And as the thunders loudly sound,
  And furious as the tempest rave,
I calmly rest in sleep profound,
  So rocked upon the wave.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
  My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
  My country is the sea.

HENRI ALPHONSE ESQUIROS

(1812–1876)

F MY hair must turn gray, a thousandfold sooner let it be with the dust of highways than that of musty tomes,» said Alphonse Esquiros; and the words show an energy which always longed to accomplish something of practical utility, and which expended itself in too many directions to be adequately successful in any one. For his contribution to literature is too meritorious not to win appreciation, yet so scanty that we wonder why he did not leave us more.

Esquiros first made himself known as a poet. He was very young —only twenty—when his little volume of odes and sonnets, 'Les Hirondelles,' attracted Victor Hugo's admiration and friendship. «A true poet's book,» Hugo called it; «the fair beginning of a young man; a swarm of charming verses on radiant wing.»

Then Esquiros engaged in journalism, and at the same time prepared a historical novel, 'Charlotte Corday,' founded on the tragic life of the Revolutionary heroine. This true story, strengthened by an imagination which presented both Charlotte and her victim Marat sympathetically, was very popular. Esquiros invested both murderous figures with a fine ideality which made them seem victims rather than sinners; and he made them symbolic too,—their final meeting the inevitable clash between the Gironde and the Mountain. In the simple, direct style there is no falsetto; and yet, as has been pointed out, Esquiros here deserts the crisp French romanticism for a touch of the sentiment we associate with our English Laurence Sterne.

With his skill in story-telling and his poetic quality, his feeling for delicate emotion and grace of form, Esquiros combined much of the reformer's spirit; and that brought him into trouble. The same year that 'Charlotte Corday' appeared (1840), he published too 'L'Évangile du Peuple,' a religious and political work, in which Jesus is portrayed as a socialistic reformer in harmony with revolutionary spirits. Naturally, this revival of revolutionary thinking was disapproved by the government, and its author was severely punished. He was sentenced to the payment of a fine of 500 francs and to an imprisonment of eight months. While confined in Sainte-Pélagie he diverted himself with poetic composition, and wrote 'Les Chants du Prisonnier,' pretty reminiscences of his early life. He wrote, too, several semi-socialistic works,—'Les Vierges Martyres' (The Virgin

Martyrs), 'Les Vierges Folles' (The Foolish Virgins), and 'Les Vierges Sages' (The Wise Virgins).

Esquiros was a Parisian, and much of his life was spent in the centre of the political storms of his country. He was ardently patriotic, and his mind was always strongly diverted from literature to politics, in which he stoutly advocated radical and socialistic reform. Soon after his release he became a democratic member in the Legislative Assembly, where he continued until, upon the overthrow of the government, he found himself exiled.

His series of historical and political works,—'L'Histoire des Montagnards' (History of the Montagnards: 1847), 'L'Histoire des Martyrs de la Liberté' (History of the Martyrs of Liberty: 1851), and 'La Vie Future au Point de Vue Socialiste' (The Future Life from the Socialist's Standpoint: 1857),—although often eloquent and always earnest, are considered superficial in thought. He was a man of feeling and imagination rather than of analysis and synthesis, and philosophy was not his true vocation. One quality in which he excelled found exercise now that he was sent away from France: he had the faculty, not usual with Frenchmen, of understanding a foreign point of view, of studying other lands and peoples with intuitive sympathy. For years he lived in England, where he made many friends and was for some time professor of French literature at Woolwich. He thoroughly investigated the different interests and industries of the country, the various forms of religion, the departments of government, the army and navy; and obtained a just and comprehensive knowledge of English life, which he embodied in serious and interesting studies which ran through a long series in the Revue des Deux Mondes. They were translated into English, and in book form, 'L'Angleterre et la Vie Anglaise' (England and English Life), and 'Les Moralistes Anglaises' (The English Moralists), were greatly enjoyed on both sides of the Channel.

He spent some time in Holland too, and of this one result was a delightful volume, 'La Néerlande et la Vie Hollandaise' (The Netherlands and Dutch Life: 1861), in which he gathered together a great deal of information about that interesting little land and gave it graphic presentation. This too was translated into English, and 'The Dutch at Home' is still a popular book.

In 1869 Esquiros returned to France, and was soon after elected democratic deputy from Bouches-du-Rhône. The next year came the downfall of the Empire, after which he was appointed *Administrateur Supérieur* from the same department. Something about Esquiros is suggestive of Malesherbes; and in this position he showed similar integrity and fearless energy, until like Malesherbes his virtues proved his own undoing, and he was driven to resign.

The narrative talent which makes his works on foreign lands such pleasant reading, and his two novels 'Charlotte Corday' and 'Le Magicien' always interesting, is especially striking in his one little volume of short stories. 'Le Château Enchanté' (The Enchanted Castle), 'Le Mariage Fatal (The Fatal Marriage), and the others, are romantic tales, told with a convincing simplicity and earnest realization of the pathos of human life. Perhaps, on the whole, the most striking quality of Alphonse Esquiros was his broad sympathy.

THE DEATH OF MARAT

From 'Charlotte Corday'

On the evening of the 13th of July, after leaving Du Perret, Charlotte Corday started to return to her hotel, and crossed the Palais Royal. It was still quite light. Everything sparkled in the mild reddish glow which the setting sun shed along the galleries and on all the little shops. In the clear windows of a cutlery shop especially, the steel blades glittered brilliantly. Charlotte Corday stopped. After looking a few minutes at the sharp murderous instruments, she entered the shop. There was one large knife with an ebony handle exposed for sale, and Charlotte Corday tried the blade with her finger. A sheath lay beside it in the case. The price was three francs. She paid it. Then she hid the knife, in its sheath, under the red fichu which covered her throat.

As it was a beautiful evening, she went out into the garden and sat down on a bench in the shade of the chestnut-trees. A little child was playing near, gathering sand in its red apron. The stranger's face pleased him; he drew near, smiled, hovered about the bench, courting attention. Beauty attracts children. Then, becoming quite familiar at last, he bravely dropped back his little blond curly head on the lady's lap. Charlotte took him in her arms and gave him a melancholy look. In the refreshing breezes of the evening, she felt many tender and profound thoughts at sight of this little being, sitting innocently on her knees. In spite of herself she thought of the joys of maternity, of the family, of love. She told herself that perhaps she was mad, thus to sacrifice to vain chimeras the sweet and facile happiness offered by nature. The agitations into which events and public affairs had thrown her for the past six months subsided

ASSASSINATION OF MARAT.

Photogravure from a Painting by J. J. Weertz.

under the limpid gaze of this little creature; her eyes filled with tears before his ingenuous smile; fresh and charming recollections of that early age rushed wildly to her heart. At sight of so much serenity, grace, forgetfulness, universal pardon, painted on the child's face, she felt her fierce resolution soften, and her vengeance slipping from her hands.

Now the prying, inquisitive little fingers of the child, which for a moment had been investigating under her red fichu, drew out the sinister knife for a plaything. At sight of it Charlotte grew pale, rose, set the child on the ground, and went away; first casting an unquiet glance around and replacing the knife under her fichu, and the fatal secret in her breast. At the entrance to the garden she met a cabman, whose horses were resting before the door of a house. « Citizen Coachman,» she asked, «can you tell me, if you please, where Citizen Marat lives?»

« Rue des Cordeliers, No. 30;» and fearing this woman might forget the address, the cabman wrote it himself in pencil on a bit of white paper. This done, Charlotte Corday went back to her hotel.

The next day Du Perret called as he had promised, and after chatting with her for about a quarter of an hour, took her to the minister. But Charlotte Corday found that she could not draw her friend's papers from the hands of the administration. Then she took leave of Du Perret, thanking him, and forbidding him to call again. « You know what I told you yesterday,» she added. « Fly as quickly as you can. Fly this very night, for to-morrow it will be too late.»

The claims of friendship satisfied, she turned all her strength and resolution toward the true object of her journey. That morning she had addressed the following letter to Marat by post:

«*Citizen:* — I have just arrived from Caen. Your love for the country makes me think that you will be interested to know the unhappy events in that part of the Republic. I will call upon you about one o'clock. Be so good as to receive me and grant me a moment's interview. I will show you how to render France a great service. CHARLOTTE CORDAY.»

A perfidious intention like a knife-blade was hidden under the last sentence. Receiving no answer, Mademoiselle Corday wrote again, about four o'clock that afternoon: —

"I wrote you this morning, Marat. Did you receive my letter? I cannot believe so, since I am refused admittance at your door. I hope you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat that I have just come from Caen. I wish to tell you secrets most important to the safety of the Republic. Moreover, I am being persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unhappy. That alone gives me a right to your protection. CHARLOTTE CORDAY."

The note written, she folded it and placed it in her breast. This second message must be given to Marat's housekeeper, if he still refused to see her. At a quarter of seven Charlotte Corday took a cab on the Place des Victoires. "Where to?" asked the driver. "Rue des Cordeliers, No. 30," answered a voice clear and gentle as a child's.

The cab jogged along for a quarter of an hour, and then stopped before a grim, dull-looking house, where, to follow the language of the Girondists, the monster of the Mountain had established his den. Marat's house at No. 30 Rue des Cordeliers (now Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine) is still standing, and has retained its former character. The monolithic mass, pierced with rather high windows, draws the attention by its rigid, gloomy, and solitary aspect. Dwellings as well as men have a physiognomy. Providence doubtless chose this house from among all others, for its air of fitness as witness and sombre setting of one of the most tragic scenes of the great Revolutionary drama. Since then it has been repaired to some extent, but no amount of freshening can remove its sadness. Before the 13th of July this sadness was a presentiment; since then it has been a memory. Still on the wall in pale letters are the words "*ou la m*" —the remnant of that stern inscription "La fraternité, l'indivisibilité, ou la mort."

Alas! This great word, in which all the others are lost, is itself becoming effaced under the file of time. As one of the ancients said, "death dies" (*mors moritur*). The front door, in its frame of black paint, gives the whole house a funereal air. A kind of square vestibule, with a wretched porter's lodge to the right, leads to a damp little court where the dank mossy pavement sends to the surface a cold sweat, as it were, in time of rain. This court is bounded by a wing of the building, streaked with cracks and mold. There is a well in one of the angles. On the right, a staircase of greasy stone steps, surmounted by

an iron railing, leads up to a large landing lighted by a double casement. Under the stairs the eyes plunge into a sordid hollow, where there is a confusion of old household utensils, and where cellar doors open confusingly like shadowy mouths. This house was made for some sinister event.

Charlotte, trim and alert, stepped out of the cab before the porte-cochère. Afterwards, the neighbors remembered their surprise at seeing a young woman with a green ribbon in her hair getting out of a carriage. First of all she had to brave the cross-grained portress in her lodge, a veritable female Cerberus, who, knowing that her tenant was ill and much beset, pitilessly refused to let her enter. Charlotte Corday insisted. Subdued by her urgent and resolute tone, the portress finally allowed her to go up-stairs.

Marat was living upon the first floor. The staircase conducted to a long landing, at the end of which was an obscure kitchen window, covered with iron bars, beside a door painted yellow. This grim grating must have vividly touched Charlotte Corday's imagination, and she fancied Marat in his lodging like a wild beast in its cage.

She stopped near the barred window with its menacing air, before the door to the left. A strange coldness seized her heart. Her enemy was behind this light partition; and behind it too was her own future, the scaffold all ready and threatening! There was still time to retreat. She could return to Caen or sail to England. Easy, admissible joys held out loving arms to the young and beautiful woman, either under the trees of Normandy or on the white shores of Great Britain. The struggle before her was one of those irrevocable struggles where, like the bee, the victor leaves his life in the wound he inflicts.

The sill of this door once crossed, she could never retrace her steps. This door upon which she was about to knock was the door to her tomb. She hesitated. The most fearless hand must needs tremble before this perilous entrance, over which, in letters visible to her excited imagination, she read the terrible sentence of the damned — « Leave all hope at the door. » True, she had dreamed, the blow once struck, of escaping and gaining a seaport; but this was so doubtful a chance, so light and fragile a thread to support the weight of her crime, that she could scarcely trust it. To shake the wood of this door was to awaken the dull and terrible sound which comes from a coffin-lid when

touched. And there was something horrible, too, in this calm moment preceding so furious and violent an action as the murder of a man. She felt the need of gathering all her strength to hold the knife in her delicate white hands. She stood erect and motionless like the statue of Judith. Her hand seemed to weigh a hundred pounds. However, some one was coming up the stairs behind her, and the fixed resolution at the bottom of her heart conquered. The hesitations of the avenging arm before this fatal door ceased, and Charlotte Corday knocked.

Marat was lying in his bath. The bath-room was dimly lighted by a window on the court. The only furniture was a block of wood, upon which papers, pens, and a lead inkstand were thrown pell-mell. Marat was writing. He was signing a petition to the administration in behalf of a poor widow with four children who had asked the aid of the People's Friend.

For several days, as we have said, Marat had not been able to stay out of the bath without being consumed by sharpest sufferings. There the agitated and volcanic little man tried to take the attitude and repose of the tomb where he was soon to rest. In these moments of solitude, preyed upon by horror of the death which was slowly and surely taking possession of his perishing body, Marat was pierced to the heart by an invisible sword, and bled within of an incurable wound. All his life this man had kept his sufferings to himself.

As he neared the tomb his griefs surged up out of his breast and suffocated him. He glanced drearily over his life of crucifixion. When he remembered the ills he had endured for the cause of the Revolution, he asked himself if it would not have been better to have given himself to the calm and serious work of science. In mind he entered again his little room at Versailles, where the birds came to pick up the crumbs on his window-sill and where the trees cast their green shadows. Then he thought sadly how little joy, and that frothy and shadowed, was brought to the heart by the puissance of success in civil storms. Marat the persecuted, who in time had made himself a persecutor, offered in this moment a striking and terrible example of what he himself had once written:—

"One would be tempted to accuse Heaven and to deny its justice, if there were not some consolation at sight of frightful tyrants themselves suffering the ills which they inflict upon others."

The great executioner of Divine justice had fallen into the cold and painful hands of the final torture. The blood of the 2d of September was dripping back upon his heart. Disease showed itself subtle and merciless to him, and played with his expiring body as with an elected victim, who in his one death must expiate all the violent deaths in which the popular influence of his newspaper had given him a sort of moral complicity.

God purifies by fiery coals and by the bed of thorns, before he withdraws from the world those whose hateful mission has been to purify by the sword.

Suddenly Marat heard in the ante-chamber the harsh voice of his housekeeper, contesting a very young voice whose clear and tempting tones reached him in his bath: —

« Citizen Marat? »

« This is the place, but he is not at home. »

« I must see him. I have just come from Caen. I wrote him this morning. »

« I tell you he cannot receive any one. He is ill. Call again in a few days. »

« I implore you to give him my name. He must have had my letter. I am sure he will not refuse me a short interview. »

The housekeeper, a rather nervous and neutral nature, gently but decidedly continued to refuse; and Charlotte, murmuring, was already turning back toward the door, which the woman seemed anxious to close behind her.

Now a gentle emotion entered Marat's heart with this fresh voice, which he thought he must have heard before. This young voice took him back to the better springtime years of his youth. Impressed by its purity, which made it seem the natural music of a beautiful spirit, he called to his friend, « Let her come in. »

« But, citizen, you are worn out with business. You are suffering. The doctor has forbidden you to see any one. »

« The doctors are ignorant fellows, who can do nothing to cure me. I won't be a slave to them. »

« But you should not admit every chance comer like that. There are rumors of assassination. You know yourself that the Royalists and the Girondists are plotting. Marat, you once told me that you were to die by the hand of a woman. »

An old servant of Marat's named Catherine, who claimed to be a sorceress and to divine the future, had predicted his violent death. « Take heed, » she had added, « against girls in red fichus. »

"True," answered Marat after a silence and a bitter sigh; "but I have no faith in such follies. Women don't like me well enough to kill me."

"Well, I shall send away this intruder."

"No, I tell you; let her come in. This girl comes from Caen, where the rebel deputies are. She wrote me this morning. She is unhappy." Marat emphasized the last words. Then the woman grumblingly obeyed, and showed the unknown into the bath-room. When Charlotte Corday entered, Marat had his head inclined upon his naked breast.

The gloomy little room is at the back of the house; heavy silence reigns there night and day; a window, then of heavy divisions with dull glass, received light from the court.

The woman stood motionless near the bath. The Gironde and the Mountain, as represented by Charlotte Corday and Marat, had a terrible struggle before them. Charlotte already bore signs of victory in her brilliant eyes, her robust health, her bright color, her magnificent arm and firm and resolute hand. Marat lay in his bath with outstretched arms; a white sheet draped the tub in careless folds. It looked like a bier. The woman stood looking fixedly. Her face had the fatal and extraordinary beauty called forth by an heroic deed. The old servant closed the door of the dark and narrow room, and left Charlotte almost touching Marat.

. . . . . .

All at once Marat uttered a great cry — "Help! Help!" and having uttered it, turned his head aside and died. The housekeeper and some servants of the house rushed to the bath-room. They found Marat with great drops of blood welling from his side, his eyes open, his tongue moving but speechless. The murderous knife had fallen on the floor. Charlotte Corday was standing near the window. At first she had put her hand to her head; then, calm, severe, and haughty, she seemed to be spellbound beside the corpse. The pride of success, the realization of the immense thing she had accomplished, plunged her into a moral transport. In killing Marat she had killed the plebeian king of the Revolution.

THE POET'S LITTLE HOME

From 'The Enchanted Castle'

THERE is a narrow two-story house in one of the suburbs of Berlin, where about fifty years ago Theodore Wilhelm and his wife Vertua were living. They were a young couple, very poor but happy, for Wilhelm and Vertua loved each other.

One evening the young wife was sewing at her window, when the needle paused between her fingers, the work fell on her apron, and a tear rolled down her cheek. At the same moment the bell rang over her head. Vertua rose, wiped her red eyes, and opened the door with a smile on her lips. It was Wilhelm returning.

"I was sewing and forgot all about the time," she said, throwing her arm around her husband and receiving his kiss. "We won't have much of a supper to-day; but then we don't care." While saying this, she placed on the table a dish of boiled potatoes and some dry nuts.

"You must be out of money," remarked Wilhelm gloomily.

"No, I have some," she said, shaking some copper coins in her apron pocket.

"I think I have found a place," went on Wilhelm, in a tone not very hopeful. "If I accept it, I will begin work to-morrow."

"What place?" asked Vertua.

"I am promised the position of head of the orchestra in a small theatre. The salary is not very much, but as I know a little about painting I can act as decorator at the same time. Then, as I still have great faith in my literary talent, I will induce them to play some of my compositions there."

Vertua smiled indulgently at her husband's golden dreams. Their meal was tranquil and gay. Love, great worker of miracles, found a way to change the water in their pitcher to a wine better than that of the wedding at Cana.

After supper Theodore Wilhelm spoke of writing. Vertua dared not tell him that there was no oil for the lamp.

"Bah!" said she. "It's too fine an evening to light that horrid wick. Let us stay at the window and watch the stars, the lights of the good God."

Theodore Wilhelm understood that he was reduced to the state of the Italian poet Torquato Tasso, who went without working at night, *non avendo candele per scriver i versi suoi.*

« Perhaps I would have been wiser,» he said, « to have stuck to my first studies. By this time I would have been a counselor.»

« Why these regrets, dear?»

« At least you would have a servant and new clothes,» continued Wilhelm, who was cut to the heart by his wife's deprivations.

« I don't need anything,» interrupted Vertua, with a smile which she tried to make natural. « If I don't wear my fine clothes, it is because I don't think I need them in order to please you.»

The next morning Vertua awoke before dawn, and crept softly out of bed to get things ready for her husband. Her eyes reviewed sadly the shabby black coat, white on the seams and on the back of the cuffs; the shapeless shoes, and the worn cravat. In vain she brushed them, caught up broken threads with her needle, touched the garment here and there with ink,—she could never restore the irreparable injury of years. Just before Wilhelm started out, he looked at himself in the mirror.

« You are all right,» said Vertua in a confident voice. « That coat looks quite new, and the hat seems fresh enough to have been bought yesterday.»

The two lovers exercised a kind of divine trickery to deceive each other as to their wretched state.

Theodore Wilhelm obtained a position in the orchestra of a little theatre where he was the only musician, but he lost it again in a few days. Then he tried various callings, which cost much to his self-love and which barely satisfied the first needs of life.

Ten years later, the same man was the most popular author of all Germany.

In the early days of his success, Wilhelm plunged his lips eagerly in this cup of gold; but it soon transformed him, and he fell into a bored and dreary frenzy. Satiety brought disgust. His celebrity dazed him. Long before this, he had moved from the little house in the suburb to a rich and commodious mansion in the city. One evening Vertua took his hand in hers and said to him:—

« We are not happy any more. Happiness was to love each other, and now that we are rich we no longer do so. This miserable gold has destroyed all the charm of our home. When

we were poor I used to see you all day. Now other people have you. You are called here and there, you are invited by the whole town, you are sought after by women, and I am unhappy. Are you yourself content? No, Wilhelm, acknowledge the truth. This life wearies you; you regret the time when we suffered the bitter privations of life together."

"You are right, Vertua. For a long time I have thought all that you have just said, but I have never dared to tell you. When we were living in our little house the necessity of fighting outside evils calmed the agitation of my spirit. The struggle was good for me, and helpful. Now I am afraid of going mad. No, I have never suffered so much as since I have been delivered from the hard necessities of life and delivered to myself. My cruel imagination is an enemy ten times more insupportable than poverty. Fame is killing me. I am no longer free, now that I am celebrated. I am stifling under this cape of gold, which Divine justice has thrown on my shoulders to punish my foolish ambitions."

"I too hate this glory, as a rival who has made you desert me. Since you have given yourself up to it, you hardly care for me. But I do not ask you to relinquish it; I know what such ties mean. However much one curses, he has never the strength to relinquish them. But let us do one thing. That little house in the suburb, of which you were just speaking, I have been renting for the last ten years without telling you so; our old furniture, which I pretended to sell, is all there just as we left it. Let us go back and spend the day to-morrow in this old nest of our early love."

Wilhelm threw his arms around Vertua, in gratitude for this happy thought.

The next morning they rose before the sun and fled to the little house in the suburb. A gentle emotion touched them even to tears, as they entered the two rooms where they had passed the bitter, beautiful days of delightful youth. The straw chairs were neatly ranged as when Vertua's hand took care to keep them so. Vertua opened the oaken wardrobe, which was nearly all the furniture in the place, and drew out Wilhelm's old coat, so often inked over on the seams, and handed it to her husband to put on.

"I never saw you look so handsome," she said, gazing at him with delight.

She herself laid on the bed her veil, her velvet bonnet, her cashmere shawl, her dress trimmed with lace, and put on again the simple cap, the fichu, and the linen blouse, in which Wilhelm had loved her.

After this, Vertua prepared the breakfast with her own hands, as in the days when she had no other servant than her activity of twenty years. She set the table with two pewter spoons, two flowered delft cups, and two coarse linen napkins. The milk was boiling on the chafing-dish, with its white foam gathering on top.

For the first time in ten years, Theodore Wilhelm felt hungry. A rustic perfume of youth and sentiment entered his heart. The little birds came in at the window as in the old days, and picked the dry bread which Vertua crumbled for them under the table.

Wilhelm and Vertua sat opposite each other as in their happy time; their knees touched under the little pine table. Their breakfast was delicious. They felt themselves back in the old love, when their hearts were young and black care evaporated in a ray of sunshine.

Breakfast was short, and after it Wilhelm drew his violin from its case and practiced his lesson for the evening, as he had done when employed in the orchestra of the theatre. Vertua, who had not sung for ten years, accompanied him with her voice. It was a simple and touching piece which suited their mood. The little room was all stirred with it, and the birds responded from the roof.

But Wilhelm had scarcely finished the selection when the sound of applause was heard under the windows. Some friends or some inquisitive people (how know which?) had followed Vertua and her husband.

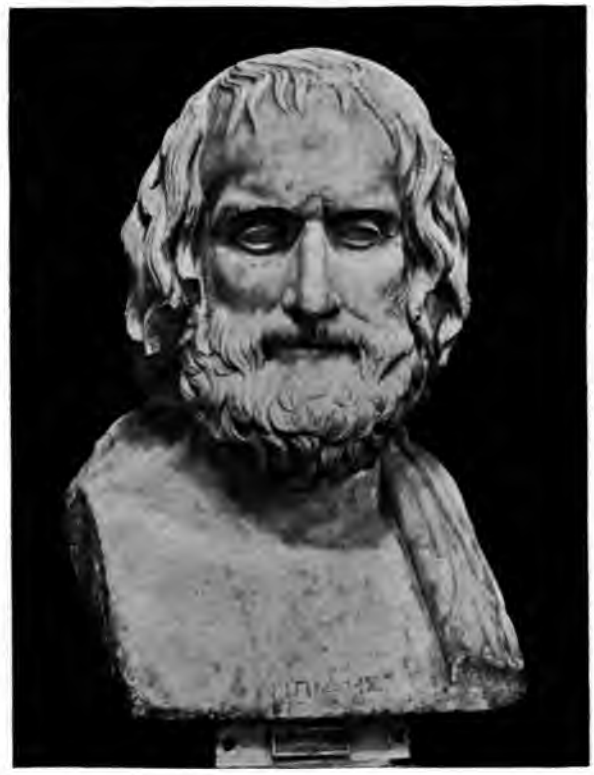
«We are discovered,» the poet murmured sadly.

«Alas!» said Vertua; «I was afraid of it.»

«Not to be able to go where one wants or to do what one chooses without being spied upon; to suffer everybody's follies because one is said to have talent; to be forced to abjure calm of spirit; charm in one's home; love in one's heart: what is it all?»

«This,» answered Vertua timidly, «is what men seek after. It is glory.»

This man, so long pursued by misfortune, and later pursued by glory, this Theodore Wilhelm, was Hoffmann.



EURIPIDES

LUCRÈCE

EURIPIDES

(480–406 B. C.)

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

EURIPIDES, latest in age and perhaps least in rank among the three surviving tragic poets of Athens, was said to have been born on Salamis, during the decisive battle for freedom, when his mother, like the homeless folk of Attica generally, was in temporary exile upon the little island. This legend was at least an artistic invention, since Æschylus shared in the sea fight, and Sophocles, as a beautiful stripling, led the band of boys who danced about the trophy of victory.

The supreme rank of these three is no accident of survival. When news of Euripides's death reached Athens, Sophocles bade his chorus appear in mourning for him; and a few months later, when both were in the underworld, Aristophanes, in his comedy 'The Frogs,' makes the god Dionysos follow them thither, and beg Pluto to restore to earth one dramatist worthy to grace the annual contest at his festival. This testimony from the lifelong enemy and ridiculer of Euripides is borne out by all the evidence we have.

He was probably of good Attic stock, the stories of his parents' poverty being inventions of the comic poets. He was one of the first to collect a large library. He was carefully educated,—at first as an athlete, from a misunderstanding of an oracle to the effect that he was to "win prizes in contests." He also developed youthful skill, like his friend Socrates, as an artist. At twenty-five he first obtained the honor of competing as one of the three chosen tragic poets at the Dionysia. All these facts point to good social rank.

He did not, however, like the youthful Sophocles, win at once the popular heart. At his first venture he was placed last. He secured highest honors not once until fourteen years later, and only five times altogether. Yet toward the end of his life, and after his death, his influence, not merely in Athens but throughout Greek lands, was unrivaled. It is no accident that seven dramas of Æschylus, seven of Sophocles, *nineteen* of Euripides, have been preserved for us. Euripides is said to have composed twenty-three tetralogies, ninety-two dramas! Each play was doubtless an independent and complete work of art, so that the number is indeed surprising.

No worthy successors to this brief line ever arose. The three and their forgotten rivals filled the fifth century B. C. with their splendor. The *likeness* of them all should strike a modern student, before their differences. All their plays graced the greatest State festival and were a part of the popular religious ceremonial. All save Æschylus's 'Persians'—no real exception in its spirit—aim to represent a remote heroic age. The characters are chiefly gods or the immediate offspring of gods. The vain struggle of man against Fate is always a motive, usually the chief thread of the tale. As to outward form, also, the chorus remains to the end the central feature, though its importance is somewhat lessened. The small number of actors, the stiffness of mask and buskin, the simple stage setting, the avoidance of violent or confused action, continued apparently little modified.

Still, there has been a very general conviction in ancient and modern times, first uttered effectively by Aristophanes, that Euripides was a radical innovator, both in art and in religion. Of course this is necessarily true in some degree of any original creative artist. But the question goes much deeper.

That wonderful fifth century falls inevitably into three periods. The generation that saw the terrific invading host of Xerxes melt away like a dream, and Athens arise from her ashes to become queen of the Ægean and the foremost State in the Greek world, could hardly escape a fervent belief in divine guidance of all earthly affairs. Æschylus, himself a Marathonian warrior, probably stamped upon tragedy much of his own intensely religious nature. His human characters seem almost helpless in the grip of stern but just Fate.

In Sophocles the gods are rarely seen on the stage. Man is subject indeed to their rule, but he usually works out his own doom of ill or happiness by ways not inscrutable. In the prosperous period of Kimon and Pericles which formed his early maturity, Athens doubtless felt herself quite capable of accomplishing her own destiny. Pericles and the enlightened circle about him probably troubled themselves very little—beyond judicious outward conformity—with the traditional mythology. To many admiring readers, Sophocles seems cold. His 'Electra' best illustrates what we cannot here discuss. His conformity to Æschylean theology seems usually a mere artistic utterance of his own rather vague optimism.

Euripides lived through the same period also. But he was not so harmonious and happy a nature. The pathos of human life, the capriciousness of destiny, the seemingly unjust distribution of lots, distressed and perplexed him. This may not have been so largely true of his earlier work. We have only one play (the 'Alcestis') previous to his fiftieth year. At that very time began the great national tragedy of the Thirty Years' War, destined to end in the utter

humiliation and downfall of imperial Athens. The plague, and the death of Pericles, made even the beginnings of the great strife seem tragic. The appalling disaster in Sicily foreshadowed the end, and indeed made it inevitable, long years before it came. It is not strange if the favorite, the popular Athenian poet of that darkening day, often doubted the Divine wisdom,— felt a strife, which his art could not reconcile, between man and Providence.

Whatever the reason, the gods do take again a prominent share in Euripidean as in Æschylean drama; but they often, perhaps usually, act from less noble motives than the human characters. It has been maintained, even,— especially by a living English scholar, Professor Verrall,— that Euripides made it his lifelong purpose to undermine and destroy any belief in the real existence of Zeus and Apollo, Pallas Athene, and all their kin; that he was an aggressive agnostic, using the forms of the traditional gods only to show their helplessness, their imbecility, their impossibility.

But surely the generation that slew Socrates for «introducing strange gods and not honoring those of the State,» would have detected and resented any such flagrant misuse of the holy place and day. Moreover, any such lifelong cynicism would have corroded the artistic powers themselves. Lucian, Voltaire, Swift, illustrate this truth. Many of the pessimistic outbursts often cited as Euripides's own are uttered *in character* by his sufferers and sinners, and are mere half-conscious cries of distress or protest. His dramatic power was not always sufficient to recast the old myths in an ethical form which satisfied him. He knew men and women thoroughly, loved them, found them heroic, generous, noble,—and he so painted them. The gods, whom he did not know, fared worse at his hands. Often one is introduced in spectacular fashion at the close, to cut the knot which the poet had failed to untie in the natural course of his plot. (Even Sophocles, once at least,—in the 'Philoctetes,'—does very much the same thing.) In general, Euripides seems distinctly inferior to his two masters, at their best, in construction, in plot. The world of scholarship is still laughing, with Aristophanes, at Euripides's long narrative prologues. (See Mr. Shorey's translation of the scene in the 'Frogs,' Vol. ii. of this work, pages 786–7.) His long messengers' speeches, fine as they are, seem almost epic in their broad descriptions of what we have not seen. (Again, as Professor Mahaffy himself remarks, Sophocles's 'Electra' is the most unfortunate perversion of this indulgence.)

On the other hand, in romantic lyric, in connected picturesque description, in pathos, in sympathy with elemental human feeling, Euripides has no Attic rival whatever. His women, his slaves, his humbler characters generally, are evidently drawn with especial tenderness. He is perhaps so far a «realist» in his art, that he should

not have been restricted to the stately figures and famous names of the national myths. Much of his work seems more fitted to frankly contemporaneous drama. He *is* drawing men and women whom he has known, and should be allowed to say so. His fussy old nurse in the 'Hippolytus,' his homely rustic husband of 'Electra,' certainly cannot be set upon a pedestal.

But should a work of art, above all of dramatic art, be set upon any pedestal at all? Should not the dramatist, rather, hold the mirror up to nature, bid living men and women walk and talk before us? It is in part the old antagonism, actual or supposed, of Idealism, or Classicism, against Realism, that has raged so long about the name of Euripides. There is much to be said, and truly said, on both sides; but certainly Euripides is, for us, by far the most important of the Attic dramatists. He influenced far more than any other the later course of his art; hastened the fusion of tragedy and comedy in the society melodrama of Menander and Philemon; dominated the Roman stage, and through it, modern dramatic art.

His claim to be a great ethical teacher cannot be successfully disputed. Whatever we may think of his divinities, the world is not the worse but better (as Mr. Browning puts it) —

> «Because Euripides shrank not to teach,
> If gods be strong and wicked, man, though weak,
> May prove their match by willing to be good.»

Primarily and chiefly, however, he is a poet. His pictures are vivid, his characters are alive; they speak usually in their own voice, and are a part of the mimic scene. There are indeed instants when we hear, beyond or through them, a sigh from the poet's own soul; the cry of a perplexed truth-seeker in an age of doubt and discouragement. Thus, when Menelaus promises to punish Helen for her long guilt, there is no adequate dramatic reason for Hecuba's farthought apostrophe: —

> «O Thou
> That bearest earth, thyself by earth upborne,
> Whoe'er thou art, hard for our powers to guess,
> Or Zeus, or Nature's law, or mind of man,—
> To thee I pray, for all the things of earth
> In right thou guidest on thy noiseless way.»

Such passages are not rare, especially in choral odes, where the poet oftener seeks to utter the general belief or feeling of mankind as it appears to himself. It is never perfectly safe to ascribe them to Euripides the man, least of all when quoting from a lost play, where the very sentiment preserved may have been signally refuted.

As we associate Æschylus first of all with the suffering Titan Prometheus, and Sophocles with the stately figure of an Œdipus or an Antigone, proudly facing the blows of fate with human courage, so the pathetic, even elegiac tale of 'Hippolytus' is the most characteristic Euripidean study. Here, for the first time, the passion of love is made the central motive of a great poem. Here, too, every human character is fearless in life and in death, while the gods are quarrelsome, vindictive, and ignoble. It is the very play on which Aristophanes lavished his biting wit and ridicule. It was performed in 428 B. C., and appealed to the audience as an Attic myth, centred about their great legendary king Theseus, who is a central though not a leading character.

A madder system of superhuman government, surely, was never outlined, even in Aristophanes's own realm of Cloud-cuckooville. But these divinities, after all, supply merely a spectacular tableau at the beginning and end,—and the pathetic elegiac motive. Their appearance clears Phædra, Hippolytus, even Theseus, of all fault.

The nobler tone is supplied in the splendid courage displayed by men and women; even by the old attendants; even by the messenger who tells the prince's mishaps, and faces fearlessly the unforgiving sire:—

> «I am a slave within thy house, O King,
> But this at least I never will believe,
> That he, thy son, was guilty: not although
> The whole of womankind go hang themselves,
> And with their letters fill the pines that grow
> On Ida!»

Throughout the play there are fresh glimpses of outdoor life, fragrant breezes blown from glen and sea; strange far-off visions of enchantment arise at the magician's call. Again, the Birds form the only rival of scenes worthy to be mentioned with 'Midsummer Night's Dream' itself. And yet again, Phædra's plea for death to destroy the mad desire that horrifies her wifely heart, the youthful athlete's piteous plea to his frenzied steeds as they trample upon their beloved master,—these are realism of the noblest kind. And all these varied pictures are included in a play not fifteen hundred lines in length! Racine's 'Phèdre' is much longer, and far less effective.

Better known, and simpler in its plot, is Euripides's earliest extant play, the 'Alcestis.' The dying Alcestis is one of the most noble and pathetic figures in literature. It was popular at once, for her words are parodied by Aristophanes. Milton felt its power, as a famous sonnet reveals. Mr. Browning has made it the centre of his great imaginative poem, 'Balaustion's Adventure.' This character should alone

secure Euripides from the epithet of «woman-hater,» first cast at him by the most audacious scoffer at women who ever lived.

There are cruel and wicked women in Euripides, though none approaches Æschylus's Clytæmnestra. The most terrible of them is Medea, who murders her own children to punish their unfaithful father, Jason the Argonaut. Even her action is adequately justified, in a dramatic sense. It is made quite credible that a wronged woman, with the blood of gods and savages in her veins, should do the deeds she dares. The ethical question hardly comes up at all. The capital fault of the play is, that we have no adequate reward at last for all the horrors we have undergone. Indeed, Medea is promised safe refuge in Athens, and the innocent Corinthians are bidden to atone for her deeds. In truth, Medea is in earlier forms of the myth merely sinned against. Euripides's love of striking contrasts often, perhaps too often, tempted him into making a seemingly defenseless woman's hand deal the decisive stroke of fate.

So in the 'Hecuba,' the Trojan queen, dethroned, enslaved, bereft of all her dearest ones, strikes an unexpected and deadly blow at the most cruel and selfish of men, the Thracian king who for love of gold has murdered his guest, her young son Polydorus. The comparatively noble Agamemnon, who fights for just revenge, or slays the innocent only at superhuman command, is made the half-willing tool of her imperial vengeance.

This tale may remind us that more than half the extant plays, and countless others known by titles and scanty fragments, dealt with characters familiar from the Homeric poems. The great tragedians wisely avoided, as a rule, the very scenes immortalized in Iliad or Odyssey, seizing by preference on earlier or later episodes in the same storm-lost lives.

The most curious illustration here is doubtless the 'Helena.' After utilizing Menelaus's faithless queen as an ignoble and much-berated character in several plays, Euripides gives her the title rôle in a drama intended to rescue her character. It is but a wraith that Paris has wooed and defended for twenty years. Happier than the many heroes who perish in her defense, she herself has been living safe and innocent all these years, under enchantment, in Egypt, the abode of mystery. Here Menelaus, sailing homeward triumphant with the *Eidolon*, is made doubly happy by receiving a stainless Helen once more. This strange myth, if we can accept it, at least effaces in some degree our indignant sense of injustice, aroused when the ageless daughter of Zeus appears in the Odyssey reigning once more happily over a contented people and an uxorious husband. But Helen, the immortal ideal of beauty, should not be judged, I suppose, by anything so narrow and puritanical as an ethical standard!

Among Euripides's happiest works is the Tauric 'Iphigenia.' The happy outcome of this Greek play is by no means rare on the Attic stage. A certain spirit of reconciliation, or submission at least, seems to have been demanded for a closing scene. At the end of his life Euripides returned to this myth, to depict the earlier scene of sacrifice at Aulis. The play seems to have been left unfinished, and many lines have been added by a weaker hand. Still, the fearless princess, facing death cheerfully for the honor of her people, is a most pathetic figure, and was used with thrilling effect in the quadrimillennial Harvard oration of James Russell Lowell, who compared to her the glad young martyrs of the Civil War. The return of the poet to a theme already used, as was said, in an earlier year, doubtless illustrated the narrow range of myths acceptable to his audience. So all the great three wrote on Phædra and Hippolytus, on Electra and Orestes, on Philoctetes and his bow. The courageous surrender of life at the altar, or under similar conditions, is also repeated in a number of plays, and may remind us of the startling truth that human sacrifice was not absolutely unknown, even in the most enlightened age of historical Hellas. Polyxena, in the 'Hecuba,' is more forlorn than Iphigenia, since she actually perishes, at a foeman's hand, and without the faintest hope of saving even her mother and sisters from slavery, much less of restoring her native city from its ashes. The poet who created such noble and inspiring types of women deserves the eternal gratitude of all who love and honor heroic wives and mothers.

It is not possible nor desirable to discuss here all the nineteen Euripidean plays. We will only mention further the 'Bacchæ.' It was written near the close of the century, when the poet was living in voluntary exile, as the honored guest of Archelaus the Macedonian monarch. Those who regard Euripides as a heretic and a skeptic sometimes consider this play as a sort of death-bed recantation. Certainly the divine power of Semele's child is revealed by a terrific vengeance on those of his own kin who had denied and persecuted him. The play is badly mutilated in the MSS.; its ethical tone is low, and the chief interest centres upon the splendid choral odes in Dionysos's honor. Out of such odes, as is well known, the drama itself took its rise. It is curious that from this one tragedy alone, at the very close of the century of creative dramatic art, we must form what conception we may of the early dithyramb. More perhaps than other arts, literature as a rule survives in its maturer forms only, and rarely affords us adequate materials for studying its development. Here, as in other fields of Greek literature, we must say that chance, or Providence, has preserved a mere handful out of a whole library of scrolls; but these are, in the main, the masterpieces of the greatest masters.

The only available edition of Euripides's plays with English notes is the one in the Bibliotheca Classica, by the indefatigable F. A. Paley. It is not very satisfactory, and there are many better editions of single plays. A large part of Euripides has been excellently edited in French by Weil. The great work upon the dramatist's art is in the same language: Paul Decharme's 'Euripide et l'Esprit de son Théâtre.' One of the most readable chapters in J. A. Symonds's 'Greek Poets' is devoted to our author. Professor Jebb has a masterly article in the Britannica, but his sympathies are on the whole with the elder school.

It is much better, however, to let the poet make his own impression on us, even if only in translation. The lack of a scholarly version of Euripides was, until very recently, one of the greatest gaps in our libraries. The new «Bohn» version in prose, by Coleridge, is careful and in good taste. Moreover, we may hope that by the time this page is printed we can welcome the third and concluding volume of A. S. Way's brilliant translation. This will present all Euripides's plays in English metre and rhyme. Mr. Way has made a daring venture, and the result is at least very interesting. His rhymes are copious and resounding; in metre he is an avowed and advanced student of Swinburne. All the resources of English poetry are richly lavished on the work. There is a splendor in the general effect,—to which the classical pedant naturally objects, that it is not always *Euripidean* splendor. But the present essayist is inclined to agree that there is no secure middle ground between these two methods in translation.

Notable English versions of single plays are the 'Cyclops' by Shelley, the 'Hercules' by Browning, the 'Medea' by Mrs. Augusta Webster, the 'Bacchæ' by H. H. Milman, etc. The essayist's 'Three Dramas of Euripides' was an attempt to combine close metrical versions of the 'Alcestis,' 'Medea,' and 'Hippolytus' with such literary comment as the modern reader might feel he needed in so remote a theatre. The transcript of 'Alcestis' in Browning's 'Balaustion' is hardly a translation, but is incrusted with the most inspiring illustration any classical drama has yet received.

William Cranston Lawton.

CHORAL SONG FROM THE 'BACCHÆ'

On the mountains wild 'tis sweet
When faint with rapid dance our feet,
Our limbs on earth all careless thrown
With the sacred fawn-skins strown,
To quaff the goat's delicious blood,
A strange, a rich, a savage food.
Then off again the revel goes
O'er Phrygian, Lydian mountain brows;
Evoë! Evoë! leads the road,
Bacchus's self the maddening god!
And flows with milk the plain, and flows with wine,
Flows with the wild bees' nectar-dews divine;
And soars, like smoke, the Syrian incense pale—
The while the frantic Bacchanal
The beaconing pine torch on her wand
Whirls around with rapid hand,
And drives the wandering dance about,
Beating time with joyous shout,
And casts upon the breezy air
All her rich luxuriant hair;
Ever the burthen of her song:—
"Raging, maddening, haste along,
Bacchus's daughters, ye the pride
Of golden Tmolus's fabled side;
While your heavy cymbals ring,
Still your 'Evoë! Evoë!' sing!"
Evoë! the Evian god rejoices
In Phrygian tones and Phrygian voices,
When the soft holy pipe is breathing sweet,
In notes harmonious to her feet,
Who to the mountain, to the mountain speeds;
Like some young colt that by its mother feeds,
Gladsome with many a frisking bound,
The Bacchanal goes forth and treads the echoing ground.

Translation of H. H. Milman.

ION'S SONG

[The boy Ion is in charge of the temple at Delphi, and his duties include driving away the birds.]

BEHOLD! behold!
Now they come, they quit the nest
On Parnassus's topmost crest.
Hence! away! I warn ye all!
Light not on our hallowed wall!
From eave and cornice keep aloof,
And from the golden gleaming roof!
Herald of Jove! of birds the king!
Fierce of talon, strong of wing,—
Hence! begone! or thou shalt know
The terrors of this deadly bow.
Lo! where rich the altar fumes,
Soars yon swan on oary plumes.
Hence, and quiver in thy flight
Thy foot that gleams with purple light,
Even though Phœbus's harp rejoice
To mingle with thy tuneful voice;
Far away thy white wings shake
O'er the silver Delian lake.
Hence! obey! or end in blood
The music of thy sweet-voiced ode.

Away! away! another stoops!
Down his flagging pinion droops;
Shall our marble eaves be hung
With straw nests for your callow young?
Hence, or dread this twanging bow,
Hence, where Alpheus's waters flow;
Or the Isthmian groves among
Go and rear your nestling young.
Hence, nor dare pollute or stain
Phœbus's offerings, Phœbus's fane.
Yet I feel a sacred dread,
Lest your scattered plumes I shed;
Holy birds! 'tis yours to show
Heaven's auguries to men below.

Translation of H. H. Milman.

SONGS FROM THE 'HIPPOLYTUS'

From 'Three Dramas of Euripides': copyright 1889, by W. C. Lawton, and reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

I

EROS, Eros, thou whose eyes with longing
Overflow; who sweet delight
Bringest to the soul thou stormest,
Come not, prithee, sorrow-laden,
Nor too mighty, unto me!
Neither flaming fire is stronger,
Nor the splendor of the stars,
Than the shaft of Aphrodite,
Darting from the hands of Eros,
Who is child of Zeus supreme.

Vainly, vainly, by the stream Alpheios,
Or in Phoibos's Pythian fane,
Hellas heaps the slaughtered oxen!
Eros, of mankind the tyrant,
Holder of the key that locks
Aphrodite's dearest chambers,
Is not honored in our prayers,
Though he comes as the destroyer,
Bringing uttermost disaster
Unto mortals, when he comes.

II

Oh, for some retreat afar sequestered!
May some god into a bird
Flitting 'mid the wingèd throng transform me!
Where the Adriatic's wave
Breaks upon the shore I fain would hasten;
Or to the Eridanos,
Where into the purple tide,
Mourning over Phaeton,
Evermore the wretched maidens
Drop their amber-gleaming tears.

Gladly would I seek the fertile shore-land
Of Hesperian minstrelsy,
Where the sea lord over purple waters
Bars the way of mariners;

Setting there, to be upheld by Atlas,
Heaven's holy boundary.
There ambrosial fountains flow
From the place where Zeus abides,
And the sacred land of plenty
Gives delight unto the gods.

O thou white-winged Cretan vessel,
That across the ever-smiting
Briny billow of the ocean
Hither hast conveyed my queen,
From her home of royal splendor,
Wretched in her wedded bliss!
For to both of evil omen
Surely, or at least for Crete,
Thou to glorious Athens flitted,
Where in the Munychian harbor
They unbound their twisted cables
And set foot upon the shore.

Therefore is she broken-hearted,
Cursed with an unholy passion
By the might of Aphrodite;
Wholly overwhelmed by woe;
In the chamber of her nuptials,
Fitted to her snowy neck,
She will hang the cord suspended,
Showing thus her reverence
For the god by men detested,
Eager most for reputation,
And releasing so her spirit
From the love that brought her pain.

III

Truly, the anxious attention bestowed by the gods upon mortals,
When it recurs to my mind, greatly assuages my grief:
Yet am I quickly bereft of the hope and conviction I cherished,
Pondering over the deeds, over the fortunes of men.
Change is but followed by change, in our erring mortal existence.

Oh that Heavenly Fate, responding to prayer, would accord us
Fortune to happiness joined, courage undaunted by pain!
May my repute be neither exceedingly great nor ignoble!
Still with the changing day easily changing my ways,
May I forever enjoy a life of prosperous fortune.

Clear no more are my thoughts, when I see this trouble unhoped-for,
See the illustrious star of Athena
Driven before the paternal wrath to a far habitation!
O ye sands on the shore of the city!
O ye glades in which, attendant on holy Dictynna,
Once with his hounds fleet-footed he hunted!

Never again shalt thou yoke and guide thy coursers Venetian
Over the track that encircles Limna.
Sleepless once was the Muse by the lyre in the halls of thy fathers;
Now is she silent; and stript of their garlands
Lie in the long deep grass the retreats of the daughter of Leto:
Maidens contend not for thee in thy exile.

I with my tears for thy sorrows will share in thy destiny hapless.
Ah, thy mother, how wretched! in vain were the pangs of her travail!
Frenzied am I of the gods! Ye close-linked Graces, ah, wherefore
Forth from this his home and out of the land of his fathers,
Send ye a youth ill-fated, who nowise of crime has been guilty?

IV

Restive hearts of god and mortal,
Thou, O Kypris, captive leadest,
While upon his shimmering pinions
Round them swift-winged Eros flits.
Over earth he hovers ever,
And the salt resounding sea.
Eros charms the heart to madness,
Smitten by his golden arrow;
Charms the hounds upon the mountain,
Creatures of the land and wave,
Wheresoever Helios gazes;
Even man,—and royal honors
Thou alone, O Kypris, hast from all!

HIPPOLYTUS RAILS AT WOMANKIND

From 'Three Dramas of Euripides': copyright 1889, by W. C. Lawton, and reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

O ZEUS, pray why—a specious curse for men—
Hast thou set women in the light of day?
For if thou wouldst engender humankind,
Through women thou shouldst not have furnished them,
But in thy fanes depositing as pay
Or gold or iron or the weighty bronze,
Men ought to buy the race of children, each

According to his worth; but in their homes
To dwell in liberty, from women free.
That woman is a grievous curse is clear;
He who begets and breeds her adds a dower
And sends her forth, to rid himself of ill;
And he who takes the bane into his house
Delights to put fair ornaments upon
This basest idol, decks it out with robes,
And squanders — wretched man! — his household joy!
It must be that, delighted to have gained
Good kinsmen, he endures a hateful wife,
Or, winning happy wedlock, useless kin,
He finds the evil overborne by good.
Most blest his lot within whose home is set
As wife a harmless, silly nobody!
I hate a clever woman: in my house
Be no one sager than befits her sex.
For Kypris oftener stirs up villainy
Within the clever; but the guileless wife
Is saved from folly by her slender wit!
No servant should approach the wife's abode,
But speechless animals should dwell with her,
That she may have not one to whom to speak,
Nor ever hear from them an answering voice.
But now the wicked weave their plots within
For mischief, and their servants bear them forth;
Even as thou, O evil one, hast come
To proffer me my father's sacred rights! —
This I will purge away with running brooks,
Cleansing my ears. Could I be evil, then,
Who hold myself defiled to hear such words?
And woman, know, my reverence saves thy life.
Were I not, unawares, so bound by oaths,
I would have straightway told my father this:
But now, while Theseus is in other lands,
I leave his halls, and we will hold our peace;
But coming with my father, I'll behold
How thou wilt face him, — and thy mistress too!
Thy insolence I shall know, who tasted it.
Perish your sex! Nor will I ever tire
Of hating women, though men say I speak
Of nothing else: for base they always are.
Either let some one teach them self-restraint, —
Or else let me attack them evermore!

HIPPOLYTUS'S DISASTER

From 'Three Dramas of Euripides': copyright 1889, by W. C. Lawton, and reprinted by permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WE, NEAR the sea-shore, where it greets the waves,
Were currying with combs our horses' manes,
Lamenting; for the message came to us
That in this land Hippolytus should set foot
No more, to wretched exile sent by thee.
He also, with the selfsame tale of tears,
Came to us on the beach, and following him,
A myriad throng of comrades marched along.
After a time he ceased to weep, and said:—
«Why am I frenzied thus? I must obey
My father: harness to the car my steeds,
O slaves; for now this city is mine no more:»
And thereupon did every man make haste.
Quicker than one could speak, we set the steeds,
All fully harnessed, at their master's side.
Then from the chariot rail he seized the reins,
Upon the footboard set his booted feet;
And first, with hands upraised to heaven, he said:—
«Zeus, may I live no more, if I am base!
But may my sire know how he does me wrong,
Whether I lie in death, or see the light.»
With that he took the goad in hand, and urged
The colts; and we attendants by his car
Followed, beside our lord, along the road
Toward Argos and to Epidauria.
When we had entered the deserted land,
There was a coast that lies beside this realm,
Bordering already the Saronic gulf.
There, like Zeus's thunder, from the earth a roar
Resounded deep,—a fearful thing to hear!
The horses pricked their ears, and raised their heads
Aloft; and on us boyish terror fell,
Wondering whence came the sound; but then we glanced
Toward the sea-beaten shore, and saw a wave
Divine, that rose to heaven, so that mine eye
Beheld no longer the Skironian crags;
The isthmus and Asclepios's rock were hid.
Swelling aloft, and white with bubbling foam,
With roaring sound the billow neared the spot
Where on the beach the four-horse chariot stood.
And from the mighty breaker as it fell,

A bull, a furious monster, issued forth.
The land, that with his bellowings was filled,
Re-echoed fearfully, and we who gazed
Found it too grim a sight to look upon.
A dreadful panic seized at once the steeds.
Their master, fully trained in all the arts
Of horsemanship, laid hold upon the reins,
And pulled as does a sailor at the oar,
Back-leaning, all his weight upon the thongs.
But champing with their jaws the fire-wrought bit,
They burst away; nor could the pilot hand,
Nor curb, nor massive chariot hold them in.
And now, if toward a softer spot of earth
The helmsman strove to turn and guide their course,
The bull appeared in front, and drove them back,
Maddening with affright the four-horse team.
Or if with frenzied mind they neared the rocks,
He followed silent at the chariot's rim,
Until he overthrew and cast it down,
Dashing the wheel against a stone. Then all
Lay wildly mingled. High aloft were tossed
The naves, and linchpins from the axletrees.
While he, poor wretch, entangled in the reins,
Was dragged along, inextricably bound.
His gentle head was dashed upon the rock,
His flesh was bruised; and piteous were his words:
«Stand! ye who at my mangers took your food,
And crush me not! Alas! my father's curse!
Who is there here will save an upright man?»
And many would; but we were come too late,
With tardy feet. So he, released from thongs
And well-cut reins,—but how I do not know,—
Is fallen, breathing yet a little life.
The steeds and cursèd bull were hid from sight,
But where I know not, in the rocky land.

[And then the messenger lifts his head defiantly to face the unrelenting King, and adds:—]

I am a slave within thy house, O King,
But this at least I never will believe,
That he, thy son, was guilty: not although
The whole of womankind go hang themselves,
And with their letters fill the pines that grow
On Ida. For that he was noble I know!

HECUBA HEARS THE STORY OF HER DAUGHTER'S DEATH

Translation of J. A. Symonds: published by Harper & Brothers

THE whole vast concourse of the Achaian host
Stood round the tomb to see your daughter die.
Achilleus's son, taking her by the hand,
Placed her upon the mound, and I stayed near;
And youths, the flower of Greece, a chosen few,
With hands to check thy heifer, should she bound,
Attended. From a cup of carven gold,
Raised full of wine, Achilleus's son poured forth
Libation to his sire, and bade me sound
Silence throughout the whole Achaian host.
I, standing there, cried in the midst these words:—
«Silence, Achaians! let the host be still!
Hush, hold your voices!» Breathless stayed the crowd;
But he:—«O son of Peleus, father mine,
Take these libations pleasant to thy soul,
Draughts that allure the dead: come, drink the black
Pure maiden's blood wherewith the host and I
Sue thee: be kindly to us; loose our prows,
And let our barks go free; give safe return
Homeward from Troy to all, and happy voyage.»
Such words he spake, and the crowd prayed assent.
Then from the scabbard, by its golden hilt,
He drew the sword, and to the chosen youths
Signaled that they should bring the maid; but she,
Knowing her hour was come, spake thus, and said:—
«O men of Argos, who have sacked my town,
Lo, of free will I die! Let no man touch
My body: boldly will I stretch my throat.
Nay, but I pray you set me free, then slay;
That free I thus may perish: 'mong the dead,
Being a queen, I blush to be called slave.»
The people shouted, and King Agamemnon
Bade the youths loose the maid, and set her free:
She, when she heard the order of the chiefs,
Seizing her mantle, from the shoulder down
To the soft centre of her snowy waist
Tore it, and showed her breasts and bosom fair
As in a statue. Bending then with knee
On earth, she spake a speech most piteous:—
«See you this breast, O youth? If breast you will,

Strike it; take heart: or if beneath my neck,
Lo! here my throat is ready for your sword!»
He, willing not, yet willing,—pity-stirred
In sorrow for the maiden,—with his blade
Severed the channels of her breath: blood flowed;
And she, though dying, still had thought to fall
In seemly wise, hiding what eyes should see not.
But when she breathed her life out from the blow,
Then was the Argive host in divers way
Of service parted; for some, bringing leaves,
Strewed them upon the corpse; some piled a pyre,
Dragging pine trunks and boughs; and he who bore none,
Heard from the bearers many a bitter word:—
« Standest thou, villain? hast thou then no robe,
No funeral honors for the maid to bring?
Wilt thou not go and get for her who died
Most nobly, bravest-souled, some gift?» Thus they
Spake of thy child in death:—« O thou most blessed
Of women in thy daughter, most undone!»

MEDEA RESOLVING TO SLAY HER CHILDREN

O SONS, my sons, for you there is a home
And city where, forsaking wretched me,
Ye shall still dwell and have no mother more:
But I, an exile, seek another land,
Ere I have joyed in you and seen you glad,
Ere I have decked for you the nuptial pomp,
The bride, the bed, and held the torch aloft.
Oh me! forlorn by my untempered moods!
In vain then have I nurtured ye, my sons,
In vain have toiled and been worn down by cares,
And felt the hard child-bearing agonies.
There was a time when I, unhappy one,
Had many hopes in you, that both of you
Would cherish me in age; and that your hands,
When I am dead, would fitly lay me out—
That wish of all men: but now lost indeed
Is that sweet thought, for I must, reft of you,
Live on a piteous life and full of pain:
And ye, your dear eyes will no more behold
Your mother, gone into your new strange life.
Alas! Why do ye fix your eyes on me,

MEDEA.

Photogravure from a Painting by N. Sichel.

My sons? Why smile ye on me that last smile?
Alas! What must I do? for my heart faints,
Thus looking on my children's happy eyes.
Women, I cannot. Farewell my past resolves:
My boys go forth with me. What boots it me
To wring their father with their cruel fates,
And earn myself a doubled misery?
It shall not be, shall not. Farewell resolves!—
And yet what mood is this? Am I content
To spare my foes and be a laughing-stock?
It must be dared. Why, out upon my weakness,
To let such coward thoughts steal from my heart!
Go, children, to the house: and he who lacks
Right now to stand by sacrifice of mine,
Let him look to it. I'll not stay my hand.
Alas! Alas!
No, surely. O my heart, thou canst not do it!
Racked heart, let them go safely; spare the boys:
Living far hence with me they'll make thee joy.
No; by the avenging demon gods in hell,
Never shall be that I should yield my boys
To the despitings of mine enemies!
For all ways they must die, and since 'tis so,
Better I slay them, I who gave them birth.
All ways 'tis fated; there is no escape.
For now, in the robes, the wealth upon her head,
The royal bride is perishing; I know it.
But, since I go on so forlorn a journey
And them too send on one yet more forlorn,
I'd fain speak with my sons. Give me, my children,
Give your mother your right hands to clasp to her.
O darling hands! O dearest lips to me!
O forms and noble faces of my boys!
Be happy: but *there*. For of all part here
Your father has bereft you. O sweet kiss!
O grateful breath and soft skin of my boys!
Go, go; I can no longer look on you,
But by my sufferings am overborne.
Oh, I do know what sorrows I shall make;
But anger keeps the mastery of my thoughts,
Which is the chiefest cause of human woes.

Translation of Mrs. Augusta Webster.

ACCOUNT OF ALCESTIS'S FAREWELL TO HER HOME

From Robert Browning's 'Balaustion'

WHAT kind of creature should the woman prove
That has surpassed Alcestis?—surelier shown
Preference for her husband to herself
Than by determining to die for him?
But so much all our city knows indeed:
Hear what she did indoors, and wonder then!
For when she felt the crowning day was come,
She washed with river waters her white skin,
And taking from the cedar closets forth
Vesture and ornament, bedecked herself
Nobly, and stood before the hearth, and prayed:—
«Mistress, because I now depart the world,
Falling before thee the last time, I ask—
Be mother to my orphans! wed the one
To a kind wife, and make the other's mate
Some princely person: nor, as I who bore
My children perish, suffer that they too
Die all untimely, but live, happy pair,
Their full glad life out in the fatherland!»
And every altar through Admetos's house
She visited, and crowned, and prayed before,
Stripping the myrtle foliage from the boughs,
Without a tear, without a groan,—no change
At all to that skin's nature, fair to see,
Caused by the imminent evil. But this done,—
Reaching her chamber, falling on her bed,
There, truly, burst she into tears and spoke:—
«O bride-bed! where I loosened from my life
Virginity for that same husband's sake
Because of whom I die now—fare thee well!
Since nowise do I hate thee: me alone
Hast thou destroyed; for, shrinking to betray
Thee and my spouse, I die: but thee, O bed!
Some other woman shall possess as wife—
Truer, no! but of better fortune, say!»—
So falls on, kisses it, till all the couch
Is moistened with the eye's sad overflow.
But when of many tears she had her fill,
She flings from off the couch, goes headlong forth,
Yet—forth the chamber—still keeps turning back

And casts her on the couch again once more.
Her children, clinging to their mother's robe,
Wept meanwhile: but she took them in her arms,
And as a dying woman might, embraced
Now one and now the other: 'neath the roof,
All of the household servants wept as well,
Moved to compassion for their mistress; she
Extended her right hand to all and each,
And there was no one of such low degree
She spoke not to nor had no answer from.
Such are the evils in Admetos's house.

FRAGMENTS FROM LOST PLAYS

Professional Athletics

Of all the thousand ills that prey on Hellas,
Not one is greater than the tribe of athletes;
For, first, they never learn how to live well,—
Nor indeed could they; seeing that a man
Slave to his jaws and belly, cannot hope
To heap up wealth superior to his sire's.
How to be poor and row in fortune's boat
They know no better; for they have not learned
Manners that make men proof against ill luck.
Lustrous in youth, they lounge like living statues
Decking the streets; but when sad old age comes,
They fall and perish like a threadbare coat.
I've often blamed the customs of us Hellenes,
Who for the sake of such men meet together
To honor idle sport and feed our fill;
For who, I pray you, by his skill in wrestling,
Swiftness of foot, good boxing, strength at quoits,
Has served his city by the crown he gains?
Will they meet men in fight with quoits in hand,
Or in the press of shields drive forth the foeman
By force of fisticuffs from hearth and home?
Such follies are forgotten face to face
With steel. We therefore ought to crown with wreaths
Men wise and good, and him who guides the State,
A man well-tempered, just, and sound in counsel,
Or one who by his words averts ill deeds,
Warding off strife and warfare; for such things
Bring honor on the city and all Hellenes.

Children a Blessing

Lady, the sun's light to our eyes is dear,
And fair the tranquil reaches of the sea,
And flowery earth in May, and bounding waters;
And so right many fair things I might praise;
Yet nothing is so radiant and so fair
As for souls childless, with desire sore smitten,
To see the light of babes about the house.

Resignation

Think'st thou that Death will heed thy tears at all,
Or send thy son back if thou wilt but groan?
Nay, cease; and gazing at thy neighbor's grief,
Grow calm — if thou wilt take the pains to reckon
How many have toiled out their lives in bonds,
How many wear to old age, robbed of children,
And all who from the tyrant's height of glory
Have sunk to nothing. These things shouldst thou heed.

No man was ever born who did not suffer:
He buries children, then begets new sons,
Then dies himself; and men forsooth are grieved,
Consigning dust to dust. Yet needs must be
Lives should be garnered like ripe harvest sheaves,
And one man live, another perish. Why
Mourn over that which nature puts upon us?
Naught that must be is terrible to mortals.

"Captive Good Attending Captain Ill"

Doth some one say that there be gods above?
There are not; no, there are not. Let no fool,
Led by the old false fable, thus deceive you.
Look at the facts themselves, yielding my words
No undue credence; for I say that kings
Kill, rob, break oaths, lay cities waste by fraud,
And doing thus are happier than those
Who live calm pious lives day after day.
How many little States that serve the gods
Are subject to the godless but more strong,
Made slaves by might of a superior army!

Translation of J. A. Symonds.

JOHN EVELYN

(1620–1706)

EVELYN is known to us first as a diarist, and then as the author of 'Sylva'; but his cultivated tastes, his publications upon art subjects, and his devotion to Tory ideals brought him before his contemporaries mainly as a virtuoso and a royalist. A descendant of George Evelyn, who was the first to introduce the manufacture of gunpowder into England, he was born in 1620 at Wotton in Surrey, a home "large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times," he wrote, "and so sweetely environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods as in the judgement of Strangers as well as Englishmen it may be compared to one of the most tempting and pleasant Seates in the Nation."

JOHN EVELYN

"I was not initiated into any rudiments till neere four yeares of age," he says in the early part of his Diary, "and then one Frier taught us at the church porch of Wotton." The rudiments were continued at "the Free schole at Southover neere the town, of which one Agnes Morley had been the foundresse, and now Edward Snatt was the master, under whom I remained till I was sent to the University. . . . 1637, 3 April, I left schole, where, till about the last yeare, I had been extreamly remisse in my studies, so as I went to the Universitie rather out of shame of abiding longer at schole than for any fitnesse; as by sad experience I found, which put me to re-learne all that I had neglected, or but perfunctorily gain'd. 10 May, I was admitted a fellow com'uner of Baliol College, Oxford."

After three years' diligent study Evelyn removed to the Middle Temple in London to study law; and in 1641, having repeated his oath of allegiance, he absented himself, he says, from the ill face of things at home. Civil war was beginning. He traveled in Holland and France, and remained long in Italy, studying the fine arts.

The better part of ten years he was absent from England, marrying in the mean time the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, the King's minister at the French Court. His bride was barely twelve,

and Evelyn returned to England in 1647, leaving Mrs. Evelyn in the care of her «excellent and prudent» mother. While waiting for the maturing of his domestic plans he «commenced another,» one of his biographers quaintly says, translating from the French the 'Liberty and Servitude' of Le Vayer, and inserting a royalist preface, for which he was «threatened»; and writing 'A Character of England.' In 1652 he established himself with his wife at Sayes Court, Deptford, of which she was the heiress. Here he busied himself with beautifying the place, where he entertained men like-minded to himself, and composed a long list of works. Some of these pertained to landscape gardening and to architecture, subjects upon which he was an authority, some to politics or archæology. He was on friendly terms with the virtuosi of his time, and he sought the acquaintance of men who formed and ruled affairs. Much of his claim on our attention comes from his having rubbed up against greatness. He was a follower of men, never a leader, and his life was filled with usefulness. As his Diary shows, he welcomed the Restoration, and took some part in it.

The marks of esteem shown by the new King caused him to leave his retirement, and sharpen his pen for such brochures as 'Panegyric at his Majesty King Charles the Second's Coronation,' 1661, while he was preparing his 'History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper.' He was one of the commission to take care of the sick and wounded in the war with the Dutch in 1664, the year in which 'Sylva: or a Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions,' his *magnum opus* in the eyes of his contemporaries, was published.

Evelyn undertook the work at the wish of the Royal Society. Among the devastations of the civil war and of the Parliamentary party was the cutting down of the ancient trees. The oaks especially were said to have incurred the wrath of the revolutionists, perhaps because of the service of the Royal Oak at Boscobel; perhaps because the landed gentry took pride in comparing the durance of their order with the great age of the trees. Be that as it may, the oaks were gone, and Charles Stuart lacked timber to build a royal navy. Men of Evelyn's stamp were set to thinking and planting, and Evelyn himself, with his great knowledge and taste, was set to writing. Thus came about the 'Sylva,' to which he annexed 'Pomona: or an Appendix Concerning Fruit Trees in Relation to Cyder; the Making and Several Ways of Ordering it.' His 'Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern' appeared also in 1664.

Evelyn's royalist ardor cooled under the domestic and foreign policy of the Stuarts; and while a commissioner of the Privy Seal he refused, at the risk of offending James II., to sign an illegal license

for the sale of certain books treating of the King's religion. It was about this time that, having helped to collect them, Evelyn persuaded Lord Henry Howard to give to the University of Oxford the famous Arundelian marbles, brought together from Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. On inheritance of the ancestral Wotton by the death of his brother, he left Sayes Court in 1694. This court was afterwards sublet to Peter the Great, the Czar desiring to be near the King's dockyard at Deptford, where he proposed to learn the art of shipbuilding. «There is a house full of people, and right nasty,» wrote a servant to Evelyn, while the imperial Cæsar was dwelling therein. «The Czar lies next your library and dines in the parlor next your study. He dines at 10 o'clock and 6 at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's Yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected here this day; the best parlor is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has.» During Peter's stay — from some time in January till towards the end of April, 1698 — his favorite recreation was to break down the holly hedges which were the pride of Sayes Court, by riding through them in a wheelbarrow. This, with other amiable eccentricities of the «great civilizer,» proved so costly that in the final settlement the owner received £150 in recognition of damages.

Weighted with age and honorable action, Evelyn died in 1706 at his ancestral home, and was buried in Wotton church in a tomb which recorded, at his desire, that — «Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, he had learned from thence this truth, which he desired might be thus communicated to posterity: That all is vanity which is not honest; and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.»

Evelyn's friend Bishop Burnet referred to him as «a most ingenious and virtuous gentleman.» He was devoted to his Church, and when he had an endurable King, to that King. In his Diary the sweetness and purity of his life and his love of home are not less visible than his deep religious feeling.

By nature Evelyn was conservative. He had no sympathy with the reformers who were trying to bring about a new order, or with those uncomfortable disturbers of the peace who wished to correct the abuses that had crept into the Church, or to oppose the assumptions of Charles I. He preferred to sup and dine and compare intaglios with easy-going and well-mannered gentlemen.

A complete list of Evelyn's works would be long. A quarto volume edited by William Upcott, first published in 1825, contains his 'Literary Remains.' 'Sylva' has been edited at various times in the interests of tree-planting and forestry commissions, the most commendable edition being that of Dr. Alexander Hunter, first published

in 1776. 'The Memoirs of John Evelyn, Esq., F. R. S.,' comprising his diary from 1641 to 1705–6, and a selection of his familiar letters, was edited from the original manuscript by William Bray in 1818, and since then has been several times republished.

FROM EVELYN'S DIARY

1654. 3 Dec. Advent Sunday. — There being no office at the church but extempore prayers after ye Presbyterian way, — for now all forms are prohibited and most of the preachers were usurpers, — I seldome went to church upon solemn feasts, but either went to London, where some of the orthodox sequestred Divines did privately use ye Common Prayer, administer sacrament, etc., or else I procur'd one to officiate in my house.

25. Christmas Day. — No public offices in churches, but penalties on observers, so as I was constrain'd to celebrate it at home.

1655, 9 April. — I went to see ye greate ship newly built by the Usurper Oliver, carrying ninety-six brasse guns and one thousand tons burthen. In ye prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations under foote, a Scott, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Faun held a laurel over his insulting head; ye word, *God with us.*

15. — I went to London with my family to celebrate ye feast of Easter. Dr. Wild preach'd at St. Gregorie's, the ruling powers conniving at ye use of the Liturgy, etc., in this church alone.

27 Nov. — To London . . . to visit honest and learned Mr. Hartlib [Milton's acquaintance, to whom he addressed his 'Tractate on Education'], a public-spirited and ingenious person, who had propagated many usefull things and arts. He told me of the castles which they set for ornament on their stoves in Germany (he himselfe being a Lithuanian as I remember), which are furnish'd with small ordinance of silver on the battlements, out of which they discharge excellent perfumes about the roomes, charging them with a little powder to set them on fire and disperse the smoke; and in truth no more than neede, for their stoves are sufficiently nasty. . . .

This day came forth the Protector's edict or proclamation, prohibiting all ministers of the Church of England from preaching or teaching any scholes, in which he imitated the apostate Julian; with ye decimation of all ye royal parties' revenues throughout England.

14 Dec. — I visited Mr. Hobbes, ye famous philosopher of Malmesbury, with whom I had been long acquainted in France.

25. — There was no more notice taken of Christmas Day in churches.

I went to London, where Dr. Wild preach'd the funeral sermon of Preaching, this being the last day; after which Cromwell's proclamation was to take place: that none of the Church of England should dare either to preach or administer Sacraments, teach schoole, etc., on paine of imprisonment or exile. So this was ye mournfullest day that in my life I had seene, or ye Church of England herselfe, since ye Reformation.

1657. 25th Dec.—I went with my Wife to celebrate Christmas Day. . . . The chapell was surrounded with souldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surpriz'd and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confin'd to a roome in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, ye Countesse of Dorset, Lady Hatton, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoon came Col. Whaley, Goffe, and others, from White-hall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to ye Marshall, some to prison. When I came before them they tooke my name and abode, examin'd me why — contrary to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe ye superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteem'd by them) — I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but ye masse in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart, for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Cha. Stuart, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied in so doing we praied for the K. of Spaine too, who was their enemie and a papist, with other frivolous and insnaring questions and much threatning; and finding no colour to detaine me, they dismiss'd me with much pitty of my ignorance. These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament the miscreants held their muskets against us as if they would have shot us at the altar.

1660. 3 May.—Came the most happy tidings of his Majesty's gracious declaration and applications to the Parliament, Generall, and People, and their dutiful acceptance and acknowledgement, after a most bloudy and unreasonable rebellion of neere 20 yeares. Praised be forever the Lord of Heaven, who onely doeth wondrous things, because His mercy endureth for ever!

8.—This day was his Majestie proclaim'd in London, etc.

29.—This day his Majestie Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being 17 yeares. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strew'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapissry, fountains running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the citty, even from 2 in ye afternoone till 9 at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was done without one drop of bloud shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him; but it was ye Lord's doing, for such a restauration was never mention'd in any history antient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever seene in this nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

4 June.—I receiv'd letter of Sir Richard Browne's [his father-in-law] landing at Dover, and also letters from the Queene, which I was to deliver at White-hall, not as yet presenting myselfe to his Majesty by reason of the infinite concourse of people. The eagerness of men, women, and children to see his Majesty, and kisse his hands, was so greate that he had scarce leisure to eate for some dayes, coming as they did from all parts of the nation; and the King being so willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out, but gave free accesse to all sorts of people.

6 July.—His Majestie began first to *touch for ye evil*, according to custome, thus: his Majestie sitting under his state in the Banquetting House, the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought

or led up to the throne, where, they kneeling, ye King strokes their faces or cheekes with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplaine in his formalities says, «He put his hands upon them and he healed them.» This is sayd to every one in particular. When they have ben all touch'd they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplaine kneeling, and having angel gold strung on white ribbon on his arme, delivers them one by one to his Majestie, who puts them about the necks of the touched, as they passe, whilst the first chaplaine repeats, «That is ye true light who came into ye world.» Then follows an Epistle (as at first a Gospell) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration, lastly ye blessing; and then the Lo. Chamberlaine and the Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer, and towell, for his Majestie to wash.

The Great Fire in London

1666, 2 Sept.—This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3—The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn; went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night,—if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner,—when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye citty burning from Cheapeside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill—for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward—Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation

there was upon them; so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save; as, on ye other, ye carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—«non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem»: the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4—The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them; and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the

flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

5 — It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Ma^ty^ to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holburn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts — for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse — and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd; and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone; so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c., did infinite mischiefe; so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Ma^ty^, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops about to be in the citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefield's, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or

board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7—I went this morning on foot f^m Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Streete, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paules, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty; clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his Ma^ty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church St. Paules now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico—for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late King—now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massic Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruins of the vaulted roofe falling broken into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere one hundred more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c., mealted; the exquisitely wrought

Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of ye Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desart, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures' bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gresham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornehill; and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the citty streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd and my feete unsufferably surheated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish; nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the citty. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those two nations joining; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran

from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Ma$^{ty's}$ proclamation also invited them.

1685, 13 Feb.—I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profanenesses, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God,—it being Sunday eve'g,—w^{h} this day se'n-night I was witness of—the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallerie, whilst about twenty of ye great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon w^{h} two gentlemen who attended with me, made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust.

31 Oct.—I din'd at our greate Lord Chancellor Jeffries, who us'd me with much respect. This was the late Chief Justice who had newly ben the Western Circuit to try the Monmouth conspirators, and had formerly done such severe justice among the obnoxious in Westminster Hall, for which his Majesty dignified him by creating him first a Baron, and now Lord Chancellor. He had for some years past ben conversant at Deptford; is of an assur'd and undaunted spirit, and has serv'd the Court interest on all the hardiest occasions; is of nature cruel and a slave of the Court.

1688, 18 Sept.—I went to London, where I found the Court in the utmost consternation on report of the Prince of Orange's landing, wch put White-hall into so panic a feare, that I could hardly believe it possible to find such a change.

Writs were issu'd in order to a Parliament, and a declaration to back the good order of elections, with great professions of

maintaining the Church of England, but without giving any sort of satisfaction to the people, who shew'd their high discontent at several things in the Government.

1689, 21 Feb.—I saw the new Queene and King proclaim'd the very next day after her coming to White-hall, Wednesday 13 Feb., with great acclamation and generall good reception: bonfires, bells, guns, etc. It was believ'd that both, especially the Princesse, would have shew'd some (seeming) reluctance at least of assuming her father's Crown, and made some apology, testifying by her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the Nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, wch would have shew'd very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succouring the Nation: but nothing of all this appear'd; she came into White-hall laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undresse, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from roome to roome to see the convenience of White-hall; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queene lay, and within a night or two sate downe to play at basset, as the Queene her predecessor used to do. . . . She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart; whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderful serious and silent, and seems to treate all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affaires: Holland, Ireland, and France calling for his care.

1698, 6 Aug.—I dined with Mr. Pepys, where was Capt. Dampier, who had been a famous Buccaneer, had brought hither the painted Prince Job, and printed a relation of his very strange adventure, and his observations. He was now going abroad again by the King's encouragement, who furnished a ship of 290 tons. He seemed a more modest man than one would imagine by the relation of the crew he had assorted with. . . .

1699, 25 Nov.—There happen'd this weeke so thick a mist and fog that people lost their way in the streetes, it being so intense that no light of candles or torches yielded any (or but very little) direction. I was in it, and in danger. Robberies were committed between the very lights which were fix'd between London and Kensington on both sides, and whilst coaches and travellers were passing. It began about four in the

afternoone, and was quite gon by eight, without any wind to disperse it. At the Thames they beat drums to direct the watermen to make the shore.

1700, 13 July.—I went to Marden, which was originally a barren warren bought by Sir Robert Clayton, who built there a pretty house, and made such alteration by planting not only an infinite store of the best fruite, but so chang'd the natural situation of the hill, valleys, and solitary mountains about it, that it rather represented some foreign country which would produce spontaneously pines, firs, cypress, yew, holly, and juniper; they were come to their perfect growth, with walks, mazes, &c., amongst them, and were preserv'd with the utmost care, so that I who had seen it some yeares before in its naked and barren condition, was in admiration of it. The land was bought of Sir John Evelyn of Godstone, and was thus improv'd for pleasure and retirement by the vast charge and industry of this opulent citizen. He and his lady receiv'd us with greate civility. . . .

1703, 31 Oct.—This day, being 83 years of age, upon examining what concern'd me more particularly the past year, with the greate mercies of God preserving me, and in some measure making my infirmities tolerable, I gave God most hearty and humble thanks, beseeching Him to confirm to me the pardon of my sins past, and to prepare me for a better life by the virtue of His grace and mercy, for the sake of my blessed Saviour.

1705, 31 Oct.—I am this day arrived to the 85th year of my age. Lord, teach me so to number my days to come that I may apply them to wisdom.

EDWARD EVERETT

(1794–1865)

EDWARD EVERETT occupies an honorable place in American life. He was a scholar when exact scholars were rare, he was a man of letters when devotion to literature was not common, he was an orator when the school of Chatham was in vogue and when the finest grace of diction and the studied arts of gesture and intonation were cultivated, and he was a patriot all his life. In his day he was on the side of culture for its own sake, of order in letters as in life, and he was the model in courteous speech and unexceptionable manners. He began his life as a student, he passed nearly all of it in the public service, and in both capacities he was an ornament to his country; meeting the demands upon the citizen at home, and a competent representative of his country abroad.

EDWARD EVERETT

All that careful study and the cultivation of his good natural parts, all that industry, painstaking, and faithfulness to duty in the matter in hand could do, Everett did. The psychological student who believes that genius is only taking pains will find a profitable study in his successful career. His life is an interesting one in this point of view: namely, how much can a man of good natural parts, industry, and ambition who lacks the creative touch of genius make of himself. His career is held in grateful memory by a generation that is little curious to read his elaborate orations or his scholarly reviews, and regards his statesmanship as too conventional and timid in the national crisis in which he was an actor.

Edward Everett was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, November 11th, 1794, and died in Boston, January 15th, 1865. He entered Harvard College in 1807, and graduated with the highest honors in 1811, at the age of seventeen. Two years after, he succeeded the renowned Joseph Stevens Buckminster as pastor of the Unitarian Brattle Street Church in Boston, and won an enviable reputation by his polished eloquence. A sermon delivered in the House of Representatives at Washington, in February 1820, gave him a national reputation.

Immediately after his graduation he was a Latin tutor in Harvard; in 1814 he was elected to the chair of Greek, and he spent four years in Europe, two of them at the University of Göttingen, to fully qualify himself for that position. M. Cousin, whom he met in Germany at this period, spoke of him as one of the best Grecians he ever knew. On his return, his lectures on the Greek literature aroused great enthusiasm for that study,— a service to our early scholarship which ought never to be forgotten. In 1820 he took upon himself, with his other duties, the editorship of the North American Review, to which then and for many years he was a prolific contributor. His great learning and his facility made his pen always in demand. In 1822 he married Charlotte Gray, a daughter of Peter Chardon Brooks, whose biography he wrote. A man of Mr. Everett's capacity and distinction as an orator was irresistibly attracted to politics, and in 1824 he represented Boston in Congress as a Whig, taking the side of John Quincy Adams in politics, and sat in the House of Representatives for ten years. In 1835 he was chosen governor of Massachusetts, and served for three successive terms, failing of election for the fourth by the loss of one vote in over one hundred thousand. In 1840 he again visited Europe, and while residing in London was appointed minister to the Court of St. James. His position as a man of affairs and of uncommon learning was recognized by the British universities; Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L., and Cambridge and Dublin that of LL. D. Returning, he was President of Harvard College from 1846 to 1849, and on the death of Webster in 1852 he entered the Cabinet of President Fillmore as Secretary of State. Always a conservative in politics, he identified himself at this time with those known as Silver Gray Whigs,— men who for prudential reasons were not disposed to join the Liberal party in any sturdy opposition to the extension of slavery. He was a patriot and loved his country, but belonged to the many who fervently believed that the Union could be served by compromise. In 1853 he was elected to the United States Senate from Massachusetts; but his health was so much impaired by his zeal and fidelity in the work of that important period, which saw the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, that he was obliged to resign his seat. Yet it was in 1856 that he undertook one of the most fatiguing labors of his life, in aid of the plan for purchasing Mount Vernon by private subscription. He prepared an oration on Washington, which he delivered between 1856 and 1859 one hundred and twenty-two times, to vast audiences in all the considerable cities of the Union, and which was listened to as one of the most impressive and eloquent addresses of the century. It gained over $58,000 for the Mt. Vernon fund. This, however, was only one of his orations

given for charitable purposes; others during this later period produced over $90,000 for their objects. Collections of his orations and speeches fill several octavo volumes.

Mr. Everett was always active for the public good, always high-minded and pure in politics, always lending his aid to raise his countrymen in education and refinement. Conservative by nature and training, he did not join the great uprising in 1860, but permitted his name to be used by the Constitutional Union party as a candidate for Vice-President, with John Bell of Tennessee as candidate for President. Mr. Everett's name as a scholar and as a man of great information and ability is as high as ever. That his fame as an orator has not survived at the level it stood with his contemporaries is due partly to a change in public taste, but mainly to his own lack of fervor and directness, the want of which were not compensated by the most finished art, which, when the occasion that called it forth is past, assumes the character of artificiality.

THE EMIGRATION OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

From the Oration at Plymouth, December 22d, 1824

It is sad indeed to reflect on the disasters which this little band of Pilgrims encountered. Sad to see a portion of them the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season, where they are deserted before long by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men,—a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers desired to lead on the ill-provided

band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No; they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the Pilgrims. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the arm which had never supported was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future State, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps as it were madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the

parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease, was it the tomahawk, was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea: was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

THE INEVITABLE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT

From the Essay compiled from Discourses in Boston, Concord, and Washington, 1827, 1829–1830

A DISCOVERY results in an art; an art produces a comfort; a comfort made cheaply accessible adds family on family to the population; and a family is a new creation of thinking, reasoning, inventing, and discovering beings. Thus, instead of arriving at the end, we are at the beginning of the series, and ready to start with recruited numbers on the great and beneficent career of useful knowledge. . . .

And are the properties of matter all discovered? its laws all found out? the uses to which they may be applied all detected? I cannot believe it. We cannot doubt that truths now unknown are in reserve, to reward the patience and the labors of future lovers of truth, which will go as far beyond the brilliant discoveries of the last generation as these do beyond all that was known to the ancient world. The pages are infinite in that great volume which was written by the hand Divine, and they are to be gradually turned, perused, and announced, to benefited and grateful generations, by genius and patience; and especially by patience — by untiring, enthusiastic, self-devoting patience. The progress which has been made in art and science is indeed vast. We are ready to think a pause must follow; that the goal must be at hand. But there is no goal; and there can be no pause;

for art and science are in themselves progressive and infinite. They are moving powers, animated principles: they are instinct with life; they are themselves the intellectual life of man. Nothing can arrest them which does not plunge the entire order of society into barbarism. There is no end to truth, no bound to its discovery and application; and a man might as well think to build a tower from the top of which he could grasp Sirius in his hand, as prescribe a limit to discovery and invention. Never do we more evince our arrogant ignorance than when we boast our knowledge. True Science is modest; for her keen, sagacious eye discerns that there are deep undeveloped mysteries where the vain sciolist sees all plain. We call this an age of improvement, as it is. But the Italians in the age of Leo X., and with great reason, said the same of their age; the Romans in the time of Cicero, the same of theirs; the Greeks in the time of Pericles, the same of theirs; and the Assyrians and Egyptians, in the flourishing periods of their ancient monarchies, the same of theirs. In passing from one of these periods to another, prodigious strides are often made; and the vanity of the present age is apt to flatter itself that it has climbed to the very summit of invention and skill. A wiser posterity at length finds out that the discovery of one truth, the investigation of one law of nature, the contrivance of one machine, the perfection of one art, instead of narrowing has widened the field of knowledge still to be acquired, and given to those who came after an ampler space, more numerous data, better instruments, a higher point of observation, and the encouragement of living and acting in the presence of a more intelligent age. It is not a century since the number of fixed stars was estimated at about three thousand. Newton had counted no more. When Dr. Herschel had completed his great telescope and turned it to the heavens, he calculated that two hundred and fifty thousand stars passed through its field in a quarter of an hour!

It may not irreverently be conjectured to be the harmonious plan of the universe, that its two grand elements of mind and matter should be accurately adjusted to each other; that there should be full occupation in the physical world, in its laws and properties, and in the moral and social relations connected with it, for the contemplative and active powers of every created intellect. The imperfection of human institutions has, as far as man is concerned, disturbed the pure harmony of this great

system. On the one hand, much truth, discoverable even at the present stage of human improvement, as we have every reason to think, remains undiscovered. On the other hand, thousands and millions of rational minds, for want of education, opportunity, and encouragement, have remained dormant and inactive, though surrounded on every side by those qualities of things whose action and combination, no doubt, still conceal the sublimest and most beneficial mysteries.

But a portion of the intellect which has been placed on this goodly theatre is wisely, intently, and successfully active; ripening, even on earth, into no mean similitude of higher natures. From time to time a chosen hand, sometimes directed by chance, but more commonly guided by reflection, experiment, and research, touches as it were a spring until then unperceived; and through what seemed a blank and impenetrable wall,—the barrier to all farther progress,—a door is thrown open into some before unexplored hall in the sacred temple of truth. The multitude rushes in, and wonders that the portals could have remained concealed so long. When a brilliant discovery or invention is proclaimed, men are astonished to think how long they have lived on its confines without penetrating its nature.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

From the Lexington Oration, April 20, 1835

FELLOW-CITIZENS! The history of the Revolution is familiar to you. You are acquainted with it, in the general and in its details. You know it as a comprehensive whole, embracing within its grand outline the settlement and the colonization of the country,—the development, maturity, and rupture of the relations between Great Britain and America. You know it in the controversy carried on for nearly a hundred and fifty years between the representatives of the people and the officers of the crown. You know it in the characters of the great men who signalized themselves as the enlightened and fearless leaders of the righteous and patriotic cause. You know it in the thrilling incidents of the crisis, when the appeal was made to arms. You know it—you have studied it—you revere it, as a mighty epoch in human affairs; a great era in that order of Providence, which from the strange conflict of human passions and interests,

and the various and wonderfully complicated agency of the institutions of men in society,—of individual character, of exploits, discoveries, commercial adventure, the discourses and writings of wise and eloquent men,—educes the progressive civilization of the race. Under these circumstances it is scarcely possible to approach the subject in any direction with a well-grounded hope of presenting it in new lights, or saying anything in which this intelligent and patriotic audience will not run before me, and anticipate the words before they drop from my lips. But it is a theme that can never tire nor wear out. God grant that the time may never come, when those who at periods however distant shall address you on the 19th of April, shall have anything wholly new to impart. Let the tale be repeated from father to son till all its thrilling incidents are as familiar as household words; and till the names of the brave men who reaped the bloody honors of the 19th of April, 1775, are as well known to us as the names of those who form the circle at our firesides. . . . In the lives of individuals there are moments which give a character to existence—moments too often through levity, indolence, or perversity, suffered to pass unimproved; but sometimes met with the fortitude, vigilance, and energy due to their momentous consequences. So, in the life of nations, there are all-important junctures when the fate of centuries is crowded into a narrow space,—suspended on the results of an hour. With the mass of statesmen, their character is faintly perceived, their consequences imperfectly apprehended, the certain sacrifices exaggerated, the future blessings dimly seen; and some timid and disastrous compromise, some faint-hearted temperament, is patched up, in the complacency of short-sighted wisdom. Such a crisis was the period which preceded the 19th of April. Such a compromise the British ministry proposed, courted, and would have accepted most thankfully; but not such was the patriotism nor the wisdom of those who guided the councils of America, and wrought out her independence. They knew that in the order of that Providence in which a thousand years are as one day, a day is sometimes as a thousand years. Such a day was at hand. They saw, they comprehended, they welcomed it; they knew it was an era. They met it with feelings like those of Luther when he denounced the sale of indulgences, and pointed his thunders at once—poor Augustine monk—against the civil and ecclesiastical power of the Church, the Quirinal, and the

Vatican. They courted the storm of war as Columbus courted the stormy billows of the glorious ocean, from whose giddy curling tops he seemed to look out, as from a watch-tower, to catch the first hazy wreath in the west which was to announce that a new world was found. The poor Augustine monk knew and was persuaded that the hour had come, and he was elected to control it, in which a mighty revolution was to be wrought in the Christian church. The poor Genoese pilot knew in his heart that he had as it were but to stretch out the wand of his courage and skill, and call up a new continent from the depths of the sea;—and Hancock and Adams, through the smoke and flames of the 19th of April, beheld the sun of their country's independence arise, with healing in his wings.

And you, brave and patriotic men, whose ashes are gathered in this humble place of deposit, no time shall rob you of the well-deserved meed of praise! You too perceived, not less clearly than the more illustrious patriots whose spirit you caught, that the decisive hour had come. You felt with them that it could not, must not be shunned. You had resolved it should not. Reasoning, remonstrance had been tried; from your own town-meetings, from the pulpit, from beneath the arches of Faneuil Hall, every note of argument, of appeal, of adjuration, had sounded to the foot of the throne, and in vain. The wheels of destiny rolled on; the great design of Providence must be fulfilled; the issue must be nobly met or basely shunned. Strange it seemed, inscrutable it was, that your remote and quiet village should be the chosen altar of the first great sacrifice. But so it was; the summons came and found you waiting; and here in the centre of your dwelling-places, within sight of the homes you were to enter no more, between the village church where your fathers worshiped and the grave-yard where they lay at rest, bravely and meekly, like Christian heroes, you sealed the cause with your blood. Parker, Munroe, Hadley, the Harringtons, Muzzy, Brown:—alas! ye cannot hear my words; no voice but that of the archangel shall penetrate your urns; but to the end of time your remembrance shall be preserved! To the end of time, the soil whereon ye fell is holy; and shall be trod with reverence, while America has a name among the nations!

JOHANNES EWALD

(1743–1781)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

THE latter half of the eighteenth century is known in Danish literature as the «age of enlightenment»; but although a period fairly prolific in literary production, it is distinguished by few conspicuous names. Altogether the most important among these few is that of Johannes Ewald, who stands out as the one great figure of the transition period between Holberg and Oehlenschläger. Born in Copenhagen, November 18th, 1743, he came to manhood a few years after the death of Holberg had bereft Denmark of the father of its literature. He died March 17th, 1781, a little more than a year later than the birth of Oehlenschläger, the most illustrious of his successors.

His brief life of thirty-seven years was outwardly uneventful, except for a boyish attempt to win fame as a warrior, which came to an inglorious end before he had reached the age of eighteen. It was a life of baffled ambition and unsympathetic environment, a life of poverty and sickness,—and it must be added, of reckless dissipation, —brightened only near its close by the sunshine of royal favor and popular recognition. Viewed from within, however, this life, to outward seeming so nearly a failure, was rich with emotion, phantasy, and imaginative experience. The son of a Lutheran priest, and himself destined for that calling, his temperament was the least possible fitted for enlistment in such service; and although he went through the forms, passing his theological examination with great credit, he never undertook pastoral duties, and the poetic impulse soon became so strong as to put a professional career entirely out of the question for him.

Of his youthful feelings and aspirations, Ewald has written with charming *naïveté* in his 'Levnet og Meninger' (Life and Opinions), a fragment of autobiography almost as candid and outspoken as the 'Confessions' of Rousseau:—

«I was from my childhood a lover, an admirer of everything remarkable, whereby one might set himself apart from the crowd, become noticed, discussed, pointed out with the finger. What fruit of true and shining deeds might have sprung from this seed, had it been properly cultivated and given the right direction! But all my pedantic teachers, without a single exception,

what he had learned in suffering, although prose was the medium of which he first sought to make use. 'Lykkens Tempel: en Dröm' (The Temple of Happiness: A Dream), a cold and transparent sort of allegory, was the immediate outcome of his melancholic mood, and was offered for the criticism of a certain society established for the encouragement of literary production. After much revision, the work was accepted by the society and included in its publications. This piece of good fortune, together with his success in a competition for a cantata in memory of Frederik V., so encouraged him that he definitely made up his mind to follow his bent and devote himself to literature. He studied the Latin poets, Corneille, Shakespeare, and Ossian; but his chosen master was Klopstock, and he gave himself up almost without reserve to the influence of the epic poet of the 'Messias.' Welhaven says that this work became «Ewald's poetical Bible. He conquered his natural repugnance, that he might penetrate into the work and let it determine his spiritual destiny. This is why he says in his autobiographical fragment that he had been steadfast enough to read the 'Messias' a third or fourth time. He even began to translate this poem, and it was the last thing that he read; after his death the book was found in his bed.»

The influence of Klopstock was very marked, both as to choice of subject and treatment, in Ewald's next work, 'Adam og Eva' (Adam and Eve), a five-act drama in Alexandrine verse with lyrical interludes. Horn calls this work «the first serious attempt made in Danish literature to solve a great poetical problem in a grand style. If this drama illustrates the pioneer aspect of Ewald's activity, his next work, 'Rolf Krage,' illustrates it still further. Although this tragedy is a reversion from poetry to prose, it is eminently poetical in conception, and makes us wish that the English language had a word equivalent to the Danish *Digtning* or the German *Dichtung* to use in describing it. 'Rolf Krage' is the first attempt of a true Danish poet to draw upon the rich treasury of material offered by the legendary history of the Scandinavian North. The story of the play was taken from Saxo Grammaticus, but it cannot be regarded as a successful reproduction of the spirit of the age which it sought to depict. The vein which it opened to imaginative writers was destined to be worked with rich results by later men,—by Oehlenschläger in the first half of the nineteenth century, by Björnson and Ibsen in the latter half; but Ewald could not escape from the trammels of eighteenth-century sentimentalism or from the artificial ideals of his German models. In this respect he merely failed to do what no eighteenth-century writer could accomplish: that is, he failed to grasp the inner significance of the strong, simple life of the period that produced the 'Eddas' and the sagas.

At this point a few words should be said concerning the literary societies in Copenhagen, of which we hear so much when we attempt to follow the life and productivity of Ewald in any detail. One of them — the academic and State-subsidized organization that gave the poet his first encouragement and provided for the publication of several of his works — has already been mentioned. There were besides two others, — the Norwegian Society and the Danish Literary Society, both organized at the time when Ewald was coming into prominence. The former of these organizations stood for the classical ideal in literature, the *exemplaria Græca*, and was influenced by French models to such an extent that it could see nothing good in the German school. Klopstock and his imitators were the object of its most violent attacks, and Ewald came in for no little abuse on this score. The other society conducted a vigorous opposition to this æsthetic propaganda, and rallied about Ewald as a sort of standard-bearer.

Naturally such a drama as 'Rolf Krage' was repugnant to partisans of the Norwegian Society, who felt toward it very much as Frederick the Great felt toward 'Götz von Berlichingen.' They could not foresee that a great literary revival was to be the outgrowth of Ewald's work, and realized only that the new writer had forsaken the examples of literary excellence hitherto most approved by people of good taste. Although not very directly related to this particular conflict of æsthetic opinion, Ewald's three satirical or controversial plays were a natural product of the factious conditions of the time. 'Pebersvendene' (The Bachelors), 'De Brutale Klappere' (The Brutal Claqueurs), and 'Harlekin Patriot' — the first in prose, the two others in verse — did but little for the poet's fame, and are chiefly interesting as evidence of his almost absolute lack of humor. Oehlenschläger's judgment of 'Harlekin Patriot,' the best of the three, must be accepted as the final word of criticism upon this subject: — «We cannot regard the piece as a comic drama, for it is destitute of action, characterization, illusion, and comic nature.»

Only two of Ewald's works now remain to be accounted for, but they are his masterpieces; 'Balder's Död' (Balder's Death), and 'Fiskerne' (The Fishers), each a three-act drama in verse. For the tragedy of 'Balder's Död' the poet turned once more to Saxo for inspiration, and produced a far finer and deeper work than 'Rolf Krage,' his earlier essay in this direction, had been. The work was moreover the first Danish drama to forsake the conventional and unwieldy Alexandrine verse for the freer movement and richer possibilities of the iambic pentameter. It is still possible to find many faults with this poem, to censure it for its nebulous ideality, its monotony, its lack of adequate motivation, to accept, in short, nearly

all of the adverse criticisms of Oehlenschläger and Welhaven; yet there remains enough of the beautiful in its diction and of the masterly in its construction amply to justify the high place that the work occupies in Danish literature. At its best, and particularly in its lyrical portions, the poem soars to a height that had never before been reached by Danish song; it was at once a revelation of the author's full-fledged genius and of the poetical capacities of his mother tongue.

The production of Ewald's 'Fiskerne,' his last great work, is associated with almost the only gleam of light that fell upon his pathway. He had been living the larger part of his adult life away from the capital, in one country or sea-coast village after another, in great poverty, suffering much of the time from a severe form of rheumatism. At one time the poor-house seemed his only hope of refuge. From all this misery he was finally rescued by a friend, through whose efforts he was brought back to Copenhagen, provided with a comfortable home, and granted aid by the court. 'Balder's Död' was put upon the boards of the Royal Theatre, and the poet at last tasted the sweets of popularity. At the same time his health bettered, and he found strength to devote himself to the new poem which was to prove his last. 'Fiskerne' is a lyrical drama — almost what we should call a cantata — based upon the story of a shipwreck that had occurred a few years before. In this work Ewald's imagination, psychological insight, and lyric impulse found their highest expression. Above all, the poem is informed with a passionate patriotism and a sense of the sea power of Denmark — qualities that affected the national consciousness like wine, and have never lost their charm and their inspiration. One of the lyrics included in this drama became and has ever since remained the national song of Denmark, and no nation can boast a nobler one.

After the production and success of 'Fiskerne,' Ewald set about the preparation of a uniform edition of his complete writings, but lived to witness the publication of only one volume. His partly restored health soon failed him again, and he died, after much suffering, in his thirty-eighth year. He was buried in the grave-yard of Trinity Church, Copenhagen, in the presence of a great assembly of his fellow-countrymen, tardily brought to recognize the fact that with his death a great national poet had passed away.

Ewald's reputation has undergone the vicissitudes that usually come to the memory of men of genius. For a time the subject of indiscriminate laudation, his work was attacked by the searching criticism of later writers, notably Oehlenschläger and Welhaven, and his reputation suffered for a time. Since then his fame has again grown bright, and it is probable that something like the final estimate

has been placed upon his work. And a high place in Danish literature must always be occupied by the man who wrote the national ballad of 'King Christian,' who brought the pathetic quality into Danish poetry, who first revealed the lyrical possibilities of the Danish language, who established the verse form that was ever thereafter to be chosen for the poetical drama, and who first among moderns tapped the well-spring of the inspiration that was to flow into Scandinavian literature from the rich legendary inheritance of the old Norse myth-makers and saga-men.

[Ewald's 'King Christian,' in Longfellow's familiar translation, stands at the head of the following selections. The other translations, in verse and prose, have been made by me for this work.] W. M. P.

THE DANISH NATIONAL SONG

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed.
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
«Fly!» shouted they, «fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?»

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar:
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud through the tempest's roar,
«Now is the hour!»
«Fly!» shouted they, «for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?»

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;

From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol';
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might,
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

Longfellow's Translation.

FIRST LOVE

From 'Life and Opinions'

One morning, the most unforgettable, the most blessed of my life, she bade me take some lace to one of her cousins, whom I had not seen before. I followed my directions, and asked for the eldest Jomfrue Hulegaard. She was sitting with her parents at table, and came out to see me in the room to which I had been admitted. She came,—Oh Heavens! O happy moment! how gladly would I recall thee, and cleave to thee with my whole soul, and forget all my misfortunes, all that I have suffered for thy sake! She came—my Arendse!

I have dared the attempt to depict her, but did I possess all the art of Raphael and all the art of Petrarch combined, and should I devote my whole lifetime to picture her image, as at the first dazzled gaze it became imprinted upon my heart and remains there unchanged after so many years, I could produce but a dull and imperfect copy thereof. She was my Arendse, and who can see her with my eyes, or feel her with my heart?

Love beamed from her glance, love played upon her lips, love was fragrant in her heaving bosom. Her every expression seemed to cry out, Love! love! love! Nature, heaven, and earth all vanished, and my throbbing, melting heart felt the blissful rapture of an unspeakable affection. O my Arendse! thou wast

surely intended for me by Him who made us both. Why does another now possess thee? Perchance this is presumptuous—God forgive me if it is—but the thought is very anguish to me. I will forget it—if I can.

One cannot, I think, better cool his passion than by formulating opinions. I will deliver myself of two that may best be expressed in connection with this catastrophe, which will always be to me the most serious of my life: the one is, that the first real love depends upon a sort of sympathy or an instinctive bent that I cannot explain, and is not deliberately to be evoked; the other is, that the heart, if I may thus express myself, has its virginity, and cannot possibly lose it more than once. But I must turn back to my sweet sorrow.

My cheeks burned, my knees trembled. I stammered out my errand as best I might, thinking of nothing else, looking at nothing else, but Arendse. Afterwards she often told me that she marked my agitation, and I replied that my loving heart did not find it exactly flattering that she should have been able to mark it so distinctly.

When I realized from the silence of my Arendse that I must have done my errand, I ventured hesitatingly to press her hand to my lips, and heavenly fires shot blissful from her fingers to the depths of my soul. I lost possession of myself. I retreated backwards, bowing every moment, and since I at last came to the head of a steep staircase without noticing it, my love would in all probability, had she not spoken a word of warning, have either found prompt expression, or once for all have worked out its sorrowful, its terrible influence upon my fate. But I was destined for deeper sufferings than the heaviest fall can cause, and it was decreed that through my love I should lose more than my life.

If you believe in omens, gentlemen, you may take this for one! . . .

I wake at this moment from a mood of deep reflection. I have sat for half an hour with folded arms, trying to answer for myself the question whether I would have missed all the torturing pangs, all the depressing misfortunes of which this first love of mine has been the cause, on condition that I should have missed too all the sweetness, all the blissfulness, it has brought me; and now I can answer with a clear conscience: No! I should indeed be very ungrateful to make plaint about it, if it had

brought me nothing more than grief and misfortune. But it was also one of the first and weightiest causes of the most serious mistake of my life, and this feeling of its full consequences was what drew from me just now the not altogether baseless statement that it had cost me more than my life.

FROM 'THE FISHERS'

NOTE.—This translation of the closing scene of Ewald's lyrical drama 'Fiskerne' requires a word of explanation. The characters are a group of simple fisher folk: Anders, his wife Gunild, their daughters Lise and Birthe, and the young men Knud and Svend, betrothed to the two girls. A ship has been wrecked upon the coast, and the men have rescued one of the sailors from death, but have lost their own boat and fishing-tackle in so doing. This is a serious matter, for it threatens the contemplated marriage of the young men. When the scene which we have translated opens, the whole group of fisher folk, together with the rescued seaman, have been talking over the situation; and there now appears upon the stage Odelhiem, a wealthy and philanthropic Dane, who has learned of their bravery and what it has cost them.

W. M. P.

ODELHIEM — Forgive
If I, unknown to you, should claim too freely
A share, a modest share, in your rejoicings;
For joy must wait on strife o'er deeds of heroes.
By merest chance I too was made acquainted
With what concerns you now; the part remaining
I learned from Claus. And now I beg, I pray you,
To hear what from my inmost heart is welling;
To hear how Heaven within my soul bears witness.

Knud — We know not who you are.

Odelhiem — A Dane.

Knud — Well, speak then.

Odelhiem [*addressing the rescued sailor*] —
That thou, my friend, shouldst offer all thy substance
To them who saved thee was but just. Thy ardor
Ennobles thee; thy life was worth the saving.
And that these brave men blush to hear thy offer,
And rather choose the lot of poverty,
Is but their nature, and to be expected.
The gold that thou didst seek to force upon them
Would but oppress them, would the joy but darken
That now is theirs, and that alone they sought for,—
Thy life, thy grateful tears, thy heart's thanksgiving.
Nor do I wonder that these hearts heroic

Should thrill with shame at any speech of payment;
For noble actions are their own adornment;
The very thought of profit casts a shadow
Over their splendor. This know well the righteous.
Yet, brothers, 'tis our duty that we spurn not
The meed unsought, on us bestowed by Heaven.

Gunild—That has been ours.

Odelhiem— Noble soul, I know it!
But may we face our God, dust-shapen creatures,
And cry to him, Desist! enough of blessings!
And have not all of us a loving mother
Who may compel acceptance?

Svend— Who?

Knud— Where?

Odelhiem— Denmark;
Whose right it is, whose pleasure, and whose honor,
Virtue to crown, as to condemn the wicked.
The tenderest of mothers still must loosen
The bonds wherewith she holds us, and all fearful,
Intrust our footsteps to ourselves and Heaven,
Ere we attain to noble deeds, the well-spring
Whence streams the light that decks her with its splendor.
Yet still she draws men to her—not the valorous,
They find their own way—but our weaker brothers
She draws to her with prayer and promised guerdon,
With hopes, and with report of others' fortune.
And you whose hearts are burdened with the feeling
That this, of all your days the very fairest,
Should bring you unawaited grim misfortune,
The loss of wealth, the pang of hopeless passion,—
Shall you give cause for men to say reproachful:
«These folk gave glory to our haughty Denmark
By great heroic deeds, and now they languish
In want and woe, by Denmark unrequited»?

Knud— My heart is Danish; he should feel its anger
Who in my hearing dared to rail at Denmark,
And what she offers, men should not hold lightly;
Yet how, and in what shape, she offers largess
Our losses to repair, bring cheer to others,—
That is not clear to my poor understanding.

Odelhiem—
Know that her arms outstretched are ever helpful;
All-powerful is her will; her law forever
Binds to her lofty aims her wealthy children.

Their joy to cherish valorous deeds, their duty
To offer in her name whatever solace,
Whatever help and strength there lies in riches.
Conscious that wealth was mine, I stood rejoicing
That I was near, and heard her voice. O brothers!
Do not begrudge the joy with which I hearken
To such a mother's hest: for I have hearkened,
And with the friend whose guest I am up yonder
Have left the cost of boat and wedding outfit;
While for our Anders and the noble fellows
Who bravely took their part in all the danger,
Is set apart a gift of equal value.
And every year, so long as still is living
One of the five, they and their children's children
Shall, that this day be evermore remembered,
Receive an equal pledge of Denmark's bounty.
For all this I have taken care; this, brothers,
To do, your deed and our fair land command me.

Svend— Thy words are generous and noble, stranger;
They overwhelm us.

Knud— I believe, by Heaven,
My soul is wax. When played I thus the woman?
Because my tears are flowing, do not scorn me!
What shall I answer thee? Speak for me, Anders!

Anders— I know thee now, the man of noble presence
Our friend has told us of. Great soul and worthy,
Do what thou will'st; thou hast deserved the pleasure
Of helping honest Danes! 'Twere pride stiff-necked
In us to scorn so generous an offer.

Gunild— Ingratitude it were, and sin toward Heaven.

Knud— We thank thee, noble soul!

Svend— We thank thee deeply!

Lise— Our tears, too, give thee thanks!

Odelhiem— Not me, but Denmark!
This is its festal day; with song and gladness,
The cheerful bowl, and—for our maidens' pleasure—
The merry dance, I trust that we may end it.
All is provided. Now, my worthy brothers,
We will forget the past, and but remember
The valor and the fortune of our country.

CHORUS

Odelhiem— The deed that is not felt a burden,
That leaves within the breast no smart,

Good hap be evermore its guerdon,
While freedom warms the Cimbrian heart.
May Danish soil give ever birth
To deeds of ripe and lasting worth!

All— May Danish soil give ever birth
To deeds of ripe and lasting worth!

Gunild— O piety, where thy gentle leaven
With promise fair fills young and old,
And mingles with the dreams that Heaven
On earth bestows of joy untold;
True courage from thy strength doth spring,
And seeks the shadow of thy wing.

All— True courage from thy strength doth spring,
And seeks the shadow of thy wing.

Anders— Where smiles from Heaven shed light abiding,
Rewarding our industrious days,
The sons of courage safely guiding
Upon the old well-trodden ways:
Where brave men follow wisdom's beck,
Heroic deeds our annals deck.

All— Our joy to follow wisdom's beck,
That noble deeds our lives may deck.

Lise— The courage that in old days melted
The warrior-maid's defense of pride,
Still stirs the hero, as, unbelted,
He lies at his beloved's side.
Still loving Danish maidens start
The fire that lights the hero-heart.

All— Still loving Danish maidens start
The fire that lights the hero-heart.

Svend— Where countless footprints onward reaching
To valiant souls a pathway ope,
The chosen way of honor teaching,
Bidding them forward march with hope:
On Denmark's memory-famous strand
Men win renown at danger's hand.

All— On Denmark's memory-famous strand
Men win renown at danger's hand.

Birthe— Where men with unknown brothers vying
In life and death make common cause;
Where sympathy consoles the dying,
And slays despair in death's own jaws;
Where hearts for love of Denmark swell,
Deceit and evil dare not dwell.

All— Where hearts for love of Denmark swell,
Deceit and evil dare not dwell.
Knud— Beloved Sea, thy life unresting
We feel our inmost veins transfuse;
Our hearts grow stout thy billows breasting;
Thy air our failing strength renews;
Our pride and joy, O Northern Sea!
The Danish soul takes fire from thee.
All— Our pride and joy, O Northern Sea!
The Danish soul takes fire from thee.
Men— Ye golden fields, rest ever smiling!
Foam in thy pride, blue-silver wave!
Women— Be, 'neath thy guard of warriors whiling,
Ever the birth-land of the brave!
Men— Denmark, of valor be the home!
Women— And honored for all time to come!
All— Denmark, of valor be the home,
And honored for all time to come!

[*The play ends with a dance of the fisher folk.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR

(1831-)

"AMONG the influences that have formed my life," says Dean Farrar, "I must mention the character of my mother. She had no memorial in this world; she passed her life in the deep valley of poverty, obscurity, and trial, but she has left to her only surviving son the recollections of a saint. As a boy I was not sent to our great English public schools, but to one which is comparatively unknown, although several men were trained there who are now playing a considerable part in the world. That school was King William's College, at Castleton on the Isle of Man. I have sketched the natural surroundings of the school, and many little incidents of its daily life, in the first book I wrote—'Eric, or Little by Little,'"—now in its twenty-sixth edition. "Accident," he continues, "made me an author. The proposal to write a book on school life came unsought, and I naturally found in my own reminiscences the colors in which I had to work."

FREDERICK W. FARRAR

Born in Bombay in 1831, Farrar took numerous prizes and honors during his school life at King's College, and at nineteen was made classical exhibitioner of the London University, where he was graduated. In 1854 he took his bachelor's degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, was ordained deacon, and in 1857 was admitted to priest's orders. For several years he was an assistant master at Harrow; in 1871 became head-master of Marlborough College, where he remained till April 1876, when he was appointed canon in Westminster Abbey and rector of St. Margaret's. While at Harrow he was made chaplain to the Queen, and in 1883 Archdeacon of Westminster. He is at present Dean of Canterbury.

His literary fecundity is extraordinary. Besides his 'Life of Christ,' which gave him an almost world-wide fame; his 'Life and Work of St. Paul' and his 'Beginnings of Christianity,' each of which represents much labor, he has written a course of Hulsean Lectures on the 'Witness of History to Christ'; a bulky volume on 'Eschatology';

three linguistic works, 'The Origin of Language,' 'Chapters on Language,' and 'Families of Speech'; two popular romances, 'Darkness and Dawn' and 'Gathering Clouds'; and many volumes of sermons and theological papers.

PAUL BEFORE FESTUS AND AGRIPPA

From 'The Life and Work of St. Paul'

IT WAS not, as is commonly represented, a new trial. That would have been on all grounds impossible. Agrippa was without judicial functions, and the authority of the procurator had been cut short by the appeal. It was more of the nature of a private or drawing-room audience,—a sort of show occasion designed for the amusement of these princely guests and the idle aristocracy of Cæsarea, both Jewish and Gentile. Festus ordered the auditorium to be prepared for the occasion, and invited all the chief officers of the army and the principal inhabitants of the town. The Herods were fond of show, and Festus gratified their humor by a grand processional display. He would doubtless appear in his scarlet paludament, with his full attendance of lictors and body-guard, who would stand at arms behind the gilded chairs which were placed for himself and his distinguished visitors. We are expressly told that Agrippa and Berenice went in state to the Prætorium, she doubtless blazing with all her jewels and he in his purple robes, and both with the golden circlets of royalty around their foreheads, and attended by a suite of followers in the most gorgeous apparel of Eastern pomp. It was a compliment to the new governor to visit him with as much splendor as possible, and both he and his guests were not sorry to furnish a spectacle which would at once illustrate their importance and their mutual cordiality. Did Agrippa think of his great-grandfather Herod, and the massacre of the innocents? of his great-uncle Antipas, and the murder of John the Baptist? Of his father Agrippa I., and the execution of James the Elder? Did he recall the fact that they had each died or been disgraced, soon after or in direct consequence of those inflictions of martyrdom? Did he realize how closely but unwittingly the faith in that «one Jesus» had been linked with the destinies of his house? Did the pomp of to-day remind him of the pomp sixteen years earlier, when his much more powerful father had stood in the theatre, with the sunlight blazing on the

tissued silver of his robe, and the people shouting that he was a god? Did none of the dark memories of the place overshadow him as he entered that former palace of his race? It is very unlikely. Extreme vanity, gratified self-importance, far more probably absorbed the mind of this titular king, as in all the pomp of phantom sovereignty he swept along the large open hall, seated himself with his beautiful sister by the procurator's side, and glanced with cold curiosity on the poor worn, shackled prisoner — pale with sickness and long imprisonment — who was led in at his command.

Festus opened the proceedings in a short complimentary speech, in which he found an excuse for the gathering by saying that on the one hand the Jews were extremely infuriated against this man, and that on the other he was entirely innocent, so far as he could see, of any capital crime. Since however he was a Roman citizen, and had appealed to Cæsar, it was necessary to send to "the Lord" some minute of the case by way of *elogium*, and he was completely perplexed as to what he ought to say. He was therefore glad of the opportunity to bring the prisoner before this distinguished assembly; that they, and especially King Agrippa, might hear what he had to say for himself, and so, by forming some sort of preliminary judgment, relieve Festus from the ridiculous position of sending a prisoner without being able to state any definite crime with which he had been charged.

As no accusers were present, and this was not in any respect a judicial assembly, Agrippa, as the person for whom the whole scene was got up, told Paul that he was allowed to speak about himself. Had the Apostle been of a morose disposition he might have despised the hollowness of these mock proceedings. Had he been actuated by any motives lower than the highest, he might have seized the opportunity to flatter himself into favor in the absence of his enemies. But the predominant feature in his, as in the very greatest characters, was a continual seriousness and earnestness; and his only desire was to plead not his own cause, but that of his Master. Festus, with the Roman adulation, which in that age outran even the appetite of absolutism, had used that title of "the Lord," which the later emperors seized with avidity, but which the earliest and ablest of them had contemptuously refused. But Paul was neither imposed upon by these colossal titles of reverence, nor daunted by these pompous inanities of reflected power.

There is not a word of his address which does not prove how completely he was at his ease. The scarlet sagum of the procurator, the fasces of the lictors, the swords of the legionaries, the gleaming armor of the chiliarchs, did not for one moment daunt him,—they were a terror, not to good works but to the evil; and he felt that his was a service which was above all sway.

Stretching out his hand in the manner familiar to the orators whom he had often heard in Tarsus or in Antioch, he began by the sincere remark that he was particularly happy to make his defense before King Agrippa, not—which would have been false—for any special worth of his, but because the prince had received from his father—whose anxiety to conform to the Law, both written and oral, was well known—an elaborate training in all matters of Jewish religion and casuistry, which could not fail to interest him in a question of which he was so competent to judge. He begged therefore for a patient audience; and narrated once more the familiar story of his conversion from the standpoint of a rigid and bigoted Pharisee to a belief that the Messianic hopes of his nation had now been actually fulfilled, in that Jesus of Nazareth whose followers he had at first furiously persecuted, but who had won him by a personal revelation of his glory to the knowledge that he had risen from the dead. Why should that belief appear incredible to his hearers? It once had been so to himself; but how could he resist the eye-witness of a noonday vision? and how could he disobey the heavenly voice which sent him forth to open the eyes both of Jews and Gentiles, that they might turn from darkness to light and the power of Satan unto God; that by faith in Jesus they might receive remission of sins and a lot among the sanctified? He had not been disobedient to it. In Damascus, in Jerusalem, throughout all Judea, and subsequently among the Gentiles, he had been a preacher of repentance and conversion towards God, and a life consistent therewith. This was why the Jews had seized him in the Temple and tried to tear him to pieces; but in this and every danger God had helped him, and the testimony which he bore to small and great was no blasphemy, no apostasy, but simply a truth in direct accordance with the teachings of Moses and the Prophets: that the Messiah should be liable to suffering, and that from his resurrection from the dead a light should dawn to lighten both the Gentiles and his people.

Paul was now launched on the full tide of that sacred and impassioned oratory which was so powerful an agent in his mission work. He was delivering to kings and governors and chief captains that testimony which was the very object of his life. Whether on other topics his speech was as contemptible as his enemies chose to represent, we cannot say; but on this topic, at any rate, he spoke with the force of long familiarity and the fire of intense conviction. He would probably have proceeded to develop the great thesis which he had just sketched in outline; but at this point he was stopped short. These facts and revelations were new to Festus. Though sufficiently familiar with true culture to recognize it even through these Oriental surroundings, he could only listen open-mouthed to this impassioned tale of visions, and revelations, and ancient prophecies, and of a Jewish Prophet who had been crucified and yet had risen from the dead and was Divine, and who could forgive sins and lighten the darkness of Jews as well as of Gentiles. He had been getting more and more astonished, and the last remark was too much for him. He suddenly burst out with the loud and excited interruption, "You are mad, Paul; those many writings are turning your brain." His startling ejaculation checked the majestic stream of the Apostle's eloquence, but did not otherwise ruffle his exquisite courtesy. "I am not mad," he exclaimed with calm modesty, giving to Festus his recognized title of "your Excellency," "but I am uttering words of reality and soberness."

But Festus was not the person whom he was mainly addressing, nor were these the reasonings which he would be likely to understand. It was different with Agrippa. He had read Moses and the Prophets, and had heard from multitudes of witnesses some at least of the facts to which Paul referred. To him, therefore, the Apostle appealed in proof of his perfect sanity. "The king," he said, "knows about these things, to whom it is even with confidence that I am addressing my remarks. I am sure that he is by no means unaware of any of these circumstances, for all that I say has not been done in a corner." And then, wishing to resume the thread of his argument at the point where it had been broken, and where it would be most striking to a Jew, he asked:—

"King Agrippa, dost thou believe the Prophets? I know that thou believest."

But Agrippa did not choose to be entrapped into a discussion, still less into an assent. Not old in years, but accustomed from his boyhood to an atmosphere of cynicism and unbelief, he could only smile with the good-natured contempt of a man of the world at the enthusiastic earnestness which could even for a moment fancy that *he* would be converted to the heresy of the Nazarenes with their crucified Messiah! Yet he did not wish to be uncourteous. It was impossible not to admire the burning zeal which neither stripes nor prisons could quench, the clear-sighted faith which not even such a surrounding could for a moment dim.

"You are trying to persuade me off-hand to be 'a Christian'!" he said with a half-suppressed smile; and this finished specimen of courtly *eutrapelia* was his bantering answer to St. Paul's appeal. Doubtless his polished remark on this compendious style of making converts sounded very witty to that distinguished company; and they would with difficulty suppress their laughter at the notion that Agrippa, favorite of Claudius, friend of Nero, King of Chalcis, Ituræa, Trachonitis, nominator of the High Priest, and supreme guardian of the Temple treasures, should succumb to the potency of this "short method with a Jew." That a Paul should make the king *a Christian* (!) would sound too ludicrous. But the laugh would be instantly suppressed in pity and admiration of the poor but noble prisoner, as with perfect dignity he took advantage of Agrippa's ambiguous expression, and said with all the fervent sincerity of a loving heart, "I could pray to God that whether 'in little' or 'in much,' not thou only, but even all who are listening to me to-day might become even such as I am—except," he added, as he raised his fettered hand—"except these bonds." They saw that this was indeed no common prisoner. One who could argue as he had argued, and speak as he had spoken; one who was so filled with the exaltation of an inspiring idea, so enriched with the happiness of a firm faith and a peaceful conscience, that he could tell them how he prayed that they all—all these princely and distinguished people—could be even such as he; and who yet in the spirit of entire forgiveness desired that the sharing in his faith might involve no share in his sorrows or misfortunes—must be such a one as they never yet had seen or known, either in the worlds of Jewry or of heathendom. But it was useless to prolong the scene. Curiosity was now sufficiently gratified, and

it had become clearer than ever that though they might regard Paul the prisoner as an amiable enthusiast or an inspired fanatic, he was in no sense a legal criminal. The king, by rising from his seat, gave the signal for breaking up the meeting; Berenice and Festus and their respective retinues rose up at the same time, and as the distinguished assembly dispersed, they were heard remarking on all sides that Paul was undeserving of death, or even of imprisonment. He had made, in fact, a deeply favorable impression. Agrippa's decision was given entirely for his acquittal. "This person," he said to Festus, "might have been permanently set at liberty if he had not appealed to Cæsar." Agrippa was far too little of a Pharisee and far too much of a man of the world not to see that mere freedom of thought could not be, and ought not to be, suppressed by external violence. The proceedings of that day probably saved St. Paul's life full two years afterwards. Festus, since his own opinion on grounds of Roman justice was so entirely confirmed from the Jewish point of view by the Protector of the Temple, could hardly fail to send to Nero an *elogium* which freely exonerated the prisoner from every legal charge; and even if Jewish intrigues were put in play against him, Nero could not condemn to death a man whom Felix, and Lysias, and Festus, and Agrippa, and even the Jewish Sanhedrim, in the only trial of the case which they had held, had united in pronouncing innocent of any capital crime.

ROMAN CIVILIZATION UNDER NERO

From 'The Early Days of Christianity'

I NEED but make a passing allusion to its enormous wealth; its unbounded self-indulgence; its coarse and tasteless luxury; its greedy avarice; its sense of insecurity and terror; its apathy, debauchery, and cruelty; its hopeless fatalism; its unspeakable sadness and weariness; its strange extravagances alike of infidelity and of superstition.

At the lowest extreme of the social scale were millions of slaves, without family, without religion, without possessions, who had no recognized rights, and towards whom none had any recognized duties, passing normally from a childhood of degradation to a manhood of hardship and an old age of unpitied neglect.

A LUCULLAN DINNER.

Photogravure from a Painting by G. Boulanger.

To properly appreciate the luxury and extravagance of the times, it is to be noticed that the entertainment shown in the plate is not a special feast, but an ordinary daily repast, at the house of the capitalist whose name is a synonym for all that is ostentatiously and extravagantly luxurious. A single dinner often cost $10,000.

Only a little above the slaves stood the lower classes, who formed the vast majority of the free-born inhabitants of the Roman Empire. They were for the most part beggars and idlers, familiar with the grossest indignities of an unscrupulous dependence. Despising a life of honest industry, they asked only for bread and the games of the circus, and were ready to support any government, even the most despotic, if it would supply these needs. They spent their mornings in lounging about the Forum or in dancing attendance at the levées of patrons, for a share in whose largesses they daily struggled. They spent their afternoons and evenings in gossiping at the public baths, in listlessly enjoying the polluted plays of the theatre, or looking with fierce thrills of delighted horror at the bloody sports of the arena. At night they crept up to their miserable garrets in the sixth and seventh stories of the huge *insulæ*, — the lodging-houses of Rome, — into which, as into the low lodging-houses of the poorer quarters of London, there drifted all that was most wretched and most vile. Their life, as it is described for us by their contemporaries, was largely made up of squalor, misery, and vice.

Immeasurably removed from these needy and greedy freemen, and living chiefly amid crowds of corrupted and obsequious slaves, stood the constantly diminishing throng of the wealthy and the noble. Every age in its decline has exhibited the spectacle of selfish luxury side by side with abject poverty; of —

> «Wealth, a monster gorged
> 'Mid starving populations:»

but nowhere and at no period were these contrasts so startling as they were in imperial Rome. There a whole population might be trembling lest they should be starved by the delay of an Alexandrian corn-ship, while the upper classes were squandering a fortune at a single banquet, drinking out of myrrhine and jeweled vases worth hundreds of pounds, and feasting on the brains of peacocks and the tongues of nightingales. As a consequence, disease was rife, men were short-lived, and even women became liable to gout. Over a large part of Italy, most of the free-born population had to content themselves even in winter with a tunic, and the luxury of the toga was reserved only, by way of honor, to the corpse. Yet at this very time the dress of Roman ladies displayed an unheard-of splendor. The elder Pliny tells us that he himself saw Lollia Paulina dressed for

A LUCULLAN DINNER.

Photogravure from a Painting by G. Boulanger.

[illegible] extravagance of the times, it is [illegible] that the entertainment shown in the plate is not a [illegible] of the house of [illegible] whose name is a synonym for all [illegible] and extravagantly [illegible] A single dinner often [illegible]

a betrothal feast in a robe entirely covered with pearls and emeralds, which had cost forty million sesterces, and which was known to be less costly than some of her other dresses. Gluttony, caprice, extravagance, ostentation, impurity, rioted in the heart of a society which knew of no other means by which to break the monotony of its weariness, or alleviate the anguish of its despair.

> «On that hard pagan world disgust
> And secret loathing fell;
> Deep weariness and sated lust
> Made human life a hell.
> In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
> The Roman noble lay;
> He drove abroad in furious guise
> Along the Appian Way;
> He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
> And crowned his hair with flowers—
> No easier nor no quicker passed
> The impracticable hours.»

At the summit of the whole decaying system — necessary, yet detested; elevated indefinitely above the very highest, yet living in dread of the very lowest; oppressing a population which he terrified, and terrified by the population which he oppressed — was an emperor, raised to the divinest pinnacle of autocracy, yet conscious that his life hung upon a thread; an emperor who in the terrible phrase of Gibbon was at once a priest, an atheist, and a god.

The general condition of society was such as might have been expected from the existence of these elements. The Romans had entered on a stage of fatal degeneracy from the first day of their close intercourse with Greece. Greece learnt from Rome her cold-blooded cruelty; Rome learnt from Greece her voluptuous corruption. Family life among the Romans had once been a sacred thing, and for 520 years divorce had been unknown among them. Under the empire, marriage had come to be regarded with disfavor and disdain. Women, as Seneca says, married in order to be divorced, and were divorced in order to marry; and noble Roman matrons counted the years not by the Consuls, but by their discarded or discarding husbands.

To have a family was regarded as a misfortune, because the childless were courted with extraordinary assiduity by crowds of

fortune-hunters. When there were children in a family, their education was left to be begun under the tutelage of those slaves who were otherwise the most decrepit and useless, and was carried on, with results too fatally obvious, by supple, accomplished, and abandoned Greeklings. But indeed, no system of education could have eradicated the influence of the domestic circle. No care could have prevented the sons and daughters of a wealthy family from catching the contagion of the vices of which they saw in their parents a constant and unblushing example.

Literature and art were infected with the prevalent degradation. Poetry sank in great measure into exaggerated satire, hollow declamation, or frivolous epigrams. Art was partly corrupted by the fondness for glare, expensiveness, and size, and partly sank into miserable triviality, or immoral prettinesses, such as those which decorated the walls of Pompeii in the first century and the Parc aux Cerfs in the eighteenth. Greek statues of the days of Phidias were ruthlessly decapitated, that their heads might be replaced by the scowling or imbecile features of a Caius or a Claudius. Nero, professing to be a connoisseur, thought that he improved the Alexander of Lysimachus by gilding it from head to foot. Eloquence, deprived of every legitimate aim and used almost solely for purposes of insincere display, was tempted to supply the lack of genuine fire by sonorous euphony and theatrical affectation. A training in rhetoric was now understood to be a training in the art of emphasis and verbiage, which was rarely used for any loftier purpose than to make sycophancy plausible, or to embellish sophistry with speciousness. The drama, even in Horace's days, had degenerated into a vehicle for the exhibition of scenic splendor or ingenious machinery. Dignity, wit, pathos, were no longer expected on the stage, for the dramatist was eclipsed by the swordsman or the rope-dancer. The actors who absorbed the greatest part of popular favor were pantomimists, whose insolent prosperity was generally in direct proportion to the infamy of their character. And while the shamelessness of the theatre corrupted the purity of all classes from the earliest age, the hearts of the multitude were made hard as the nether millstone with brutal insensibility, by the fury of the circus, the atrocities of the amphitheatre, and the cruel orgies of the games. Augustus, in the document annexed to his will, mentioned that he had exhibited 8,000 gladiators, and 3,510 wild beasts. The old warlike spirit of the

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Photogravure from the Famous Painting by M. D. Munkacsy.

make himself a king speaketh against *Cæsar.*" And at that dark terrible name of Cæsar, Pilate trembled. It was a name to conjure with. It mastered him. He thought of that terrible implement of tyranny, the accusation of *læsa majestas*, into which all other charges merged, which had made confiscation and torture so common, and had caused blood to flow like water in the streets of Rome. He thought of Tiberius the aged gloomy Emperor, then hiding at Capreæ his ulcerous features, his poisonous suspicions, his sick infamies, his desperate revenge. At this very time he had been maddened into a yet more sanguinary and misanthropic ferocity by the detected falsity and treason of his only friend and minister, Sejanus, and it was to Sejanus himself that Pilate is said to have owed his position. There might be secret delators in that very mob. Panic-stricken, the unjust judge, in obedience to his own terrors, consciously betrayed the innocent victim to the anguish of death. He who had so often prostituted justice was now unable to achieve the one act of justice which he desired. He who had so often murdered pity was now forbidden to taste the sweetness of a pity for which he longed. He who had so often abused authority was now rendered impotent to exercise it, for once, on the side of right. Truly for him sin had become its own Erinnys, and his pleasant vices had been converted into the instrument of his punishment! Did the solemn and noble words of the Law of the Twelve Tables—"Vanæ voces populi non sunt audiendæ, quando aut noxium crimine absolvi, aut innocentem condemnari desiderant"—come across his memory with accents of reproach as he delivered Bar-Abbas and condemned Jesus? It may have been so. At any rate, his conscience did not leave him at ease. At this, or some early period of the trial, he went through the solemn farce of trying to absolve his conscience from the guilt. He sent for water; he washed his hands before the multitude! he said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." Did he think thus to wash away his guilt? He could wash his hands; could he wash his heart? Might he not far more truly have said with the murderous king in the splendid tragedy:

> "Can all old Ocean's waters wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? Nay, rather would this hand
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green, one red!"

It may be that as he thus murdered his conscience, such a thought flashed for one moment across his miserable mind, in the words of his native poet —

> "Ah, nimium faciles qui tristia crimina cædis
> Flumineâ tolli posse putatis aqua!" OVID, *Fast.* ii. 45.

But if so, the thought was instantly drowned in a yell, the most awful, the most hideous, the most memorable that history records: "*His blood be on us and on our children.*" Then Pilate finally gave way. The fatal "*Ibis ad crucem*" was uttered with reluctant wrath. He delivered him unto them, *that he might be crucified.*

FÉNÉLON.

FÉNELON

[illegible]

BY [illegible]

FRANÇOIS DE SALINAS [illegible] at the Château Fénelon [illegible] received his early education with[illegible] where his delicate and sensitive temperament was [illegible] by his father, and where he acquired [illegible] the profound classical knowledge that distinguished him [illegible] of study at the University [illegible] College Plessis, he entered the Seminary of S[illegible] advice of his uncle, the Marquis [illegible] social and political rank at the [illegible] Fénelon was ordained a priest [illegible] mirable body of ecclesiastics who have [illegible] religious life. On his death-bed he wrote [illegible] known in his lifetime nothing more [illegible] than Saint-Sulpice. It was here that he [illegible] of the Abbé Tronson, whose guidance [illegible] career of Fénelon. Parochial work at [illegible] a convent of Protestant female [illegible] of Poitou after the Revocation [illegible] Nantes, occupied the attention of the young priest in the [illegible] years [illegible] He desired to come to Canada, [illegible] opposed the plan, which was [illegible] Fénelon, who died a Sulpicean at [illegible] wrote his 'Traité de l'Education des Jeunes Filles' [illegible] 'Traité du Ministère des Pasteurs' [illegible] and pastoral nature. [illegible] Duke of Burgundy, [illegible] a marvel in the [illegible] of the Dauphin into a youth [illegible] control. It was a [illegible] irresponsible strength. [illegible] the task and won [illegible] him he wrote his 'Fables' [illegible] 'Dialogues' [illegible] in which he inculcated [illegible] a grave character the virtues and [illegible] that [illegible]

FÉNELON

(1651–1715)

BY THOMAS J. SHAHAN

FRANÇOIS DE SALINAC DE LA MOTHE FÉNELON was born in 1651 at the Château Fénelon, in Périgord, France. He received his early education within the domestic circle, where his delicate and sensitive temperament was trained with great care by his father, and where he acquired the elements of the profound classical knowledge that distinguished him in later life. After some years of study at the University of Cahors and in the Jesuit College of Plessis, he entered the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice at Paris, by the advice of his uncle, the Marquis de Fénelon, a gentleman of high social and political rank at the court of the Grand Monarque. Fénelon was ordained a priest at Saint-Sulpice, and joined the admirable body of ecclesiastics who have given fame to that centre of religious life. On his death-bed he wrote to Louis XIV. that he had known in his lifetime nothing more venerable or more apostolic than Saint-Sulpice. It was here that he fell under the spiritual influence of the Abbé Tronson, whose guidance had much to do with the future career of Fénelon. Parochial work at Saint-Sulpice, the guidance of a convent of Protestant female converts, a mission to the Huguenots of Poitou after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, occupied the attention of the young priest in the early years of his career. He desired to come to Canada, to evangelize the Indians; but his friends opposed the plan, which was carried out by his brother, the Abbé Fénelon, who died a Sulpicean at Montreal in 1697. At this time he wrote his 'Traité de l'Education des Jeunes Filles' (1687) and his 'Traité du Ministère des Pasteurs' (1688), admirable manuals of a pedagogical and pastoral nature. In 1689 he was made preceptor of the young Duke of Burgundy, the grandson of the King. Here he accomplished a marvel in the transformation of the passionate and stubborn son of the Dauphin into a youth of courteous manners and great self-control. It was a triumph of art and tact against brute nature and irresponsible strength. But Fénelon, a born teacher, was equal to the task, and won moreover the undying affection of the young duke. For him he wrote his 'Fables' (36), and his 'Dialogues des Morts' (91), in which he inculcated by alternate lessons of a pleasing or a grave character the virtues and principles that befitted

a ruler of men. He wrote also a 'Life of Charlemagne,' model of a Christian king; but it seems never to have been printed. While his position as the duke's preceptor seemed to assure to Fénelon a most honorable career, it was precisely what caused the greatest of his misfortunes,—the loss of the King's confidence. Fénelon had written for the instruction of the duke a work entitled 'Les Aventures de Telémaque, Fils d'Ulysse,' a kind of postscriptum to the Odyssey. It was in reality a manual in which all the wisdom of classic antiquity was gathered by a master hand and explained in almost perfect style, to one destined to govern the greatest kingdom of Europe. But it was surreptitiously printed, and the King's courtiers pointed out in it many apparent satires on the King's principles and conduct, notably in the delineation of Idumæus. Thenceforth Fénelon fell under the ban of the jealous King. He had been already made in 1693 a member of the Academy, and in 1695 Archbishop of Cambrai.

In the mean time had broken out the famous controversy on Quietism, apropos of the doctrine and life of a female mystic, Madame de Guyon. A grave discussion had arisen concerning the orthodoxy of her views on the pure and unselfish love of God, in which Bossuet and Fénelon were adversaries; with the immediate result that the latter accepted, with some reserves, the outcome of the famous Conferences of Issy. Not long after Fénelon wrote, to justify himself, 'L'Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la Vie Intérieure,' to which in the same year (1697) Bossuet replied by the 'Instructions sur les États d'Oraison.' Meanwhile the affair was brought before the Holy See, which was solicited on one side by the powerful King and the nephew and the agent of Bossuet, and on the other by the good Abbé Chauterac, with whom Fénelon kept up a most admirable exchange of letters. Rome hesitated long, diminished the number of assailable propositions, and finally in March 1699 condemned some of those laid before her as «*dangerous*,» not as *heretical*, which was the vote that the King and Bossuet anxiously looked for. In April of the same year followed the humble submission of Fénelon. Weinand agrees with the Pope, who is reported to have said that in the whole affair Bossuet sinned by lack of human, and Fénelon by excess of Divine love.

From the outbreak of the discussion on Quietism, Fénelon had been obliged to withdraw from the court to his diocese of Cambrai, which he administered with rare zeal and success. The largely Flemish population, and the fact that it was partly the scene of the War of the Spanish Succession, made the territory no easy one to care for; but he proved himself a good shepherd indeed, a wise adviser of the Crown in his numerous letters and memoirs, a preacher of the highest rank, and a rhetorician second to few in his 'Dialogues

sur l'Éloquence en Général et sur Celle de La Chaise en Particulier' (Paris, 1708). The last years of his life were occupied with a continuous warfare against the open and the secret friends of Jansenism, which was making its greatest struggle for political recognition when Fénelon died, January 7th, 1715, beloved and regretted by all, the foremost gentleman of France, and the greatest ecclesiastical soul since Saint Bernard.

Saint-Simon thus describes Fénelon's appearance ('Mémoires'):—

«He was a tall, thin man, well made, pale, with a large nose, eyes whence fire and talent streamed like a torrent, and a physiognomy the like of which I have never seen in any other man, and which once seen one could never forget. It combined everything, and the greatest contradictions produced no want of harmony. It united seriousness and gayety, gravity and courtesy,—the prevailing characteristic, as in everything about him, being refinement, intellect, gracefulness, modesty, and above all, *noblesse*. It was difficult to take one's eyes off him. All his portraits are speaking, and yet none of them have caught the exquisite harmony which struck one in the original, or the exceeding delicacy of every feature. His manner altogether corresponded to his appearance; his perfect ease was infectious to others, and his conversation was stamped with the grace and good taste which are acquired only by habitual intercourse with the best society and the great world.»

His political views were moral and Christian in color, and for that age highly democratic, marking a return to the best period of the Middle Ages.

«This ideal,» says Principal Tulloch in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' «was that of a limited monarchy, surrounded by national institutions, each having its due place and function in the body politic, and representing in due degree public opinion. A written constitution, one sovereign law for all, universal education provided by the State, the reciprocal independence of the temporal and spiritual powers, detestation of war, free industry in agriculture and trade, a people growing in intelligence and self-dependence around the throne and under the guidance of the Church,—such were the broad principles which he sought to instill into his pupil, and so to make him, in his own language, a philosophic king, 'a new St. Louis.'»

His own king, Louis XIV., looked on all this as brilliant but chimerical.

Fénelon ranks forever as one of the most elegant writers in the French language. The sweetness of his character, his tender and loving mysticism, his unction and simplicity, his crystal-clear thought, and affectionate direct eloquence, mark him as unequaled in his own line as a director of souls and a teacher of men. His philosophy of life is kindly and practical, but directed to a higher end of man than the pleasures of earth afford, and his instruction is always decked out with all the intellectual graces that can allure men to look beyond and above the present and the transitory.

«The most effective charm of his works,» wrote D'Alembert, «is the sentiment of calm and peace that he instils into his reader; he is like a friend who draws near to you and whose soul runs over into your own. He soothes, he allays, if only for a moment, your sorrows and your trials, and one forgives humanity for so many men who make us hate it, in favor of Fénelon, who makes us love it.»

The best edition of his works is that of Paris, 1852 (10 vols.), containing biographical material, documents, and the best life of Fénelon, that printed in 1808 by Cardinal de Bausset. The reader may also consult with profit Michelet's 'Louis XIV. et le Duc de Bourgogne'; Sainte-Beuve, 'Causeries du Lundi'; Emmanuel de Broglie, 'Fénelon à Cambrai'; an article by Principal Tulloch in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'; that by Weinand in Welzer and Welte's 'Kirchenlexikon'; and the pertinent paragraphs in histories of French literature and in French biographical encyclopædias, like the 'Nouveau Dictionnaire de Biographie Générale.' A good biography is also found in H. Sidney Lear's 'Christian Biographies' (1877). The latter has also translated into English the 'Lettres Spirituelles' of Fénelon.

TO ONE IN PERPLEXITY

From the 'Spiritual Letters'

You doubt, and you cannot bear up under doubt. I am not surprised; doubt is torture; but do not argue, and you will cease to doubt. The shadows of a simple faith are very different from doubt; its troubles bring their own consolation and fruits. After they have reduced a man they restore him, and leave him in full peace. Doubt is the trouble of a soul left to itself, which wants to see what God hides from it, and out of self-love seeks impossible securities. What have you sacrificed to God, save your own judgment and self-interest? Would you lose sight of that which has been your aim from your very first step, namely, to abandon yourself to God? Would you make shipwreck when just in port, recall your gift, and require God to subject himself to your rules, whereas he requires, and you have promised, to walk Abraham-like in the deepest darkness of faith? And what merit would there be in your course, if you had

miracles and revelations to make sure of your path? Miracles and revelations would soon lose their force, and you would fall back into your doubts. You are giving way to temptation. Do not hearken to yourself; your real convictions, if you will follow them simply, will put to flight all these phantoms.

Translation of H. Sidney Lear.

DANGERS OF A QUESTIONING MIND

From the 'Spiritual Letters'

He who would fain satisfy himself perpetually that he is guided by reason, not by temper or passion, will only lose his time without ever coming to a satisfactory result; for he can never be certain that temper or passion in specious disguise are not moving him to do what he fancies himself doing from pure reason. It is God's will to keep us in this obscurity even as to the natural order of things. How much more must we be content to forego evidence and uncertainty, when it is a question of the most delicate workings of grace, in the deep darkness of faith and supernatural things! This restless, obstinate search after an unattainable certainty is very evidently the work of nature, not of grace; you cannot be too much on your guard against it. It is a subtle inquiry which will take a hundred shapes. This craving for geometrical certainty is rooted in you by all your natural inclinations, by lifelong and interesting studies, by habits become second nature, and by a plausible desire to watch and guard against illusion. But an evangelic vigilance should never go so far as to disturb the heart's peace, or to demand evidence as to the secret operations of grace which it pleases God to keep hidden beneath a veil. To speak frankly and unreservedly, you perfectly know that you ought to dread your excessive tendency to reason, even about all the common matters of every-day life. You ought to dread it much more when it meddles with those workings which are above reason, and which God conceals. One thing is quite certain; namely, that the more faithful you are in mortifying your intellectual tastes, your inquisitive philosophic research, your undue wisdom, forced speculations, and efforts to convince other men, the more you will mortify your real natural frailties, and therein promote the life of grace in you.

Translation of H. Sidney Lear.

THE GODDESS CALYPSO

From 'Telemachus'

TELEMACHUS followed the goddess as she moved away, surrounded by a bevy of young nymphs, taller by a head than any of her handmaidens, and like some great oak of the forest that spreads its leafy branches above its neighbors. He admired the splendor of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and trailing draperies, her tresses gathered at the neck in a loose but graceful knot, and her sparkling eyes, whose vivacity was tempered by a certain sweetness. Mentor, with modestly downcast eyes, followed Telemachus. On arriving at the grotto of Calypso, Telemachus was surprised to see that despite an air of rustic simplicity, it was provided with all that could charm the eye. There was there neither gold nor silver, neither marble nor columns, neither paintings nor statues. The grotto itself was cut out of the living rock, and its vaulted roof was ornamented with pebbles and sea-shells. Along the walls a young vine had trailed its supple branches, and clothed the grotto with the greenest of tapestries. Gentle zephyrs fanned a delicious fragrance into this favored spot, and cooled the rays of the sun, while from many fountains the sweet waters stole softly away over beds of amarynths and violets, and gathered here and there into crystal pools. Countless flowers sprang from the fresh earth on all sides, and enameled the green turf with the loveliest of colors. Here the eye rested upon a forest of umbrageous trees, among whose leafy branches hung golden apples, and whose blooms, renewed with every season, shed around the most delicious of perfumes. This forest seemed almost to hide the rich meadows, and to cast over them a deep night that no rays of the sun could penetrate, but through which could be heard the songs of birds, and the noise of a waterfall that dashed in foamy masses from the summit of a rock and hastened away across the plain.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Rev. Thomas J. Shahan.

THE WEAKNESS OF KINGS

From 'Telemachus'

MENTOR said to Idumæus:—"How comes it, since you know so thoroughly these wicked men, that you still keep them near your person? I do not marvel to see them follow you; that is in their own best interest; nor yet that you give them asylum in your new State. But why put trust in them after so much cruel experience?" "You are ignorant," replied Idumæus, "how useless is all experience to princes who live in idleness and luxury a life of irreflection; they are dissatisfied with all about them, yet they lack the courage to correct what they disapprove. The habits of so many years held me as with chains of iron to these men, who in turn haunted me without ceasing. Since my arrival they have betrayed me into all the excessive expenditure that you behold; they have exhausted the growing State, and have drawn upon me the war that without your aid would have overwhelmed me. At Salentum I would have soon fallen a prey to the same misfortunes that worked my ruin in Crete. But you have now opened my eyes, and have filled me with the courage needed to throw off these shackles. I know not how it is, but since we are here I feel myself another man."

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Rev. Thomas J. Shahan.

THE INTERNAL DISSENSIONS OF CHRISTIANS

From 'A Sermon for St. Bernard's Day'

O SOUL that burnest with the fire of Jesus, come with haste and learn in Bernard's exposition of the canticles the consolations, the trials, and the martyrdom of those spouses whom a jealous God would purify! How is it that to mankind in the decline of time and in an epoch of crowding visitations, a man appears who would have been the glory and the joy of the early ages? It is because, like her spouse, the Church is clothed with an imperishable beauty, and despite her age, is still the ever-fruitful. Did not the world need a renewal of light in a time of confusion and sin? Alas! those iniquitous days are not yet gone, my brethren; what do we behold about us even now?

That which we would gladly never behold,— vanity of vanities, and still more vanity, with toil and affliction of spirit beneath the sun! When I look on so much evil I rejoice with the dead, and I pity the estate of the living. What can be in store for us? In the North, proud and fantastic sects, the fruit of another age, trifle with the Scriptures, and justify thereby every strange vision of their hearts. It is not enough, however, that they should lift their mouths against God and blaspheme the Church, but the very children of the Church must rend the entrails of their mother, and cover her with opprobrium. It seems a miracle of grace that some Christians are saved in this deluge of corruption, and that not all are made frantic by ambition. The multitude adores deities of flesh and blood; from them it hopes to obtain a so-called fortune. The hearts of men are enchained by the demon of avarice, which St. Paul calls an idolatry. It is true indeed, with St. Chrysostom, that they no longer adore gods of gold and silver,— they adore the gold and silver themselves, and in them set all their hope; very far from selling all things, like the primitive Christians, they never cease from buying; nay, they acquire by ceaseless rapacity, by endless artifice, and by the forceful use of authority. Look upon those Christians who rend one another, who lacerate one another, who sharpen their poison-dripping tongues, and fit weapons to their hands that they may imbue them in the blood of their brethren! Behold how they are lost to all sense of shame, sunk in their own vile pleasures, brutalized by their monstrous passions! From them God has withdrawn himself, and in his anger he has given them over to the desires of their own hearts. They believe that they see and hear all things, yet in reality they see and hear nothing. They walk as men who tremblingly feel their way along the edge of an abyss. They are like tottering men overpowered by drunkenness, and they will die ignorant of who they are and whence they came.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Rev. Thomas J. Shahan.

SUSAN EDMONSTONE FERRIER

(1782–1854)

OF THE sprightly Edinburgh novelist Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, it is often said, more affectionately than accurately, that she was a novelist who did for Scotland in her fiction what her contemporaries Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth accomplished in their novels of English and Irish social life and character. It should not be disputed, however, that Miss Ferrier merits a superior place in the circle of British novelists of the first half of the nineteenth century. She wrote only three novels,—'Marriage' (1818), 'The Inheritance' (1824), and 'Destiny' (1831). They are all of the old-fashioned length and minuteness of treatment: but they have the quality of sincerity in every page; and in their ambitious titles and elaborate detail they show that each work was broadly conceived and was meant to illustrate some abstract central thought. Like Miss Burney when giving 'Evelina' to the world, Miss Ferrier's first story was published anonymously; but going further than Miss Burney in her preference for being unrecognized as an author, it was not until a very few years before Miss Ferrier's death that she allowed her name to appear on the title-page of any of her tales. Professional writing was distasteful to her; and it was only at the entreaty of a friend that she made public her literary gift. 'Marriage' had been shown only to intimate friends during eight years before she allowed it to be published. But the success of her stories from the first was complete. They were attributed to authors of high distinction,—Professor John Wilson supposing that the first two at least were by Scott, until it was admitted that a woman had written them.

Miss Ferrier was born in 1782, the youngest of ten children of James Ferrier, a factor and friend of the fifth Duke of Argyll, and for a time associated in a city office with Scott. Susan was an amiable, quiet, and quick-witted girl, who received a careful education. She had much natural vivacity, and in social life the same shrewd humor and tendency toward satire that appears in her books. A French quality suggesting La Bruyère (a special favorite with her) was a note in her conversation as in her pages. But her intellectuality was matched with delightful tact, a warm heart, and delicacy of feeling. She early had access to much of the distinguished society of the Scotch capital, which included such literary men as Scott, Jeffrey, Sir James Mackintosh, Professor Wilson, Joanna Baillie, Sydney

Smith, and Macaulay. She also saw a good deal of merely fashionable and wealthy social circles, English and Scotch, at home and in London; making large use of their types in particular in her fictions. Scott took a special interest in her, and she was one of his last visitors at Abbotsford. To him she dedicated her last and perhaps best tale, 'Destiny.' Miss Ferrier's life grew more and more retired as she advanced in years, and a failing eyesight which presently became nearly complete blindness secluded her from all except an intimate group of friends. She died in Edinburgh in 1854.

Aside from her qualities as a literary woman, Miss Ferrier was an amiable, unaffected lady, of high principle and simple and domestic tastes. It is unfortunate that her correspondence, covering the letters of many years, was almost entirely destroyed at her own request.

Miss Ferrier's novels are classed among «Scotch novels»; and as to many passages, they deal with Scotch types. But they are not in close touch with the Scotch novel as we understand it through Scott and Galt. They offer no remarkable descriptions of Scotch scenery; they have but moderate local color; they are almost entirely lacking in romance; and there is none of the picturesqueness suggesting the stage, which belongs to her contemporaries. She wrote very considerably from the English point of view, describing Scottish family life of the period largely under modish South-British influences. Most of her personages are rich English gentility, or pretentious Scotch persons of quality. She has relatively little to do with distinctive Highland nobility or peasantry; and indeed where the authoress concerns herself humorously with Scotch human nature and life she is satirical. Relatively few of her characters speak in dialect,—even among the middle-class types, where we can suppose that there would have been propriety in Scotch words and phrases. There is seldom opportunity for pathos, though in certain episodes she shows due feeling. She strongly emphasizes religion and the «practice of piety,» in contrast to an irreligious and fashionable use of one's time, —so much so that she makes in one of her prefaces an almost apologetic reference to this element. As a novelist of plot, Miss Ferrier is little more interesting than Miss Austen. But even in her stiffly didactic analyses we find great clearness of thought as to human nature, and a nice expression of it. Her readers will not be apt to confuse with any other novelist's delineations such little portraits as the pompous Lord Rossville, the impertinent Miss Pratt, the kindly and devoted Mrs. Macaulay, the coarse and vulgar Rev. Mr. M'Dow, the gossiping good-natured Mr. Ribley and the dictatorial wife of his bosom, the two Misses Douglas, Jacky and Nicky, Mrs. Pullens, strong in domestic economy, or bluff Uncle Adam. There is real force in the longer studies, such as Glenroy, Lady Juliana Douglas,

or the frivolous Lady Florinda Waldegrave and her even more frivolous mother, who in some sense anticipates Dickens's Mrs. Skewton. Of her heroes and heroines it may be remarked that they are sensible and attractive young people, of the sort that even the modern young man or young woman would be glad to marry, though one would not be apt to fall into a frenzy of romantic fire and despair for their sakes. Perhaps the most striking trait in her books is her sharp vignettes of personages,—the study sometimes only a half-page long,—in which she hits out a whole character. She has left behind her in her three books a unique gallery of much variety and of emphatic truth.

A HIGHLAND BETTER HALF

From 'The Inheritance'

IN THE course of her domiciliary visits, Gertrude found herself at the door of the cottage she had visited the memorable morning after her arrival at Rossville; and somewhat curious to know the state of affairs there, she was about to enter when at that moment Uncle Adam was descried approaching. They waited till he came up, and then invited him to join in the visit; which after a little humming and hawing he agreed to do.

The door was hard-and-fast shut, but upon knocking it was banged open by our *ci-devant* friend the dame of the stoups, who immediately recognized and most cordially welcomed her former visitor.

« Eh! my leddy, is this you? I ax your pardon, my leddy, but I really didna ken weel wha you was the first time you was here; just come foret, my leddy; jest stap in ower, sir; dinna be feared, my leddy; just gang in bye,» etc., etc., etc.; and carefully closing the door against the breath of heaven, she ushered her guests into the dark precincts of her foul-aired, smoky cabin. A press-bed, with a bit of blue checked stuff hanging down, denoted that the poor sufferer had now exchanged his seat by the fire for his bed, and the chair which he had formerly occupied stood with its back to the fire, covered with clothes apparently drying.

« How does your husband do?» inquired Lady Rossville.

« Oo, 'deed, my leddy, he's just quite silly-wise,» responded the dame in a whining, melancholy key; « he just lies there snottering awa',» pointing to the bed.

"Is he confined to bed?" asked Mr. Lyndsay.

"No—no, sir, he's no confined ony ways, he gets up whiles; but 'deed it's no aye convenient for me to ha'e him up; for as I tell him, what can he do when he *is* up? for he's no fit to put his hand to onything; and he's mair oot o' the way there than he wad be ony place else."

"More out of the way of regaining health, certainly," said Mr. Lyndsay.

"Health, sir!" interrupted the hostess; "'deed he'll ne'er ha'e health as lang as he lives; he's just been draggle-dragglen on, these twunty month by Marti'mas; I'm sure I've had a weary time o't wi' him, and noo I canna get a hand's turn maist done for him, the hoose an' awthing's just gawin' to destruction; and I'm sure I really think shame o' mysel'," surveying two large dirty arms from top to toe; "an' there's the weans, puir things, gawin' in perfect rags, for I ne'er can get a steek put in either to their duds or my ain."

Here the voice of the sick man was heard in a faint accent, calling the gudewife.

"That's just the way he gangs on, my leddy; he just lies there and yelps, yelps, yelps even on for me. What is't noo?" in her loudest, sharpest key, as she banged up to the bed. "A drink? I wonder ye ha'e nae mair sense, man, than to ask for a drink the noo, when her leddyship's here, an' Maister Lyndsay an' aw, speerin' for you."

Mr. Lyndsay here took up a jug of water which was standing on the top of a chest by the bedside, and held it to the sick man's lips; but the reproof was thrown away, or rather misconstrued by his soothing helpmate.

"Oh, sir, I think shame o' your takin' sae muckle trouble, for he's just like a bairn; he's aye wantin' something or anither, and he's just lost aw discretion thegither. I wonder you dinna think shame o' yoursel'," to her husband, "when you see the fashery you mak'."

Mr. Lyndsay, meanwhile, having felt the invalid's pulse, began to put a few queries to him touching his complaint.

"Have you much thirst?" asked he.

"Oh, sir, he wad drink the very ocean an let him."

"Pray let him speak for himself," said Lyndsay, again putting the question to the patient, who seemed so unused to the privilege that he was evidently at a loss how to make use of it.

"Have you any pain in your head?"

"'Deed, sir, I dinna think he has muckle pain in his heed, though he compleens o't whiles; but as I often tell him, I wiss he had my back. I'm sure I've a pain whiles atween my shouthers, sir—" rolling a huge, fat, strong-looking back as she spoke.

"I shall attend to your pains some other time, if you will be so good as keep them quiet for the present," said Lyndsay; then once more turning to the sick man, he asked whether he had pain or weakness in his limbs that prevented him from rising.

"I'm sure I dinna ken what it is," again interposed the incorrigible matron. "He canna be sair, I'm positive o' that, for there's naething like an income aboot him—oo no—no, no, sir; he's aye keepit a hale skin, and that's a great mercy. He's very silly, to be sure, but that canna be helpit, ye ken."

"Do you never allow your husband to answer for himself?" asked Mr. Lyndsay, at a loss whether to laugh or be provoked at this intolerable woman.

"Oo, sir, I'm sure he's walcome to speak for me; but, 'tweel I dinna think he kens very weel what till say, or what it is that ails him. Tam,"—shouting into his ear,—"the leddy wants to hear an you can speak ony. Canna ye thank her for the braw claise and the siller she gied you?"

"Should not you like to be up out of bed?" asked Gertrude, now trying her skill to extract an answer; but before he had time to reply his mouthpiece again took up the word.

"Up, my leddy! 'Deed he just craik, craiks to be up, and than whan he's up he craik, craiks to be doun; an' it wad be very disconvenient for to ha'e him up the day, for you see," pointing to the clothes that were spread over the chairs, "the fire's aw tane up wi' his dead-claise that I was gi'en an air to, for they had got unco dampish-wise wi' the wat wather; an' I'm thinkin' he'll no be lang o' wantin' them noo; and this is siccan a bonny day, I thought what atween the fire and the sun they wad be sure to get a gude toast."

Uncle Adam had hitherto practiced a degree of forbearance which had scarcely a parallel in his whole life and conversation; but indeed, from the moment the dame had first opened her lips he had felt that words would be weak weapons to have recourse to, and that nothing less than smiting could at all satisfy his outraged feelings. Luckily at this moment she was not within reach of his arm, otherwise it is to be feared his wrath would have

vented itself not in thin air but in solid blows. As it was, he at length burst forth like a volcano, with —

"Airing the honest man's dead-claise when the breath's in his body yet! Ye're bauld to treat a living man as ye would a sweel'd corpse, and turn his very hoose into a kirk-yard! How daur ye set up your face to keep him frae his ain fireside for ony o' your dead duds?"

And snatching up the paraphernalia so ostentatiously displayed, he thrust the whole into the fire. "There, that'll gie them a gude toast for you!" said he; and as they broke into a blaze he quitted the cabin.

"Eh, sirs! the bonny claise that cost sae muckle siller!" sobbed the mistress in a hysterical tone, as she made an ineffectual effort to save them; "the ill-faur'd carle that he is, to tak' upon him for to set low to ony honest man's wundin'-sheet!"

Lady Rossville was confounded; for as she but imperfectly comprehended the pith of the parley that had taken place, the action appeared to her,— as indeed it was,— perfectly outrageous, and her purse was instantly open to repair this breach of law and justice. But Lyndsay could scarcely keep from laughing at the tragi-comic scene that had just taken place. From his knowledge of the character and modes of thinking of the Scottish peasantry he was not at all surprised at the gudewife's preparations; but while she was engrossed with her attempts to redeem some bits of the linen from the flames, he took the opportunity of carrying on his colloquy with the husband.

"So I see your wife does not attempt to conceal from you the danger you are in," said he.

"Na, na," said the invalid, perking up; "what for wad she do that? they wadna be a true freend that wad hide a man's danger frae him; we're aw ready enough to hide it frae oursel's, and forget the care o' our ain immortal sowls."

"You have seen your minister, then, I suppose?"

"Oo ay, honest man! he ca's in nows and thans, and muckle edification I get frae him;" then, calling to his dame, he began to comfort her for the loss she had sustained as though it had been her own holiday suit.

"What a shocking woman!" exclaimed Gertrude, as they quitted the cottage; "how worse than unfeeling to have prepared her husband's dead-clothes, and have them even displayed before his eyes in that manner!"

«She certainly is not a favorable specimen of a Scotch gudewife,» answered Mr. Lyndsay; «but I have seen the most affectionate wife talk of the death of her husband, even while administering to his wants with the greatest solicitude: but they are much less sophisticated in their ideas upon these subjects than we are; they would think it highly wrong to use any deception at such a time.»

«But how shocking to hear one's death talked of as inevitable!»

«But they do not talk of it in that manner; they believe that all things are possible with God. They send for the doctor as they do for the minister, and pray for a blessing on the means used; they leave all in the hand of God. I have seen many on their death-beds in various circumstances, and I have always found that they who were in the habit of hearing of death and eternity, of conversing with their ministers and religious people, have, generally speaking, looked forward to death with resignation and composure.»

«I can indeed easily imagine,» said Lady Rossville, «that the poor man we have just left must look forward to heaven with great complacency, were it only to be rid of that tormenting creature, and out of that vile smoky cabin.»

«A smoky house and a scolding wife have indeed always been looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of human misery; but that is only amongst the rich. When you have seen more of the poor you will be satisfied there are still greater evils; you are still a novice in the miseries of life, Gertrude.»

«Perhaps so, and yet»— She stopped and sighed, and they proceeded homeward in silence.

THE REVEREND MR. M'DOW: AND HIS COURTSHIP

From 'Destiny'

THE Reverend Duncan M'Dow was a large, loud-spoken, splay-footed man, whose chief characteristics were his bad preaching, his love of eating, his rapacity for augmentations (or as he termed it, *owg*mentations), and a want of tact in all the *bienséances* of life which would have driven Lord Chesterfield frantic. His hands and feet were in everybody's way: the

former, indeed, like huge grappling-irons, seized upon everything they could possibly lay hold of; while the latter were commonly to be seen sprawling at an immeasurable distance from his body, and projecting into the very middle of the room like two prodigious moles or bastions. He dealt much in stale jokes and bad puns; he had an immense horse-laugh which nothing ever restrained, and an enormous appetite which nothing seemed to damp, and which he took care always to supply with the best things at table. He used a great quantity of snuff, and was forever handing about his mull,—an ugly cow's-horn, with a foul dingy cairngorm set in silver on the top. To sum up his personal enormities, when he spoke he had a practice of always advancing his face as close as possible to the person he was addressing. Although a strong-bodied sturdy man, he was extremely careful of his health; and even in a fine summer's day was to be seen in a huge wooly greatcoat that reached to his heels, trotting along on a stout dun pony just high enough to keep its master's feet off the ground.

Such were the outward man and beast; the inward man was very much of the same stamp. Mr. M'Dow's principal object in this world was self, and his constant and habitual thoughts had naturally operated on his outward manners to such a degree as to blunt all the nicer perceptions of human nature, and render him in very truth his own microcosm. He was no dissembler; for a selfish dissembler is aware that in order to please, one must appear to think of others and forget self. This fictitious politeness he had neither the tact to acquire nor the cunning to feign; consequently he was devoid of all the means of pleasing. Not that we mean to recommend dissimulation, or to insinuate that Mr. M'Dow would in reality have been a better man had he been able and willing to form himself on the model of the Chesterfield school. He would merely have been less offensive in the ordinary intercourse of life, and would have sinned less against the common observances of society. But had he been earnest in his calling, had he sought to have his mind enlightened by the knowledge of those Divine truths which he professed to teach, their unction would have softened and refined even the ruggedness of his nature, and have rendered him an object of respect instead of a subject of ridicule. . . .

The day arrived for the long-promised visit to the manse. . . . It was a thin tenement, built of rough gray stone of the

usual pattern, a window on each side of the door and three above. At one side was the garden, with cabbages and marigolds growing pell-mell, and in the rear was the set of condemned offices, partly thatched and partly slated. There were no attempts at neatness in the approach to the house, which was merely a rough jog-trot road, flanked on each side by a dike. Presently Mr. M'Dow was seen hurrying to the door to meet his guests, and there, as they alighted, he was ready to receive them with open hands.

Great was the joy expressed at this honor, as Mr. M'Dow led the way to the interior of his mansion, which was just such as might have been expected from its outward aspect. There was a narrow stone passage with a door on each side, and there was a perpendicular wooden stair, and that was all that was to be seen at the first *coup d'œil.* But if little was revealed to the eye, the secrets of the house were yielded with less coy reserve to the other senses: for there was to be heard the sound of a jack, now beginning with that low, slow, mournful whine which jacks of sensibility are sure to have; then gradually rising to a louder and more grating pitch; till at length one mighty crash, succeeded as all mighty crashes are, by a momentary silence. Then comes the winding-up, which, contrary to all the rules of the drama, is in fact only a new beginning; and so on *ad infinitum* till the deed is done. With all these progressive sounds were mingled the sharp, shrill, loud voice and Gaelic accents of the *chef de cuisine*, with an occasional clash or clang, at least equal to the fall of the armor in the Castle of Otranto.

Then there issued forth with resistless might a smell which defied all human control, and to which doors and windows were but feeble barriers or outlets; till like the smoke in the 'Arabian Nights,' which resolved itself into a genie, it seemed as if about to quit its aerial form and assume a living and tangible substance.

Lucy would fain have drawn back as she crossed the threshold, and quitting the pure precincts of sunshine and fresh air, found herself in the power of this unseen monster,—this compound of fish, fat, peats, burnt grease, kail, leeks, and onions, reveling, too, amid such scenes and beneath such a sky!

"You see I have brought my sketch-book, Mr. M'Dow," said she; "so I must make the most of my time, and be busy out of doors. . . . A noted sketcher, as papa calls me, minds neither heat nor cold, and I shall easily find either a shady spot or a cool breeze."

«Well, then, since you will go out, trust yourself to me, and I'll take you where you'll find both, and the most beautiful prospect into the bargain.»

At that moment the door opened, and a thick yellow man, with no particular features, dressed in a short coat, tartan trews, and a very large ill-colored neckcloth, entered the room and was introduced by the minister as his cousin and brother-in-law, Mr. Dugald M'Dow, from Glasgow, then on a visit at the manse.

«We're just going to take a turn in the garden, Mr. Dugald,» said his host: «will you get your hat and join us?»

«With the greatest pleasure,» replied Mr. Dugald with a strong accent and a stiff conceited bow; then, popping down a sealskin cap from a peg in the passage, he was instantly accoutred, and the party set forth.

«I wish it had been earlier in the season, Miss Lucy,» said Mr. M'Dow, as he ushered her into his kail-yard by a narrow slimy path, overrun with long sprawling bushes; «a month ago I could have treated you to as fine berries as perhaps you ever tasted. They were uncommonly large and jisey, and at the same time extremely high-flavored. I have a little red hairy berry that's very deleeshus; and there's the honey-blobs, an uncommon fine berry — a great deal of jise in it. I was rather unlucky in my rasps this season; they were small and wormy, and a very poor crop: but my currins were amazingly prolific and uncommonly jisey. In fact, I couldn't use the half of them, and it was really vexatious to see them absolutely rotting on the bushes. The want of a lady at the berry season is a great want, and one that's sorely felt; for though my lass is an exceeding good plain cook, yet she's not mistress of the higher branches of cookery, such as the making of jams and jeellies, and these things; but I would fain flatter myself, by the time the berry season comes round again, I may have a fair lady to manage them for me. Do you think I may venture to hope so, Miss Lucy?» . . .

Again she attempted to rid herself of the assiduities of Mr. M'Dow, and was gliding away, as she hoped unperceived, when, striding after her like a seven-league ogre, he called: — «Miss Lucy — Miss Lucy! you're not running away from us, I hope? This is just about the time I ordered a slight refreshment to be ready,» pulling out his watch: «you'll do me the honor to partake of it, I hope?»

onions, and decorated with onion rings round their legs and pinions. At the corners were minced collops and tripe, confronted with a dish of large old pease, drowned (for they could not swim) in butter; next, a mess of mashed potatoes, scored and rescored with the marks of the kitchen knife — a weapon which is to be found in all kitchens, varying in length from one to three feet, and in uncivilized lands used indiscriminately to cut meat, fish, fowl, onions, bread, and butter. Saucers filled with ill-colored pickles filled up the interstices.

"I ordered merely a slight refreshment," said Mr. M'Dow, surveying his banquet with great complacency; "I think it preferable to a more solid *mail* in this weather. Of all good Scotch dishes, in my opinion, there's none equal to cocky-leeky; as a friend of mine said, it's both nectar and ambrosia. You'll find that uncommonly good, Miss Lucy, if you'll just try it; for it's made by a receipt of my mother's, and she was always famous for cocky-leeky: the prunes are a great improvement; they give a great delicacy to the flavor: my leeks are not come to their full strength yet, but they are extremely sweet; you may help me to a few more of the broth, captain, and don't spare the leeks. I never see cocky-leeky without thinking of the honest man who found a snail in his: 'Tak ye that snack, my man,' says he, 'for looking sae like a plum-damy;' hoch, hoch, ho! There's a roasted hare coming to remove the fish, and I believe you see your refreshment; there's merely a few trifles coming."

Lucy had accepted one of Mr. Dugald's little muddy trouts, as the least objectionable article of the repast; and while Mr. M'Dow's mouth was stuffed with prunes and leeks, silence ensued. But having dispatched a second plateful and taken a bumper of wine, he began again:—"I can answer for the ducks, Miss Lucy, if you'll do me the favor to try them. A clean knife and fork, Jess, to Mr. Dugald to cut them. I prefer ducks to a goose; a goose is an inconvenient sort of bird, for it's rather large for one person, and it's not big enough for two. But my stars, Jess! what *is* the meaning of this? the ducks are perfectly raw!" in an accent of utter despair. "What *is* the meaning of it? You must take it to the brander, and get it done as fast as you can. How came Eppy to go so far wrong, I wonder!"

Jess here emitted some of her guttural sounds, which being translated amounted to this: that the jack had run down and Eppy couldn't get it set going again.

«That's most ridiculous!» exclaimed Mr. M'Dow indignantly; «when I was at the pains to show her myself how to manage her. She's the Auchnagoil jack, which I bought, and a most famous goer. But you see how it is, Miss Lucy; you must make allowance for a bachelor's house: there's a roasted hare coming. Jess, take away the fish, and bring the hare to me.» The hare was herewith introduced, and flung, rather than placed, before her master. «Oh, this is quite intolerable! There's really no bearing this! The hare's burnt to a perfect stick! The whole jise is out of its body!»

«Your cook's not a good hare-dresser; that's all that can be said,» quoth Mr. Dugald.

«Very well said—extremely good,» said Mr. M'Dow, trying to laugh off his indignation; «and after all, I believe, it's only a little scowthered. Do me the favor to try a morsel of it, Miss Lucy, with a little jeelly. Jess, put down the jeelly. Oh, have you nothing but a pig to put it in?» demanded he, in a most wrathful accent, as Jess clapped down a large native jelly-pot upon the table. «Where's the handsome cut-crystal jeelly-dish I bought at the Auchnagoil roup?»

Jess's face turned very red, and a downcast look of conscious guilt told that the «handsome cut-crystal jeelly-dish» was no more.

«This is really most provoking! But if you'll not taste the hare, Miss Lucy, will you do me the kindness to try the minced collops? or a morsel of tripe? It's a sweet, simple dish—a great favorite of my mother's; both you and the captain are really poor eaters, so you and I, Mr. Dugald, must just keep each other in countenance.»

And another pause ensued, till at last an order was given to take everything away. «And bring the few trifles—but *will* you make less noise? there's no hearing ourselves speak for you;» but Jess rattled away, nevertheless, till she vanished, leaving the door wide open. A few minutes elapsed before she reappeared, with the greasy apparition of Eppy at her back, standing on the threshold with her hands full.

«Now take the pigeon pie to Mr. Dugald; bring the puddin' to me; put the puffs and cheesecakes at the sides, and the cream in the middle. I'm sorry I've no jeellies and *blaw mangys* for Miss Lucy. If you won't taste the pie, do me the favor to take a bit of this puddin'; it's quite a simple puddin', made from a recipe of my mother's.»

Lucy accepted a bit of the "simple puddin'," which, as its name implied, was a sort of mawkish squash, flavored with peat-reek whisky.

"I'm afraid the puddin's not to your taste, Miss Lucy; you're making no hand of it; will you try a jam puff? I'm sure you'll find them good; they come from Glasgow, sent by my good mother; I must really taste them, if it were only out of respect to her. Oh! Miss Lucy, will you not halve a puff with me?"

The minister and his friend having now ate and drank copiously of all that was upon the table, Captain Malcolm said:—"My daughter has not yet accomplished the object of her visit here, and we must soon be returning home; so you have no time to lose, my dear," to Lucy, who started up from the table like a bird from its cage; "if indeed it is not lost already," he added, as Lucy and he walked to the window. The bright blue sky had now changed to one of misty whiteness, showers were seen drifting along over the scattered isles, and even while they spoke, a sudden gust of wind and rain came sweeping along, and all the beauteous scenery was in an instant blotted from the sight.

Captain Malcolm was not a person to be disconcerted by trifles; but on the present occasion he could not refrain from expressing his regret, as he every moment felt an increasing repugnance to the company of Mr. M'Dow and his friend, and still more on Lucy's account than his own,—it seemed like contamination for so fair and pure a creature to be seated between two such coarse barbarians. Mr. M'Dow affected to sympathize in the disappointment; but it was evident he was exulting in the delay.

Shower after shower followed in such quick succession that Lucy found the object of her visit completely defeated. At length the clouds rolled away, but the day was too far advanced to admit of further tarriance; and besides, both the father and daughter were impatient to extricate themselves from the overpowering hospitalities of Mr. M'Dow.

"I hope you will have many opportunities of taking drawings here," said he, with a significant tenderness of look and manner, as he assisted Lucy to mount her pony; "and when the manse is harled, and I get my new offices, the view will be much improved."

Lucy bowed as she hastily took the bridle into her own hands, and gladly turned her back on the manse and the minister.

OCTAVE FEUILLET

(1821–1890)

OCTAVE FEUILLET was the darling of the Second Empire. In the days when realistic fiction was beginning its struggle for a hearing, he treated court circles to romantic tales of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. To himself and to his audience, lovers of social elegance, the sordid commonplace world of tradespeople was uninteresting. He contributed to the aristocratic spirit which maintains that rich and well-born men and women have an exclusive possession of mental and moral refinement. His pleasure-seeking readers were not interested in broad social problems, but the mental struggles of spoiled beauties and the sentimental hair-splitting of chivalric young noblemen supplied just the sugar-plums they craved. Perhaps a touch of effeminacy in his own nature especially fitted Feuillet to understand the women of his world, and to portray the vagaries of idle ardent girls, who have been his most admiring readers.

OCTAVE FEUILLET

Moreover, he was an avowed moralist — of a conventional morality, such as is suitable for discussion in the salon. While scrupulously respecting prejudices, he managed, almost unobserved as it were, to offer stimulating expositions of unorthodox subjects. But unquestionably he always aims to inculcate respect for nobility of mind and action. Perhaps the reproach oftenest brought against him touches this evident didacticism. But he points his moral so delicately that the indirect sermonizing is never aggressive. Although severely criticized by Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, Lemaître, Zola, and other critics who sometimes treated him with contemptuous mockery, Feuillet was always a popular novelist. For more than forty years he pursued his own ideals with courage and success, meeting distinguished consideration, being made member of the Legion of Honor; and in 1862 accepted into the French Academy as the successor of Scribe.

Feuillet obtained his early education in his native town, Saint Lô, where his father was secretary of the prefecture. Then he was sent to Paris; where first at the Collège Louis le Grand, and later at the

University, he proved himself both studious and talented. Unlike most student habitués of the Quartier Latin, he found no pleasure in Bohemian dissipations. His calm, refined nature shunned low associations and coarse jollity. He was reserved and exclusive like his favorite heroes, and absorbed in imaginative ideals.

At twenty-four he began to write, and in collaboration with Borage and Aubert composed 'Le Grand Vieillard,' a novel which appeared as a serial in Le Nationel. A devoted disciple of Dumas *fils*, and stimulated by the example of Scribe, he next tried the theatre; and with Vavin and Xazier wrote 'Une Nuit Terrible,' played at the Gymnase in 1845. All his early plays (and they were many), though sometimes clever, are so crude and experimental that Feuillet did not include them among his complete works. After he became devoted to Alfred de Musset, he wrote the 'Scènes et Proverbes,' which, published in the Revue des Deux Mondes, made his first assured success. Of these, 'La Fée,' 'Alix,' 'La Clef d'Or,' and others, are dainty dramatic tales, showing his vigor of characterization and delicacy of style. In 1848 his first long story, 'Onesta,' an Italian tale of passion, delighted the readers of the Nouvelle Revue, and was followed by many tales so successfully dramatized that his name became equally familiar to readers and theatre-goers.

His well-known 'Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre' (Romance of a Poor Young Man) is a characteristic piece of work. Its Musset-like delight in emotion, its striking situations, stamped it as a product of the aging romantic school. Of course it incurred the disfavor of his more progressive fellow-craftsmen, although, as Lanson says, Feuillet is far more a realist than is commonly supposed. His characters do not experience exaggerated rewards or punishments, and their fate seems the natural outcome of their qualities. In spite of the optimistic spirit which maintained his faith in innate human nobility, Feuillet thoroughly appreciated the tragedy of life. Nearly all his stories are sad, and sometimes dramatically tragic. The poverty-stricken young nobleman of the 'Romance,' with his lofty ideals and sensitive self-respect, ruled his life with the pride which actuated Feuillet himself. There were critics to deride as well as critics to honor the antique virtue of the novelist, when upon the downfall of the Empire he resigned his lucrative position as librarian of the Château of Fontainebleau when the catastrophe had made that position a sinecure merely. For this sentimental «Family Musset» was sincere. One of his characters somewhere remarks that ideality glorifies ugly prose duty and acts as a stimulus to endeavor. So Feuillet wishes to picture a world in which men and women find in self-respect and religion compensation for suffering and self-sacrifice.

A LEAP IN THE DARK

From the 'Romance of a Poor Young Man'

YESTERDAY I set out on horseback early in the morning to oversee the felling of some timber in the neighborhood. I was returning toward four o'clock in the direction of the château, when at a sharp turn of the road I found myself face to face with Mademoiselle Marguerite. She was alone. I bowed, and was about to pass, but she stopped her horse.

«A beautiful autumn day, monsieur,» said she.

«Yes, mademoiselle. You are going to ride?»

«As you see, I am using my last moments of independence, and even abusing them; for I feel a little troubled by my solitude. But Alain was wanted down there—my poor Mervyn is lame. You do not wish to replace him, by chance?»

«With pleasure. Where are you going?»

«Why—I had the idea of pushing my ride as far as the Tower of Elven.» She pointed with the end of her riding-whip to a dark summit which rose within sight of the road. «I think,» she added, «that you have never made such a pilgrimage.»

«It is true. It has often tempted me, but I have put it off till now, I hardly know why.»

«Well, the Tower is easily found; but it is already late; we must make a little haste, if you please.»

I turned my horse's head and we set out at a gallop.

As we rode I sought to explain to myself this unexpected whim, which I could not but think premeditated. I concluded that time and reflection had weakened in Mademoiselle Marguerite's mind the first impressions made by the calumnies which had been poured into her ear. She had apparently ended by doubting Mademoiselle Helouin's veracity, and contrived to offer me, by chance, under a disguised form, a kind of reparation which might possibly be due me.

In the midst of the thoughts that besieged me, I attached slight importance to the particular end we proposed to ourselves in this strange ride. I had often heard this Tower of Elven spoken of as one of the most interesting ruins of the country; and I had never traveled over either of the two roads which lead from Rennes, or from Jocelyn, toward the sea, without contemplating with an eager eye that uncertain mass which one sees

towering upward in the middle of distant heaths like an enormous stone bank; but time and occasion had been wanting to me.

The village of Elven that we traversed, slackening our pace a little, gave a striking representation of a town of the Middle Ages. The form of the low dark houses has not changed for five or six centuries. One thinks himself dreaming when he sees, through the large gaps, arched and without sashes, which take the place of windows in the houses, groups of women with wild eyes, spinning from distaffs in the shadow, and conversing in low voices in an unknown language. It seemed now as if all these gray spectres had quitted their monumental slabs to enact some scene of another age, of which we were to be the sole living witnesses. The little life that was visible in the single street of the village bore the same character of antiquity and faithful representation of a vanished world.

A little distance beyond Elven we took a cross-road, which led us up a barren hill; we saw from its summit, although at some distance from us, the feudal ruin overlooking a wooded height in front of us. The heath where we were, descended sharply toward marshy meadows surrounded with thick young woods. We descended the slope and were soon in the woods. There we took a narrow road, the rough unbroken pavement of which resounded loudly under our horses' feet. I had ceased for some time to see the Tower, the locality of which I could not even conjecture; when it rose out of the foliage a few steps before us, with the suddenness of an apparition. This Tower is not decayed; it has preserved its original height, which exceeds a hundred feet, and the regular layers of granite which compose its magnificent octagonal structure give it the aspect of a formidable block, cut yesterday by the keenest chisel. Nothing more imposing, more proud and sombre, can be imagined than this old donjon, impervious to the effects of time, and alone in these thick woods. The trees have grown close to its walls, and their tops reach to the openings for the lower windows. This growth of vegetation conceals the base of the edifice, and increases its appearance of fantastic mystery. In this solitude, surrounded by forests, with this mass of extraordinary architecture in front of us, it was impossible not to think of enchanted castles where beautiful princesses sleep a hundred years.

« Up to this time,» said Mademoiselle Marguerite, to whom I tried to communicate this idea, « I have seen no more than what

we now see; but if you wish to wake the fairy princess, we can enter. For all I know, there may be in the neighborhood a shepherd or shepherdess who is furnished with a key. Let us fasten our horses and seek for them — you for the shepherd and I for the shepherdess."

The horses were accordingly fastened in a little inclosure near the ruin, and we separated for a moment to search around the Tower. But we had the vexation to meet neither shepherd nor shepherdess. Our desire to see the interior naturally increased with all the force of attraction of forbidden fruit, and we crossed a bridge thrown over the moat, at a venture. To our great satisfaction, the massive door of the donjon was not shut; we needed only to push it open in order to enter a corner, dark and incumbered with rubbish, which was probably the place for the body-guard in former times. From thence we passed into a vast circular hall, the chimney-piece of which still showed, on its coat of arms, the besants of the crusade; a large open window, traversed by the symbolic cross, plainly cut in the stone, lighted distinctly the lower part of this room, and the eye failed to pierce the uncertain shadows of the lofty broken roof. At the sound of our steps an invisible flock of birds flew out from the darkness, shaking down upon us the dust of centuries.

On mounting up the granite steps ranged one above the other round the hall, into the embrasure of the window, we could overlook the deep moat and the ruined parts of the fortress; but we had noticed on our entrance a flight of steps cut in the thick wall, and we felt a childish impatience to push our discoveries further. We therefore undertook to ascend this rude staircase. I led the way, and Mademoiselle Marguerite followed bravely, holding up her long skirts as well as she could. From the top of the flat roof the view was vast and delicious. The soft tints of twilight were creeping over the ocean of half-golden autumn foliage, the dark marshes, and the green mossy ground near us, and the distant ranges of hills mingling with and crossing each other. As we gazed down upon this melancholy landscape, infinite in extent, we felt the peace of solitude, the silence of evening, the sadness of the past, descend into our hearts.

This charm was increased, for me at least, by the presence of a beloved being: all who have loved will comprehend this. This hour even of mutual contemplation and emotion, of pure and profound enjoyment, was without doubt the last that would be

given me to pass near her and with her, and I clung to it with a sad earnestness. For Marguerite, I know not what passed within her; she was seated on the ledge of the parapet, gazing silently at the distance. I heard only the sound of her quickened breath.

I do not know how long we remained thus. When the mists spread over the low meadows and the far-off hills became indistinct in the increasing darkness, Marguerite rose. « Let us go,» said she, in a low voice, as if the curtain had fallen on some regretted pageant; « it is finished! » She began to descend the staircase and I followed her.

We attempted to leave the Tower, but to our great surprise we found the door closed. Apparently the young keeper, ignorant of our presence, had turned the key while we were on the roof. Our first impression was that of gayety. It now actually was an enchanted castle! I made vigorous efforts to break the enchantment; but the enormous bolt of the old lock was solidly fastened in the granite, and I was compelled to give up the attempt to unfasten it. I then attacked the door itself; the massive hinges and the oak panels, banded with iron, resisted all my strength. Two or three pieces of rough stone which I found amongst the rubbish, and which I threw against this insuperable obstacle to our egress, had no other result than to shake the roof, fragments of which fell at my feet. Mademoiselle Marguerite would not allow me to pursue an enterprise so evidently hopeless, and not without danger. I ran to the window, and shouted for help, but nobody replied. During the next ten minutes I repeated these cries constantly, with the same lack of success. We then employed the remaining daylight in exploring minutely the interior of the castle, but we could discover no place of egress except the door, as solid as the wall to us, and the great window, thirty feet above the bottom of the moat.

Night had fallen over the country, and darkness invaded the ruin. Rays of moonlight penetrated the window, and fell upon the stone steps beneath it. Mademoiselle Marguerite had gradually lost all appearance of sprightliness; she ceased to reply to the conjectures, reasonable or otherwise, with which I endeavored to dispel her anxiety. She sat in the shadow of the window, silent and immovable; I was in the full light of the moon on the step nearest the window, at intervals sending forth a cry of distress. But in truth, the more uncertain the success of my

for if ever shame and public derision shall drive me into your arms, I should have so much contempt for you that I should break your heart! Yes, were it as hard, as cold as stone, I should draw tears of blood from it."

"Mademoiselle," said I, with all the calmness I could assume, "I beg you to recover yourself, your reason. I assure you, upon my honor, that you insult me. Will you please to reflect? Your suspicions have no probable foundation. I could not possibly have arranged the base treachery of which you accuse me, and how have I given you the right to believe me capable of it?"

"All that I know of you gives me this right," cried she, cutting the air with her riding-whip. "I will tell you for once what has been in my soul for a long time. You came to our house under a borrowed name and character. We were happy, we were tranquil, my mother and I. You have brought us trouble, disorder, anxiety, to which we were before strangers. In order to attain your end, to repair the loss of your fortune, you have usurped our confidence—you have been reckless of our repose—you have played with our purest, truest, most sacred feelings. You have broken our hearts without pity. That is what you have done—or wished to do, it matters little which. I am very weary of it all, I assure you. And when, at this hour, you come and pledge me your honor as a gentleman, I have the right not to believe it—and I do not believe it!"

I was beside myself; I seized both her hands in a transport of vehemence which controlled her. "Marguerite, my poor child, listen! I love you, it is true, and never did love more ardent, more disinterested, more holy, enter into the heart of a man. But you also, you love me; you love me, unfortunate, and you kill me! You speak of a bruised and broken heart. Ah, what have you done with mine? But it is yours; I leave it with you. As to my honor, I will keep it—it is untouched. I will force you to acknowledge it. And upon this honor, I swear to you that if I die, you will weep for me; that if I live, never,—adored as you are—were you on your knees before me—never will I marry you till you are as poor as I, or I as rich as you! And now pray; ask God for miracles—it is time!"

I pushed her away from the embrasure of the window; I sprung upon the upper step. For I had conceived a desperate plan, and I executed it with the precipitation of actual madness. As I have before said, the tops of the beeches and oaks growing

"Mademoiselle Marguerite? Why, I saw her—"

"How? Where? At what time? Forgive me, monsieur; it is the egotism of a mother."

"I saw her about five o'clock, on the road. We met. She told me she thought of riding as far as the Tower of Elven."

"The Tower of Elven! She must be lost in the woods. We ought to go there promptly. Let orders be given."

M. de Bévallan at once ordered horses to be brought out. I affected a wish to join the cavalcade, but Madame Laroque and the doctor positively prohibited it, and I allowed myself to be easily persuaded to seek my bed, of which, in truth, I felt great need.

Dr. Desmarests, after having applied a first dressing to my injured arm, took a seat in the carriage with Madame Laroque, who went to the village of Elven, to await there the result of the diligent search that M. de Bévallan would direct in the neighborhood of the Tower.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Alain came to announce to me that Mademoiselle Marguerite was found. He recounted the history of her imprisonment, without omitting any details, save, be it understood, those which the young girl and I would alone know. The account of the adventure was soon confirmed by the doctor, then by Madame Laroque herself. I had the satisfaction to see that no suspicion of the exact truth entered the mind of any one.

I have passed the night in repeating, with the most fatiguing perseverance, and with the oddest complications of fever and dreams, my dangerous leap from the old tower window. I cannot become accustomed to it. At each instant the sensation of falling through space rises to my throat, and I awake—breathless.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE

(1762–1814)

BY EDWARD FRANKLIN BUCHNER

N THE 18th of August, 1791, a manuscript work entitled 'An Attempt at a Critique of all Revelation' was laid before Immanuel Kant by a young man twenty-nine years of age, Johann Gottlieb Fichte. This irresistible letter of introduction, composed by Fichte in four weeks, turned his life of effort and failure into the channel it had been vainly seeking, and thus profoundly modified the intellectual and political development of Western Europe in the nineteenth century.

JOHANN G. FICHTE

The early childhood of Fichte, who was a descendant of a Swedish soldier of the army of Gustavus Adolphus, left by the fortunes of war within the bounds of Saxony, was passed in herding geese and in a reverie, looking into vacancy. Born at Rammenau in Upper Lusatia, on May 19th, 1762, as the son of a weaver, he was by accident removed from the bondage of parental poverty and transferred to the favor of a wealthy patron, thereby receiving the benefits of the celebrated seminary at Schulpforte. He entered the University of Jena at the age of eighteen, and pursued the study of theology for three years. His passion for influencing men was checked by poverty, whose buffetings he endured seven years longer. The outcome of a last short tutorship at Warsaw paved the way for a visit to the aged sage at Königsberg. Kant's initial coolness to the young stranger soon gave place to a genial influence. It secured a publisher for the above-mentioned essay. Appearing in 1792, the work placed its anonymous author, when he became known, in the first rank of philosophical thinkers. The blind alley Fichte had been treading for years suddenly opened into a broad highway. Some months after his marriage, Fichte began in May 1794 a pronounced career as a professor at Jena. In the few succeeding years he displayed keen, prolific literary qualities, and rapidly brought to its first maturity one of the world's greatest systems of reflective thinking.

By the darling wish of his mother, Fichte was destined for the ministry; but the fate of his young manhood closed the way to the pulpit after his uncompleted theological studies. He came in touch with his age through the vocation of an educator. His career as a teacher may be divided into four periods. He was a bold pedagogue, as a tutor, in various places and in connection with diverse topics from 1784 to 1793; often lecturing to parents at the end of each week on the faults they committed in training their children. At Jena he began the career of an ideal university educator, handling the most abtruse themes in a lucid manner, and winning ardent disciples. His literary activity during these years matured his exposition and defense of philosophical science. These are contained in 'Foundations of the Whole Theory of Science' (1794), 'Introductions to the Theory of Science' (1797), and a 'System of Ethics' (1798),—his masterpieces of this period. His unique and somewhat stormy term of usefulness, which brought forth the Sunday lectures to the student body, contained in the elevating 'Vocation of the Scholar,' was cut short in 1799 by an accusation of atheism from the Saxon government. The keen metaphysician was incapable of receiving and of adroitly handling the delicate charge; and an acceptance by the Saxe-Weimar court of a resignation threatened by his intense, unpractical nature, left Fichte an «atheist» outcast. The Prussian government alone did not confiscate the journal in which his views were published, and he entered Berlin, whose gates extended a welcome to the ablest expounder of the Kantian philosophy. He here continued his lecturing and literary activities, except in the summer of 1805, when he taught in the University at Erlangen.

'The Vocation of Man' (1800) and 'The Way to a Blessed Life' (1805–6) are the most important works of the Berlin period, and indicate the ethical and religious directions taken by his reflections. The fortunes of war in 1806 drove him and his King out of Germany for safety. The return in 1807 placed him in the midst of the dangers of a foreign occupancy in the Prussian capital. The bravery of the heroic teacher appeared in his public demand that the national losses should be recovered by education. He became one of the organizers of a new university in Berlin in 1809, its rector for two years, and one of its most distinguished professors until his death in 1814. His educational career closed with attention to public and practical affairs, as it had begun with the theoretical foundations of life.

In Fichte the usual order of an impersonal system of thought is reversed. His philosophy is nothing apart from his own life. Both radiated from self-activity and crystallized in it. Externally regarded, his character was impetuous, selfish,—in short, that of a supreme ruler, often bringing him into stormy conflict with his friends and

associates. So too his metaphysical speculations incrusted themselves in harsh egoistic forms, and were defended by the heavy artillery of German logic. But within the man there was a spirit of docility and reverence, and within the system a throbbing heart. What the French Revolution was in theory and blood, that was Fichte in thought and practice — an apotheosis of the human will. His structures were erected from within. This unyielding independence and moral integrity were his earliest traits. A story is told that he threw his first story-book into a brook because it unduly attracted his attention from his studies, and buried his pain at its loss under an unmurmuring sense of right.

Fichte's first intellectual conclusion was in favor of determinism. He became entrapped in the web of cause and effect, from which his acquaintance with the Kantian philosophy soon released him. He entertained, with enthusiasm, a belief in man's freedom, and resolved to give his energies to an extension of Kant's teachings. He moved onward in a direction all his own, and soared into an abstruse realm, searching for that great principle which should unify both knowledge and conduct. In this way he perfected the results of the Kantian thought which were disconnected. The principle became the «ego.» All the standards of truth and virtue he found in the secrets of personal consciousness. All the contrarieties contained in experience, such as objects and thought, knowledge and volitions, were removed by deducing them strictly and logically from the activities of one and the same «ego.» This «ego» does not exist before it puts forth activity, but its being arises in its doing. All the forms of intelligence and of the world were derived from this primal principle. These exist in order that we may do our duty. Action is the mark and end of our existence. In order to act, and that duty may triumph over external and internal nature, the will must be free. This one principle of freedom as activity and activity as freedom, in the light of absolute reason, ran through his life, both theoretical and practical, in such a manner as to make him «the doughtiest man that ever lived.» His method and thinking are a climax. There have never been any Fichteans.

The stately solitariness of Fichte the philosopher stands in bold contrast with Fichte the national hero of Germany. A philosopher never goes to war, and seldom becomes involved in the administration of practical affairs. Fichte's hardened and dignified spirit, however, was touched at the sight of his country's humiliation in the hands of the French conqueror. In 1804 he presented, in a series of public lectures appearing under the title 'Characteristics of the Present Age,' a terrible arraignment of the degenerate movements of his time, from the standpoint of pure reason. In the third winter

following came the inspiring balm to all smarting wounds in the famous Sunday evening 'Addresses to the German Nation.' Such stirring language had not been spoken to the people since the thunders of Luther. French spies, wearing dull ears within the lecture-room, and hostile troops, noisily tramping without, never suspected the glowing patriotism for the Fatherland which lay concealed in the utterances of the hero. To have delivered those 'Addresses' within French ear-shot was a work of the highest heroism. The prophet of German unity burst forth with the fire of thoughtful eloquence, and roused his morally dead age to an activity which hurled back the Napoleonic achievements into the victor's teeth. The effects of these discourses are visible to-day in Germany's better system of education, which grew out of Fichte's recommendation. Again, in 1813, Fichte wished to accompany the soldiers and encourage them by his oratory in the camp—a desire denied a second time by his King. The solitary thinker of 1795 descended from his transcendental pedestal and gave himself to public affairs. He ended his life on the 27th of January, 1814, stricken by a fever contracted from devotion to his noble wife, who had become infected with disease in her charitable attendance upon the wounded soldiers in the Berlin hospitals.

Fichte's fame rests not a little on his eloquent service to a nation bowed down in defeat. He must be reckoned among those who effected the moral and religious regeneration of a people. He labored with both intellect and heart to bring about a morality purer than that which flourished on the stalk of selfish and debased sentiments. His age had reached, in his eyes, the condition of "completed sinfulness." He deviated from historical Christianity in his exposition of religion, but never forsook the qualities of the human spirit as manifested in its cravings for a life of happiness bound up with the Infinite mind. He called loudly to humanity to work out its great destiny in the light of freedom and in a consciousness of growing perfection. In this way the strong character of an ideal educator, a profound philosopher, a fiery patriot, and a lucid, prolific writer wrought itself into the making of a foremost nation of modern times, leaving to the world a heritage the result of deep insight, noble feeling, and strenuous effort. Another thought-master had lived among men.

Edward F. Buchner

PERORATION OF THE 'ADDRESSES TO THE GERMAN NATION'

IN THESE addresses the memory of your forefathers speaks to you. Think that with my voice there are mingled the voices of your ancestors from the far-off ages of gray antiquity, of those who stemmed with their own bodies the tide of Roman domination over the world, who vindicated with their own blood the independence of those mountains, plains, and streams which under you have been suffered to fall a prey to the stranger. They call to you:—"Take ye our place; hand down our memory to future ages, honorable and spotless as it has come down to you, as you have gloried in it and in your descent from us. Hitherto our struggle has been deemed noble, great, and wise; we have been looked upon as the consecrated and inspired ones of a divine world-plan. Should our race perish with you, then will our honor be changed into dishonor, our wisdom into folly. For if Germany were ever to be subdued to the Empire, then had it been better to have fallen before the ancient Romans than before their modern descendants. We withstood those and triumphed; these have scattered you like chaff before them. But as matters now are with you, seek not to conquer with bodily weapons, but stand firm and erect before them in spiritual dignity. Yours is the greater destiny,—to found an empire of mind and reason; to destroy the dominion of rude physical power as the ruler of the world. Do this, and ye shall be worthy of your descent from us."

With these voices mingle the spirits of your later fathers, of those who fell in the second struggle for freedom of religion and of faith. "Save our honor too," they call. "To us it had not become wholly clear what we fought for; besides our just determination to suffer no outward power to control us in matters of conscience, we were also impelled by a higher spirit, which never wholly unveiled itself to our view. To you this spirit is no longer veiled, if you have vision for the spiritual world;—it now regards you with high clear aspect. The confused and intricate mixture of sensuous and spiritual impulses shall no longer be permitted to govern the world. Mind alone, pure from all admixture of sense, shall assume the guidance of human affairs. In order that this spirit should have liberty to develop itself, and rise to independent existence, our blood was shed. It lies with you to give a meaning and a justification to the sacrifice, by

establishing this spirit in its destined supremacy. Should this result not ensue, as the ultimate end of all the previous development of our nation, then were our struggles but a vain and forgotten farce, and the freedom of mind and conscience for which we fought an empty word, since neither mind nor conscience should any longer have a place among us."

The races yet unborn plead with you. "Ye were proud of your forefathers," they cry, "and proudly ranked yourselves in a noble line of men. See that with you the chain is not broken. Act so that we also may be proud of you; and through you, as through a spotless medium, claim our descent from the same glorious source. Be not you the cause of making us revile our ancestry as low, barbarous, and slavish; of causing us to hide our origin or to assume a foreign name and a foreign parentage, in order that we may not be, without further inquiry, cast aside and trodden under foot. According as the next generation which proceed from you shall be, so shall be your future fame: honorable, if this shall bear honorable witness to you; beyond measure ignominious, if ye have not an unblemished posterity to succeed you, and leave it to your conqueror to write your history. Never has a victor been known to have either the inclination or the means of passing a just judgment on the subdued. The more he degrades them, the better does he justify his own position. Who can know what great deeds, what excellent institutions, what noble manners of many nations of antiquity may have passed away into oblivion, because their succeeding generations have been enslaved, and have left the conqueror in his own way and without contradiction to tell their story?"

Even the stranger in foreign lands pleads with you, in so far as he understands himself, and knows aright his own interest. Yes! there are in every nation minds who can never believe that the great promises to the human race of a kingdom of law, of reason, of truth, are vain and idle delusions, and who therefore cherish the conviction that the present iron age is but a step towards a better state. These, and with them all the after-ages of humanity, trust in you. Many of them trace their lineage from us; others have received from us religion and all other culture. Those plead with us by the common soil of our Fatherland, the cradle of their infancy, which they have left to us free; these, by the culture which they have accepted from us as

the pledge of a higher good,—to maintain for their sakes the proud position which has hitherto been ours, to guard with jealous watchfulness against even the possible disappearance from the great confederation of a newly arisen humanity of that member which is to them more important than all others; or that when they shall need our counsel, our example, our co-operation in the pursuit and attainment of the true end of this earthly life, they shall not look around for us in vain.

All ages,—all the wise and good who have ever breathed the air of this world of ours, all their thoughts and aspirations towards a higher good,—mingle with these voices and encompass you about and raise suppliant hands towards you; Providence itself, if we may venture so to speak, and the Divine plan in the creation of a human race,—which indeed exists only that it may be understood of men, and by men be wrought into reality,—plead with you to save their honor and their existence. Whether those who have believed that humanity must ever advance in a course of ceaseless improvement, and that the great ideas of its order and worth were not empty dreams but the prophetic announcement and pledge of their future realization;—whether those, or they who have slumbered on in the sluggish indolence of a mere vegetable or animal existence, and mocked every aspiration towards a higher world, have had the right,—this is the question upon which it has fallen to your lot to furnish a last and decisive answer. The ancient world, with all its nobility and greatness, has fallen—through its own unworthiness and through the might of your forefathers. If there has been truth in that which I have spoken to you in these addresses, then it is you to whom, out of all other modern nations, the germs of human perfection are especially committed, and on whom the foremost place in the onward advance towards their development is conferred. If you sink to nothing in this your peculiar office, then with you the hopes of humanity for salvation out of all its evils are likewise overthrown. Hope not, console not yourselves with the vain delusion that a second time, after the destruction of an ancient civilization, a new culture will arise upon the ruins of the old from a half-barbaric people. In ancient times such a people existed, fully provided with all the requisites for their mission; they were well known to the cultivated nation, and were described in its literature; and that nation itself, had it been able to suppose the case of its own downfall, might have

discovered the means of renovation in this people. To us also the whole surface of the earth is well known, and all the nations who dwell upon it. Do we know one of all the ancestral tribes of modern Europe, of whom like hopes may be entertained? I think that every man who does not give himself up to visionary hopes and fancies, but desires only honest and searching inquiry, must answer this question, No! There is then no way of escape: if ye sink, humanity sinks with you, without hope of future restoration.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AGE

From 'The Characteristics of the Present Age'

In so far as this age admits the possibility of some of the knowledge which lies beyond the confines of the mere science of the physical world, although it does so in a somewhat inconsequential manner, and only because such things are also present in experience, and on account of such experience are taught in the schools, it becomes its highest wisdom to doubt of everything, and in no matter to take a part either on the one side or the other. In this neutrality, this immovable impartiality, this incorruptible indifference to all truth, it places its most excellent and perfect wisdom; and the charge of having a system appears to it as a disgrace by which the reputation of a man is irretrievably destroyed. Such scientific cobwebs are only devised in order that young people of the lower classes, who have no opportunity of seeing the great world, may by amusing themselves with them develop their capacities for active life. For this purpose every opinion and every proposition, affirmative as well as negative, are equally available; and it is a contemptible blunder to mistake jest for earnest, and to interest oneself for any side of such a controversy as if it were something of importance.

With respect to the influence which it exerts upon Nature and its employment of her powers and products, such an age looks everywhere only to the immediately and materially *useful*, —to that, namely, which is serviceable for dwelling, clothing, and food, to cheapness, convenience, and—where it attains its highest point—to fashion; but that higher dominion over Nature, whereby the majestic image of man as a race is stamped upon its opposing forces,—I mean the dominion of ideas, in which the

essential nature of fine arts consists,— this is wholly unknown to such an age; and even when the occasional appearance of men of more spiritual nature may remind it of this higher sovereignty, it only laughs at such aspirations as mere visionary extravagance; and thus art itself, reduced to its most mechanical forms, is degraded into a new vehicle of fashion, the instrument of a capricious luxury, alien to the eternities of the ideal world. With respect to the legislative constitution of States and the government of nations, such an age either — impelled by its hatred to the old — constructs political fabrics upon the most airy and unsubstantial abstractions, and attempts to govern degenerate men by means of high-sounding phrases without the aid of firm and inflexible power; or restrained by its idol experience, it hastens, on every emergency whether of great or small importance,— being convinced beforehand of its own utter inability to determine upon a course of action for itself,— to consult the chronicles of the past, to read there how others have formerly acted under similar circumstances; and takes from thence the law of its own conduct.

MORALITY AND RELIGION

From 'The Characteristics of the Present Age'

LET us consider the highest which man can possess in the absence of religion; I mean, *pure morality*. He obeys the law of duty in his breast, absolutely because it is a law unto him; and he does whatever reveals itself as his duty, absolutely because it is duty. But does he therein understand himself? does he know what this duty, to which at every moment he consecrates his whole existence, really is in itself, and what is its ultimate aim? So little does he know this, that he declares loudly it *ought* to be so, absolutely *because* it ought; and makes this very impossibility of comprehending and understanding the law,— this absolute abstraction from the meaning of the law, and the consequences of the deed,— a characteristic mark of genuine obedience. In the first place, let not the impudent assertion be here repeated, that such an obedience, without regard to consequences and without desire for consequences, is in itself impossible, and opposed to human nature. What does the mere sensuous egoist, who is himself but a half-man, what does he know of the power of human nature? That it is possible, can

be known only by its actual accomplishment in ourselves; and before its possibility is recognized in this way, and man has elevated himself in his own person to pure morality, he can have no entrance whatever into the domain of true religion; for religion also annexes no visible consequences to individual acts of duty. So much for the refutation of that portion of error which arises from the calumnious slander of pure morality.

Again, he who faithfully obeys the law of duty, as such, does not understand the ultimate aim of this law. It is clear — since he, notwithstanding this ignorance, maintains an unvarying and unconditional obedience; since, further, the law of duty, although not understood, speaks forth constantly and invariably within him — that this want of comprehension causes no difference in his actions; but it is another question whether such a want of comprehension is consistent with his dignity as a rational being. He indeed no longer follows the concealed law of the universe, nor the blind impulses of nature, but a conception; and in doing so he acts, thus far, a nobler part. But this conception itself is not clear to him, and with reference to it he himself is blind; his obedience therefore remains but a blind obedience; and — by a noble instinct indeed, but still with bandaged eyes — he is led on to his destiny. But if this position be inconsistent with the dignity of reason, as it unquestionably is, and if there lie in reason itself a power, and therefore an impulse, to penetrate to the meaning of the law of duty, then will this impulse be a source of constant disturbance and dissatisfaction to him; and if he still continue to hold by blind obedience, he will have no other course than to harden himself against this secret desire. However perfect may be his conduct, — that is, his outward and apparent existence — there is still at the root of his inward being, discord, obscurity, and bondage, and therefore a want of absolute dignity. Such is the position even of the purely moral man, when regarded by the light of religion. How displeasing, then, as seen by this light, must be his condition who has not even attained to true morality, but as yet only follows the impulses of nature! He too is guided by the eternal law of the universe; but to him it neither speaks in his own language, nor honors him with speech at all, but leads him on with dumb compulsion, as it does the plant or the animal; employs him like an unreasoning thing, without consulting his own will in aught, and in a region where mere mechanism is the only moving power.

Religion discloses to man the significance of the one eternal law, which as the law of duty guides the free and noble and as the law of nature governs ignoble instruments. The religious man comprehends this law, and feels it living within himself, as the law of the eternal development of the one life. How each individual moment of our earthly life is comprehended in that eternal development of the one original Divine life, he cannot indeed understand, because the Infinite has no limit, and therefore can never be embraced by him; but that every one of these moments does absolutely lie contained within this development of the one life, he can directly perceive and clearly recognize. What was the law of duty to the moral man, is to him the *inward* progression of the one Life, which directly reveals itself as life; what is the law of nature to others, is to him the development of the *outward*, and apparently inanimate, manifestation of that one Life.

This one clearly recognized life now becomes throughly established in the religious man, reposing upon itself, sufficient for itself, and blessed in itself; dwelling there with unspeakable love; with inconceivable rapture bathing his whole being in the original Fountain of all life, and flowing forth with him, and inseparable from him, in one eternal stream. What the moral man calls duty and law — what is this to him? The most spiritual bloom of life; his element, in which alone he can breathe. He wills and can do nothing else than this; all else is to him misery and death. To him the commanding «Thou shalt» comes too late; before it can command, he has already resolved, and cannot resolve otherwise. As all external law vanishes before morality, so before religion the internal law also disappears; the lawgiver in our breast is silent, for will, desire, love, and blessedness have already superseded the law. The moral man often finds it difficult to perform his duty; the sacrifice of his deepest desires and his most cherished feelings is demanded of him. He performs it notwithstanding; it *must* be done: he subdues his feelings and stifles his agony. The question: Wherefore is there need of this suffering, and whence arises this disunion between the desires which have been implanted in him, and the commands of a law from which he cannot escape? — this question he dares not permit himself to entertain; he must offer himself up with mute and blind obedience, for only under the condition of such obedience is the offering genuine. For the religious man this question has been once

and forever solved. That which thus strives against our will, and which cannot be crushed into nothingness, is imperfect life; which even because it is life struggles for continued existence, but must cease to be as soon as its place is occupied by a higher and nobler life. «Those desires which I must sacrifice,» thinks the religious man, «are not my desires, but they are desires which are directed against me and my higher existence; they are my foes, which cannot be destroyed too soon. The pain which they cause is not my pain, but the pain of a nature which has conspired against me; it is not the agonies of death, but the pangs of a new birth, which will be glorious beyond all my expectations.»

ELEVATING POWER OF RELIGION

From 'The Characteristics of the Present Age'

RELIGION elevates him who is devoted to her service above time as such, above the transient and the perishable, and puts him in immediate possession of eternity. On the one original Divine life his eye reposes; there his love is rooted; whatever meets his view and seems to be beyond this one original life, is not beyond it but within it, and is merely a temporary form of its development according to an absolute law which likewise lies within itself; he sees all things only in and through this one original life, and in this life he sees the whole infinite universe of being. His view is thus always the view of the eternal, and what he sees, he sees as eternal and in the eternal: nothing can truly *be* which is not, even on that very account, *eternal*. Every fear of perishing in death, and every effort to discover an artificial proof of the immortality of the soul, lies far beneath him. In every moment of his existence he has immediate possession of the eternal life with all its blessedness; and he needs no argument or inference to prove the truth of that which he possesses in ever-present feeling and consciousness. There is no more striking proof that the knowledge of the true religion has hitherto been very rare among men, and that in particular it is a stranger in the prevailing systems, than this: that they universally place eternal blessedness beyond the grave, and never for a moment imagine that whoever will, may here and at once be blessed.

SPIRITUAL LIGHT AND TRUTH

From 'The Characteristics of the Present Age'

HAS the light of religion arisen within us? Then it not only dispels the previous darkness, but it has also had a true and essential existence within us, even while it could not dispel this darkness; now it spreads itself forth until it embraces our whole world, and thus becomes the source of new life. In the beginning of these lectures we have traced everything great and noble in man to this,—that he lose sight of his own personal existence in the life of the race; devote his own life to the purposes of the race; labor, endure, suffer, and if need be die, as a sacrifice to the race. In this view it was always deeds, always that which could manifest itself in outward and visible appearance, to which we looked. In this way it was necessary for us to open our communication with the age. Now, ennobled by our progress from this point of view, as I foretold, we use this language no longer. The one thing truly noble in man, the highest form of the one idea which reveals itself within him, is religion: but religion is nothing external, and never clothes itself in any outward manifestation, but it completes the inward life of man; it is spiritual light and truth. The true course of action is now discovered of itself, for truth cannot act otherwise than according to truth; but this true course of action is no longer a sacrifice, no longer demands suffering and endurance, but is itself the manifestation and effluence of the highest inward blessedness. He who, although with reluctance and in conflict with internal darkness, yet acts according to truth, let him be admired, and let his heroism be extolled: he upon whom this inward light has arisen has outgrown our admiration and our praise; there is no longer any doubt, hesitation, or obstruction in his being, but all is the one clear, ever-flowing fountain of truth.

Formerly we expressed ourselves in the following language:—"As when the breath of spring enlivens the air, the strong and fixed ice which but a few moments before imprisoned each atom within its own limits, and shut up each neighboring atom in similar isolation, now no longer holds nature in its rigid bondage, but flows forth in one free, animated, and glowing flood,—so does the spirit world ever flow at the breath of love, and is and abides in eternal communion with the mighty whole." Let us

now add: — "This atmosphere of the spirit world, this creating and combining element, is light — this originally; warmth, if it do not again exhale, but bear within itself an element of duration, is but the first manifestation of this light. In the darkness of mere earthly vision, all things stand divided from each other; each individual thing isolated by means of the cold and unillumined matter in which it is embraced. But in this darkness there is no unity. The light of religion arises! — and all things burst forth and rush towards each other in reciprocal order and dependence, and float on together as a united whole in the one eternal and all-embracing flood of light.

This light is mild, silent, refreshing, and wholesome to the eye. In the twilight of mere earthly vision the dim shapes which crowd in confusion around us are feared, and therefore hated. In the light of religion all things are pleasing, and shed around them calmness and peace. In it all unlovely shapes disappear, and all things float in the glowing ether of love. Not that man devotes himself to the high will of fate, which is unchangeable and unavoidable; in religion there is no fate, but only wisdom and goodness, to which man is not compelled to resign himself, but which embrace him with infinite love. In these contemplations in which we have been engaged, this joyful and friendly view ought to have spread itself over our own age, and over the whole earthly life of our race. The more closely this mild influence has embraced us, the deeper it has penetrated all our thoughts and aspirations, — in a word, the more we have attained to peace with the whole world, and joyful sympathy with every form of existence, the more sure may we be and the more confidently may we affirm, that our previous contemplations have belonged not to vacant but to true time.

EUGENE FIELD

(1850–1895)

EUGENE FIELD was born in St. Louis, Missouri, September 2d or 3d, 1850. He was of New England ancestry, and spent his early years in Massachusetts. «While he gloried in the West,» wrote one of his biographers, «and remained loyal to the section which gave him birth and in which he chose to cast his lot, he was not less proud of his New England blood, and not the less conscious of his New England training.» He studied at Williams and Knox Colleges, and at the University of Michigan, and after his graduation in 1871 he traveled in Europe.

EUGENE FIELD

Returning to St. Louis he became engaged in journalism, and was connected with various newspapers in St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Denver, until he finally settled in Chicago. Through his tales and poems he acquired popularity, and in addition to his labors as a journalist and poet he became a favorite lecturer. Of his love of curios his brother says:—

«For years he had been an indefatigable collector, and he took a boyish pleasure not only in his souvenirs of long journeys and distinguished men and women, but in the queer toys and trinkets of children, which seemed to give him inspiration for much that was effective in childhood verse. To the careless observer the immense array of weird dolls and absurd toys in his working-room meant little more than an idiosyncratic passion for the anomalous, but those who were near to him knew what a connecting link they were between him and little children, of whom he wrote, and how each trumpet and drum, each 'spinster doll,' each little toy dog, each little tin soldier, played its part in the poems he sent out into the world.»

He was extremely fond of children, and some of his best poetry was written on themes that interest childhood. His numerous lullabies have been set to music by several American composers. He was a devoted student of Horace, from whom he made many translations. Some of these are included in 'Echoes from a Sabine Farm,'

which he wrote with his brother, Martin Roswell Field, and which was published soon after his death, which took place in Chicago, November 4th, 1895. His last books were 'My House' and 'The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac,' a series of essays on literary subjects, interspersed with short poems. His other publications include: 'A Little Book of Western Verse'; 'A Little Book of Profitable Tales'; 'Love Songs of Childhood'; 'A Second Book of Verse'; and 'The Holy Cross and Other Tales,' the initial story of which has for its theme the death of the Wandering Jew upon the mountain of the Holy Cross. A complete edition of Field's works (10 vols., New York, 1896) is enriched with critical and personal estimates of the man and the writer by Joel Chandler Harris, Julian Hawthorne, E. E. Hale, Francis Wilson, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Mr. Stedman says:—

«Of all moderns, then, here or in the old world, Eugene Field seems to be most like the survival or revival of the ideal jester of knightly times; as if Yorick himself were incarnated, or as if a superior bearer of the bauble at the court of Italy, or France, or of the English King Hal, had come to life again,—as much out of time as Twain's Yankee at the court of King Arthur; but not out of place, for he fitted himself as aptly to his folk and region as Puck to the fays and mortals of a wood near Athens. . . . To come to the jesters of history,—which is so much less real than fiction,—what laurels are greener than those of Triboulet, and Will Somers, and John Heywood, dramatist and master of the King's merry interludes? Their shafts were feathered with mirth and song but pointed with wisdom; and well might old John Trussell say:—'It often happens that wise counsel is more sweetly followed when it is tempered with folly, and earnest is the less offensive if it be delivered in jest.' Yes, Field 'caught on' to his time,—a complex American, with the obstreperous *bizarrerie* of the frontier and the artistic delicacy of our oldest culture always at odds with him; but he was above all a child of nature, a frolic incarnate, and just as he would have been in any time or country. Fortune had given him that unforgettable mummer's face, that clean-cut, mobile visage, that animated natural mask. No one else had so deep and rich a voice for the reading of the music and pathos of a poet's lines; and no actor ever managed both face and voice better than he in delivering his own verses, merry or sad.»

TO THE PASSING SAINT

CHRISTMAS

From 'A Second Book of Verse': copyright 1892, by Julia Sutherland Field.
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AS TO-NIGHT you came your way,
Bearing earthward heavenly joy,
Tell me, O dear saint, I pray,
Did you see my little boy?

By some fairer voice beguiled,
Once he wandered from my sight,
He is such a little child,
He should have my love this night.

It has been so many a year,—
Oh, so many a year since then!
Yet he was so very dear;
Surely he will come again.

If upon your way you see
One whose beauty is divine,
Will you send him back to me?
He is lost, and he is mine.

Tell him that his little chair
Nestles where the sunbeams meet;
That the shoes he used to wear
Yearn to kiss his dimpled feet;

Tell him of each pretty toy
That was wont to share his glee;
Maybe that will bring my boy
Back to them, and back to me.

O dear saint, as on you go
Through the glad and sparkling frost,
Bid those bells ring high and low
For a little child that's lost!

O dear saint, that blessest men
With the grace of Christmas joy,
Soothe this heart with love again,—
Give me back my little boy!

DUTCH LULLABY

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WYNKEN, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed, and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

In Ipswich once a witch I knew,—
  An artless Saxon witch was she;
By that flaxen hair and those eyes of blue,
  Sweet was the spell she cast on me.
Alas! but the years have wrought me ill,
And the heart that is old and battered and chill
Seeketh again on Heart-Break Hill
  What was, but never again can be.

Dear Anna, I would not conjure down
  The ghost that cometh to solace me;
I love to think of old Ipswich town,
  Where somewhat better than friends were we;
For with every thought of the dear old place
Cometh again the tender grace
Of a Saxon witch's pretty face,
  As it was, and is, and ever shall be.

HENRY FIELDING

(1707–1754)

BY LESLIE STEPHEN

AM," says Fielding incidentally, in his most famous novel, "the founder of a new province of writing." The claim, though bold, is certainly not groundless. The English novel, as we know it, has in the main been developed upon the lines laid down by Fielding. It is true that Fielding, like every leader of a new literary dynasty, inherited much from earlier rulers. He looked back with reverence to Cervantes; and critics have shown that he was influenced by Le Sage, and more distinctly by Marivaux. In English literature, Defoe and Richardson in some respects anticipated him; but with differences which show his originality. 'Robinson Crusoe' is simply a narrative of facts, though the facts did not happen to take place. The author expects us to be interested in a strange series of adventures, and is not consciously aiming at the portrayal of life and character. Richardson, on the contrary, began by composing edifying moral epistles, into which a story was introduced by way of connecting thread. To his own mind the didactic element always represented the ultimate aim; though his readers become a good deal more interested in Clarissa than in the moral which she was intended to point.

But Fielding — as he again tells us — means deliberately to describe "human nature." Like Shakespeare before him or Scott after him, he is to set before us impartially the world as it presented itself to him; to give us living and moving types of the real human beings whom he had seen acting under the ordinary conditions of contemporary society. The novel, thus understood, has grown and flourished and taken many different forms. We wonder at times what our ancestors did to amuse themselves in the days before it was invented. Contemporary moralists denounced the habit of frivolous reading as they do now. What was the seduction to which these frivolous readers yielded? They had novels in the old sense of the word, stories such as had been once told by Boccaccio and had lately been furbished up by Mrs. Behn. Or they might seek for more prolonged enjoyment in the voluminous romances of the 'Grand Cyrus' kind, which, hopelessly unreadable as they appear to us, were still intensely fascinating to many readers; to Fielding's cousin Lady Mary Wortley

Montagu, for example, and to his contemporary Dr. Johnson. And then, of course, the drama formed a larger proportion of light reading than at present. But the comedy of the time to which they were principally confined, brilliant as some of it is, shows but a very limited aspect of human life. It introduced them to a smart game of intrigue played by fine ladies and gentlemen, always clearly before the footlights. The novel, with its flexibility, its freedom from all external restrictions, enables us to enjoy to the full the pleasure—obviously one of the greatest of pleasures—of steadily contemplating ourselves. We do not see the characters by a single flash, as they appear in some ingenious entanglement of affairs, but watch their growth and development, their conduct through a whole series of events, share their friendships and enmities, and are not prevented from following them by the necessities of scenical representation. Fielding showed his genius by perceiving the capabilities of the still crude form of art, and he turned them to account in some directions with a success scarcely surpassed.

Fielding explains his own theory of the art in some of those running commentaries in which some critics think—though I do not—that he indulged too freely. He aspired, as he tells us, to set forth human nature. Naturally it had to be the human nature of his own day, and of his own day in England; and a brief summary of his life will show what that implies. Fielding's father was a soldier and ultimately a general; but though connected with various great people, he seems to have been always impecunious. Fielding, born April 22d, 1707, at Sharpham near Glastonbury, was sent to Eton, where he was the contemporary of the elder Pitt, of Lyttelton, and of many men who afterwards played a conspicuous part in the great game of politics. Fielding, however, on leaving school had to leave the arena in which a long purse was then essential. His father had married a second time, and was burthened with a second family. Though he made an allowance of £200 a year to Henry, it was an allowance, said the son, which "anybody might pay who would." Untroubled by such considerations, he made love to a rich young lady, and even put the young lady's guardian in fear of his life. Perhaps this performance accounts for his being packed off to Leyden to study law. Studying law, however, was not so much to his taste as writing plays; and his first performance was acted when he was just of age. Leyden and the law were soon deserted, and Fielding plunged into the pleasures of a town life in London. He was six feet high, strong and active, with enormous capacity for enjoyment and not over-delicate in his tastes. Vigorous appetites and a narrow allowance made some provision of ways and means essential. He had to choose, said his cousin Lady Mary, between the trades of a hackney

coachman and a hackney author. The profession of author was just coming into distinct existence; and the struggles and hardships of the career have been commemorated by the best known authors of the day.

Fielding belonged by birth to the social class which looked down upon the hack author. Happily for itself, as Chesterfield remarked, it had a more solid support than was to be found in its brains. Fielding too had received a classical education, a fact which he is a little too fond of indicating by allusions in his works. Play-writing was the most gentlemanlike part of the profession, and therefore the most attractive to the young man. The comedy presupposed some familiarity with good society. Congreve, Addison, Steele, and many others condescended to write plays, though they were also admitted to the highest circles. Moreover, a successful play was more remunerative than any other form of literary work. Gay had made a little fortune by 'The Beggar's Opera.' Fielding naturally followed such examples with some gleams of success. It is indeed needless for any one to read his performances now. He is, generally speaking, in an artificial note, aping Congreve or adapting Molière. In 'Tom Thumb,' indeed,—a jovial burlesque, full of nonsense and high spirit and broad satire,—we see unmistakably the genuine Fielding. It gave one of the only two pretexts, we are told, upon which Swift ever indulged in a laugh.

The comedies may be kindly consigned to oblivion. There was much else that Fielding would gladly have forgotten, in the part of his life which most impressed his biographers. The reckless, jovial rake, with pockets overflowing one day and empty the next, with a velvet coat sometimes on his back and sometimes in pawn, sometimes admitted to the drawing-room of Lady Mary and then carousing with boon companions in a tavern, or eclipsed for a period in the sponging-house,—is the Fielding of this period, and has been taken as the only Fielding. The scanty anecdotes which remain have stamped the impression upon later readers. We are presented to Fielding in the green-room, drinking champagne and chewing tobacco. A friend has warned him that a passage in his play will offend the audience. «Damn them!» he had replied, «let them find that out!» The friend now reports that the audience are hissing. «Damn them!» he exclaims, «they have found it out, have they?» The hisses, however, as we happen to know, affected him a good deal. Then we are told how Fielding emptied his pockets into those of a poorer friend; and when the tax-gatherer came, said, «Friendship has called for the money; let the collector call again!» No doubt that was one aspect of Fielding. To do him justice, it must be noted that a fuller record would have shown some less equivocal proofs of good feeling.

We dimly make out that the chief incident of Fielding's dramatic career was his share in a quarrel between Cibber, then manager, and certain actors to whom, as Fielding thought, Cibber had behaved unfairly. Cibber, the smart, dapper little Frenchified coxcomb, was just the type of all the qualities which Fielding most heartily despised; and they fell foul of each other with great heartiness. On the other hand, he was equally enthusiastic on behalf of his friends. Chief among them were Hogarth, whose paintings are the best comment on Fielding's novel, and Garrick, whom, though of very different temperament, he admired and praised with the most cordial generosity. «Harry Fielding,» as his familiars call him, was no doubt a wild youth, but to all appearance a most trustworthy and warm-hearted friend. Fielding moreover was a devoted lover. The facts about his marriage are all uncertain: but we know that he courted Charlotte Cradock of Salisbury; that he was writing poems to her in 1730, and that he married her (probably) about 1735. If we wish to know what Miss Cradock was like, we are referred to Sophia in 'Tom Jones'; and still more to Amelia. Amelia was his first wife, it is said, «even to that broken nose,» which according to Johnson ruined the success of the story. Both novels were written after her death, and are indicative of a lasting passion, which, whatever else it may have been, was worthy of a masculine and tender nature. Miss Cradock's lover was not free from faults,—faults tangible enough and evidently the cause of much bitter remorse; but he was at least a lover who worshiped her with unstinted and manly devotion. The marriage, which took place when he was about twenty-eight, changed his life. Vague stories—dates and facts in Fielding's life, all of provoking flimsiness and inconsistency—indicate that he tried to set up as a country gentleman on some small property of his wife's; that the neighboring squires spited the town wit, who, if not very refined, was at least a writer of books, and therefore justly open to suspicion of arrogance; but that Fielding himself, which is not surprising, made a bad farmer; and that before long he was back in London, with his finances again at the ebb and additional burthens to support. His first effort was in his old line: he took a small theatre and brought out a successful political farce. Walpole was at this time still at the height of power, but a formidable and heterogeneous opposition was gathering against him. Whigs, Tories, and Jacobites were uniting to denounce corruption, which was right enough; but imagining, not so rightly, that the fall of Walpole would imply the end of corruption. Fielding was a hearty Whig; a believer in the British Constitution, and a despiser of French frog-eaters, beggarly unbreeched Scotsmen, and Jacobites, and Papists, and all such obnoxious entities. He joined heartily, however, in the cry against Walpole by his 'Pasquin:

A Dramatic Satire on the Times.' The piece had a great run; and Fielding, always sanguine, no doubt hoped that at last he was getting his feet upon solid ground. But Walpole was a dangerous enemy. He obtained the passage of an Act of Parliament which made it necessary to obtain a license for plays.

Fielding's occupation was gone. It was quite plain that no license would be given to farces aimed at the prime minister. He gave up the theatre and made another effort. He entered at one of the Inns of Court and began to study the law. He was still only thirty-two, and full of abundant energy. He would leave his tavern (perhaps it would have been better not to have gone to it) to go home and pore over «abstruse authors» till far into the night. He was called to the bar in 1740, and duly attended the quarter-sessions. Briefs, however, did not come. Then, as now, attorneys looked with some suspicion upon men distracted by literary aims. Fielding, in fact, was obliged to support himself during his legal studies by working at his old trade. He tried the usual schemes of a professional author of those days. He brought out a periodical on the Spectator model, called the Champion. He wrote a 'Vindication' of the old Duchess of Marlborough, for which the duchess paid five guineas,— only, we will hope, an installment. During the rebellion of 1745, he published a journal intended to arouse John Bull out of his apparent apathy. He had already struck out another and more fruitful line. In 1742 he brought out 'Joseph Andrews'—to indulge in a great guffaw at Richardson's sentimental 'Pamela.' As he developed the story he fell in love with his characters as Dickens fell in love with Pickwick, and became more serious in his aims. By this book he made about £200, and his success encouraged him to publish by subscription in 1743 three volumes of 'Miscellanies.' In those days a subscription was a kind of joint-stock patronage, and showed chiefly that the author had friends among «persons of quality.» Fielding probably made £400 or £500, which was no doubt a welcome transient help. The 'Miscellanies' include one of his most remarkable if not pleasantest performances, 'Jonathan Wild the Great.' 'Joseph Andrews' had shown his true power, and it is perhaps rather remarkable that 'Tom Jones' did not follow until 1749. Whatever Fielding's anxieties, it is noticeable that he did his work as thoroughly as if he had been independent of the pay. Before speaking of his literary performance, however, I will continue the story of his life.

His wife died at the end of 1743. His grief, it is said, was so great that his friends feared the loss of his reason. He had however children to care for, and was too brave a man to relax in his fight with the fates. He had still some hopes of success at the bar, and at one moment, probably on some gleam of success, declared

that he would write no more. In 1747 he married Mary Daniel, who had been an attached servant of his first wife. He did not know, he said, where to find a better mother for his children or nurse for himself; and she seems to have justified his anticipations.

A patron or two had helped him during his struggles. Ralph Allen, who had made a fortune by farming the posts, was a lover of literature and a friend of Pope and Warburton. To Fielding, and to Fielding's children after their father's death, he was a steady benefactor, and Fielding showed his gratitude characteristically by portraying his friend as «Allworthy» in 'Tom Jones.' Another patron, by whom Fielding declared himself to have been mainly supported during the composition of 'Tom Jones,' was his old schoolfellow Lyttelton; and it was through Lyttelton that in 1748 Fielding was appointed justice of the peace for Westminster. The office was a singular one. In those days, and for at least two generations more, London, though a large town even upon our present scale, was merely an aggregation of villages. It had no systematic police. Dogberry and Verges were still represented by decrepit watchmen and stupid parish constables. They were ruled by magistrates who were often of the family of Shallows and Silences. The chaos which prevailed had at last induced Parliament to provide a paid and professional magistrate. But according to the custom of those days, he was to be paid by fees. The consequences are indicated by the name of «trading justices» applied to these officials. Impartial and speedy administration of justice was not the way to get fees. Fielding threw himself into his duties with characteristic energy. He tried to be honest, and thereby reduced «£500 of the dirtiest money on earth» to £300, most of which went to his clerk. He did his best to call attention to abuses. He wrote a remarkable pamphlet proposing a reform of the corrupting poor-laws. Another pamphlet upon gin-drinking had great influence in producing the first Act which attempted to discourage intemperance. He took up, perhaps with more zeal than discretion, some of the strange tragedies which illustrated the squalor and misery of the London slums.

The queerest case was that of Betsy Canning, with which all England rang for a year or two, and which is still worth reading in the State Trials. A servant-girl in London had accounted for a month's absence by inventing a story about having been kidnapped by gipsies. A gipsy was actually condemned for this imaginary offense: but the girl herself was ultimately convicted of perjury and sent to America to improve the morals of the colonists. Fielding believed her story, took up her case with more than judicial warmth, and exposed himself to some sharp criticism. He exerted himself, again, to put down the highwaymen who flourished in the absence of police,

and who were regarded by Englishmen with a certain perverted pride as exuberant products of British liberty. Fielding, while very ill, set to work to devise a system for limiting their energies. Practically, I fear, it meant simply the employment of «trepans» who betrayed the other members of their gangs. Fielding says however that for the time he succeeded in putting down robbery, and sacrificed his health in the effort. His constitution had in fact been breaking down, from gout and an irregular life. His sanguine disposition led him to believe in one pretense of quackery after another: in the great Bishop Berkeley's tar-water; in the treatment of the Dr. Thompson who had already, it was said, killed Pope; and even in the miraculous virtues of a well at Glastonbury. He was always being «cured» without improving his health. At last he was sent to Lisbon as a last hope. He sailed in the summer of 1754, and kept a journal which remains to testify to his indomitable gallantry, buoyant spirits, and flow of good-humor to the last. He died at Lisbon on the 8th of October, 1754, leaving his widow and children to the care of the kindly Allen and of his half-brother Sir John Fielding, who had succeeded him as justice of the peace. The trust was worthily discharged.

Till the age of twenty-eight, we see, Fielding had been a reckless and impetuous pleasure-hunter. From that time till his death at the age of forty-seven, he was engaged in a hard struggle to support himself and his family and in an energetic attempt to do his duty in a thankless office. The stains of the earlier period have injured his memory, and it cannot be denied, imply serious moral defects; but here I must touch the inevitable argument. It is most true that to judge any man justly you must allow for the moral standard of his time. Advantage, however, is often taken of this truth to draw questionable consequences. Whenever it is proved that a man broke one of the Ten Commandments, it is roundly replied that in his day there were only nine. Therefore, it is inferred, his want of honesty or decency ceases to be a defect. Both fact and inference are often doubtful. Fielding, for example, makes Tom Jones guilty of taking money from a woman under circumstances which we all feel to be degrading. Nobody, it is replied, thought such conduct degrading then. I utterly disbelieve the fact. A similar story is told of Marlborough, and perhaps it was true; but it was certainly told by a malicious libeler, and was meant to injure him. I feel sure that not only Richardson and Johnson, who were obtrusively moralists, but such men as Addison or even the easy-going Steele, would have thought of Tom Jones just what Colonel Newcome thought. Some of our ancestors were gentlemen, with feelings of delicacy, and should not be libeled even to save a novelist's reputation. And in any case,

such a statement would explain the fact but does not alter it for us. Coarseness is rightly disgusting, though we may show how men came to be coarse, and perhaps show too that it did not then imply all that it would imply in the present day.

Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to compare the moral standard of a distant time with that of our own. That vice was common in England under Anne and the Georges, is undeniable; but I do not know that it is altogether extinct to-day. I fancy that a modern police magistrate could still tell us stories which would prove that the world, the flesh, and the Devil have not yet been renounced by everybody. M. Zola's world does not seem to be purer than Fielding's. Look beneath the surface anywhere and you can find ugly things enough, especially if you have a taste for the revolting.

It is easier, no doubt, to judge of the surface; and there we may find an explanation, though not a justification, of Fielding's obtuseness on certain points. He was in the world of fiction what Walpole was in the world of politics. Both of them were men of strong common-sense, and of great qualities which were strangely mixed with much that is coarse and repulsive. They were both given to boisterous conviviality, to vast consumption of «the roast beef of old England,» and to tremendous post-prandial sittings over their bottles, at which the talk was no more delicate than the fare. They indulged in cock-fighting, and cudgel-playing, and rough practical joking, till we fancy that only a pugilist or a rough of to-day could find such an atmosphere congenial. Such tastes however could be combined with a real love of art and literature: Walpole, for example, collected a great picture gallery; and he and his like often studied the classics like men of the world, if not like scholars. Neither can it be said that in the days when the British Empire was being built up, there was a want of public spirit or energy, though some of the accepted modes of political warfare were base enough. We are liable to misunderstandings if we argue from the want of refinement to the want of some high mental and moral qualities; though undoubtedly we find a strange obtuseness upon some points of the moral code, where higher views and more delicate sensibilities are required.

Fielding's novels illustrate this as clearly as his friend Hogarth's pictures. Both of them portray scenes now and then which grate upon our nerves, and show a coarseness of fibre which would to-day have to be sought in the lower haunts of debauchery. What we have to remember is that such faults were then not inconsistent with some excellences which they would now exclude. In the case of Fielding, we can have no difficulty in recognizing many of the highest qualities. In the first place, his novels are a genuine extract of hard-bought experience. They are conspicuous for absolute veracity. He

speaks because he has thought and felt. We are conscious that he paints all from the life. As novel-writing became a profession, this is the merit which became rare. A young gentleman can easily give himself the airs of knowledge of the world by picking up a few smart epigrams in reproducing the stock characters of his predecessors. He does not write because he has «studied men and cities,» but appropriates second-hand experience because he wants to write a novel. His «art,» as he is proud to call it, may be admirable, his style unimpeachable, his plot carefully constructed; but after all, he cannot atone for the one great defect of having nothing to say by trying to say it gracefully. One cannot read Fielding without perceiving the contrast: he has really been «through the mill»; he has bought his knowledge at a heavy price; and even if it sometimes results in rather commonplace observations, a commonplace which has been hammered into a man by hard facts is very different from a commonplace which has been learnt from a book. It comes with a certain momentum, with a weight and force, which can redeem even occasional triteness. His words have the intensity of thorough conviction. The first impression made by the world upon a man of great shrewdness and vigor is naturally the prevalence of humbug. Society, he observes, is a great masquerade. To see things as they are, you must strip men of their disguises: you will then often find a strange likeness between heroes and highwaymen, patriots and pickpockets, priests and jugglers, and discover selfishness in Protean forms at the bottom of the most pretentious qualities. «All virtue,» said Fielding's clever contemporary Mandeville, «is a sham.» «All men,» said Swift, soured by failure, «are Yahoos.»

It is Fielding's characteristic merit that he could take a completer and saner view. His brave, generous nature could never give up a belief in virtue or in the substantial happiness of a good heart. He could see, as he proved by Jonathan Wild, into the very soul of a thorough villain, the depth beyond depth of treachery and sensuality that can be embodied in human form. His moral is, as he puts it, that a man may «go to heaven with half the pains which it cost him to purchase hell.» The villain, even as things go, naturally overreaches himself. Knowledge of the world takes the gloss off much; but it properly leads to a recognition of the supreme advantage of unworldly simplicity. Parson Adams, one of the great humorous creations, is the embodiment of that sentiment. He represents the conviction of the observer who has seen life in its ugliest phases, that the most lovable of human beings is the man who from sheer simplicity and kindliness remains comically unconscious of the trickery and selfishness of his neighbors. It is not the less characteristic because Adams appears to have been the portrait of a real friend,

and implies that Fielding often turned from his rowdy companions to appreciate the simple country parson whom they would have regarded as a predestined butt for rough practical jokes. In proportion to his love of such characters was his hatred of the hypocrite — the humbug who knows himself to be a humbug. His loathing for «Blifil,» the typical hypocrite, progresses to most obvious failure in 'Tom Jones'; for he becomes so angry that he caricatures instead of impartially analyzing the loathsome object. This, again, is the secret of Fielding's humor. His worldly experience, instead of souring him, has intensified his admiration of the simplicity and goodness which is ridiculed or disbelieved by the man who is hardened by such experience. He was generous to the core; when he has to speak of any one whom he admires or who has done him a service, he pours out the heartiest and most genuine gratitude. He overflows with honest admiration of the men whom he could appreciate; he praises even the later work of Richardson, whose 'Pamela' he had satirized, and who, one is sorry to admit, did not return the generosity. The warmth of his belief in goodness, and this cordiality and hearty goodwill, always running through his books, give the characteristic flavor to his humor. It flows so spontaneously and abundantly that we feel it to be unmistakably as genuine as it is kindly.

The want of moral delicacy indeed implies limitations. It must be admitted that Fielding's appreciation of some of the higher phases of character is narrow. He lived in a day when common-sense was triumphant; when men lived on solid beef, and were undoubtedly made of rather ponderous flesh and blood. We may say with the help of a still greater master of the art, that in Fielding's time there was perhaps too little of the Don Quixote and too much of the Sancho Panza in the accepted ideal. A humorist who cannot help perceiving the seamy side of things is tempted to lean too much to the cynical side. He believes in the moral code by which men are actually governed, but is perhaps too suspicious of any professions of a higher standard. High-flown sentiment has in his eyes a strong likeness to his pet aversion, hypocrisy. What he admires, indeed, is really admirable: though he may be over-anxious to keep within the plainest limits of common-sense. Fielding's tone about women is characteristic. Had he been asked what was the greatest blessing of life, he would always have replied, as he does in 'Tom Jones,' the love of a good woman. His good woman, however, is decidedly not prepared to believe in woman's rights. He laughs rather too roughly at the ladies who in those days showed certain intellectual aspirations. His Sophia is a healthy, sensible girl, fit to be the mother of sturdy, well-grown lads and lasses, unsurpassable within the domestic sphere, but certainly not troubled by aspirations to literary glory. She is

unmistakably made of flesh and blood. She will love her husband devotedly, and will, we fear, have to exercise the virtue of forgiveness: yet she is everything, perhaps more than everything, that we could expect from the daughter of Squire Western. 'Amelia,' however, is the fullest embodiment of Fielding's true sentiment on that subject. His last novel is the work of a man who had won and lost the highest prize in life; who feels with bitter self-reproach his unworthiness and his backslidings, and tries to make some atonement by raising a shrine to his lost idol. Some good judges have therefore taken this pathetic and tender picture to be his masterpiece, in spite of some falling off in spirit and rather dragging narrative. I will not venture to decide; but I agree with them that it at least reveals with singular power not only the massive common-sense and power of sincere presentation of facts for which Fielding was conspicuous, but also the generous and tender heart which attracts and commands our affection.

If Fielding honestly described the human nature of his time, we must remember that a man who can truly describe the human nature in a village has really described it everywhere. He has a true insight into those principal springs of character which may be more or less modified, refined or made coarse, in different conditions, but which work powerfully under every disguise of habit and cultivation. Fielding's human being was the ideal John Bull: a personage who has been ridiculed, caricatured, and denounced; who is called an «amiable buffalo» by M. Taine; and who everywhere outside of the British islands is considered to suffer under many intellectual and moral limitations. Far be it from me to deny his faults; certainly he is apt to be stolid and thick-skinned, and in Fielding's time he showed some of his worst qualities to his neighbors, and was acquiring a certain reputation for overbearing and brutal ways. Yet John Bull was a human being. He had the passions of his kind, and showed them with little regard to delicacy; but if Fielding was a true observer, he had some great qualities which I hope he will not speedily lose. He had the abundant energy and vigor which are required for all greatness, amidst many queer prejudices, and singular blindness to some things, he had a hearty love of fair play, respect for true manhood, and in spite of his coarseness a genuine appreciation of good homely domestic virtues. Fielding, in Thackeray's familiar phrase, was the last English writer who dared to draw a man. In a sense rather wider than Thackeray's, that is his most obvious merit. He described with immense breadth, power, and veracity some of the essential masculine qualities which do, in fact, play an immense part in life. But we value him, I think, because he showed most forcibly how such qualities can be allied not only with

a generous appreciation of allied qualities in others, but with a keen and pathetic reverence for the gentleness, simplicity, and purity which the more vigorous animal is too apt to despise. With all his insight into the baser motives, Fielding retained a certain sweet-blooded tenderness, and an enthusiasm for every generous and kindly character, which relieves the repulsive ugliness of some of his scenes by a breath as of fresh and healthy atmosphere. I can think of none of our great writers who had a harder struggle, was forced into closer association with the corrupt elements of society, or realized more keenly the hollowness of many pretenders to virtue. And yet no one could have retained more buoyancy of spirit, more generous feeling towards his successful competitors, or a more hearty faith in the reality of human goodness and appreciation of some of the truest elements of human happiness.

Leslie Stephen

PARSON ADAMS'S SHORT MEMORY

From 'Joseph Andrews'

MR. ADAMS and Joseph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-wouse, Barnabas, and the bookseller had not been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons which the parson was traveling to London to publish were, O my good reader! left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddle-bags being no other than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessaries which Mrs. Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening of the saddle-bags; who, having heard his friend say he carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nut-shell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, "Bless me, sir, where are your sermons?" The parson answered, "There, there, child; there they are, under my shirts." Now, it happened that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the vehicle remained visibly empty. "Sure,

sir," says Joseph, "there is nothing in the bags." Upon which Adams, starting, and testifying some surprise, cried:—"Hey! fie, fie upon it! they are not here, sure enough. Ay, they are certainly left behind."

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment: he begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him with the utmost expedition. "No, thank you, child," answered Adams; "it shall not be so. What would it avail me to tarry in the great city, unless I had my discourses with me, which are, *ut ita dicam*, the sole cause, the *ailia monotate*, of my peregrination? No, child: as this accident has happened, I am resolved to return back to my cure, together with you; which indeed my inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disappointment may perhaps be intended for my good." He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies no more than that sometimes it rains, and sometimes the sun shines.

Joseph bowed with obedience and thankfulness for the inclination which the parson expressed of returning with him; and now the bill was called for, which, on examination, amounted within a shilling to the sum which Mr. Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient sum for so many days: that he may not be surprised, therefore, it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him that he had borrowed a guinea of a servant belonging to the coach-and-six, who had been formerly one of his parishioners, and whose master, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him; for so good was the credit of Mr. Adams, that even Mr. Peter, the Lady Booby's steward, would have lent him a guinea with very little security.

Mr. Adams discharged the bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed to ride and tie,—a method of traveling much used by persons who have but one horse between them, and is thus performed. The two travelers set out together, one on horseback, the other on foot; now, as it generally happens that he on horseback outgoes him on foot, the custom is that when he arrives at the distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the horse to some gate, tree, post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horse, unties him, mounts, and gallops on; till, having passed by his fellow-

traveler, he likewise arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of traveling so much in use among our prudent ancestors, who knew that horses had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not use the latter without being at the expense of suffering the beasts themselves to use the former. This was the method in use in those days, when instead of a coach-and-six, a member of Parliament's lady used to mount a pillion behind her husband; and a grave sergeant-at-law condescended to amble to Westminster on an easy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some minutes, having insisted on Joseph's beginning the journey on horseback, and Joseph had his foot in the stirrup, when the ostler presented him a bill for the horse's board during his residence at the inn. Joseph said Mr. Adams had paid all; but this matter being referred to Mr. Tow-wouse, was by him decided in favor of the ostler, and indeed with truth and justice; for this was a fresh instance of that shortness of memory which did not arise from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which Parson Adams was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The sum due for horse-meat was twelve shillings (for Adams, who had borrowed the beast of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him), and the cash in his pocket amounted to sixpence; for Adams had divided the last shilling with him. Now, though there have been some ingenious persons who have contrived to pay twelve shillings with sixpence, Joseph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was consequently the less ready at an expedient to extricate himself. Tow-wouse was willing to give him credit till next time, to which Mrs. Tow-wouse would probably have consented; for such was Joseph's beauty, that it had made some impression even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her bosom by way of heart. Joseph would have found therefore, very likely, the passage free, had he not, when he honestly discovered the nakedness of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mrs. Tow-wouse's eyes to water: she told Joseph she did not conceive a man could want money whilst he had gold in his pocket. Joseph answered, he had such a value for that little piece of gold that he would not part with it for a hundred

times the riches which the greatest esquire in the country was worth.

«A pretty way, indeed,» said Mrs. Tow-wouse, «to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your money because you have a value for it. I never knew any piece of gold of more value than as many shillings as it would change for.» «Not to preserve my life from starving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would I part with this dear piece!» answered Joseph. «What!» says Mrs. Tow-wouse, «I suppose it was given you by some vile trollop, some miss or other! If it had been the present of a virtuous woman, you would not have had such a value for it. My husband is a fool if he parts with the horse without being paid for him.» «No, no, I can't part with the horse, indeed, till I have the money,» cried Tow-wouse; a resolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr. Tow-wouse might justify the detainer.

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr. Joseph out of the inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after Parson Adams, who, his mind being perfectly at ease, fell into a contemplation on a passage in Æschylus which entertained him for three miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his fellow-traveler.

At length, having spun out his thread and being now at the summit of a hill, he cast his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not see any sign of Joseph. As he left him ready to mount the horse, he could not apprehend any mischief had happened, neither could he suspect that he missed his way, it being so broad and plain: the only reason which presented itself to him was, that he had met with an acquaintance, who had prevailed with him to delay some time in discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken; and soon came to a large water, which filling the whole road, he saw no method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no sooner got to the other side than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a foot-path capable of conducting him without wetting his shoes.

His surprise at Joseph's not coming up grew now very troublesome; he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back, he wished to find a house of public entertainment

where he might dry his clothes and refresh himself with a pint; but seeing no such (for no other reason than because he did not cast his eyes a hundred yards forwards), he sat himself down on a stile and pulled out his Æschylus.

A DISCOURSE FROM PARSON ADAMS

From 'Joseph Andrews'

THE parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed, this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent people who never do anything to injure their families, or perhaps one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. Slipslop, and of making her eldest son an exciseman by Lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him it behoved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children, the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him without intermeddling in other folks' affairs; that he had always preached a submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behavior in his own conduct; that if Lady Booby did wrong, she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did; and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her because she was handsome, but handsome women are often no better than they should be; that God made ugly women as well as handsome ones; and that if a woman had virtue, it signified nothing whether she had beauty or no: for all which reasons she concluded she should oblige the lady and stop the future publication of the banns.

But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty without regarding the conse-

quence it might have on his worldly interest. He endeavored to answer her as well as he could; to which she had just finished her reply (for she had always the last word everywhere but at church) when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs. Adams which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed, it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eaten nor drunk that morning than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision: and then ran nimbly to the tap and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house.

Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had passed between Squire Booby, his sister, and himself, concerning Fanny; he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a license, saying he could easily borrow the money.

The parson answered that he had already given his sentiments concerning a license, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. «Joseph,» says he, « I wish this haste does not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but as it certainly springs from one of these causes I will examine both. Of each of these, therefore, in their turn; and first, for the first of these; namely, impatience. Now, child, I must inform you that if in your purposed marriage with this young woman you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you; nay, perhaps if you are a good lad, I, child, shall give you a sermon gratis, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be Matthew the 5th, and part of the 28th verse, 'Whosoever looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her.' The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed, all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can

be said to be consecrated to honor. To marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If therefore this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct and not give way to it. Now, as to the second head which I proposed to speak to; namely, fear: it argues a diffidence highly criminal of that Power in which alone we should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured that he is able not only to defeat the designs of our enemies but even to turn their hearts. Instead of taking, therefore, any unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort to prayer only on these occasions; and we may be then certain of obtaining what is best for us. When any accident threatens us, we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the will of Providence, and set our affections so much on nothing here, that we cannot quit it without reluctance. You are a young man, and can know but little of this world; I am older, and have seen a great deal. All passions are criminal in their excess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abraham so loved his son Isaac as to refuse the sacrifice required, is there any of us who would not condemn him? Joseph, I know your many good qualities, and value you for them; but as I am to render an account of your soul, which is committed to my cure, I cannot see any fault without reminding you of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child; and have set your affections so absolutely on this young woman, that if God required her at your hands I fear you would reluctantly part with her. Now, believe me, no Christian ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that whenever it shall be required, or taken from him in any manner by Divine providence, he may be able peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it."

At which words one came hastily in, and acquainted Mr. Adams that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room, and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavor to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments that he had at several times remembered out of his own discourses, both in private and public,—for he was a great enemy

to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace: but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice.

«Child, child,» said he, «do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children, I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age,—the little wretch, to be snatched out of life just at his entrance into it; the sweetest, best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me! It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learned: poor child! it is of no farther use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the Church; such parts and such goodness, never met in one so young.» «And the handsomest lad too,» says Mrs. Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. «My poor Dicky, shall I never see thee more?» cries the parson. «Yes, surely,» says Joseph, «and in a better place, you will meet again, never to part more.»

I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, «Where is my little darling?» and was sallying out, when to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathize, he met his son, in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running toward him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from I believe no very good principle, to relate ill news; and seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor peddler who had relieved his father before from a less distress.

The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the peddler, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? Not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile, treacherous engines of his wicked purposes; not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man

congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honor. No, reader; he felt the ebullition, the overflowings, of a full, honest, open heart, towards the person who had conferred a real obligation; and of which if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavor to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus:—"No, Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions if thou dost expect happiness." The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer: he interrupted the parson, saying it was easier to give advice than to take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered.

"Boy," replied Adams, raising his voice, "it does not become green heads to advise gray hairs. Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection; when thou art a father, thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those great trials where our grief may be allowed to become immoderate." "Well, sir," cries Joseph, "and if I love a mistress as well as you your child, surely her loss would grieve me equally." "Yes, but such love is foolishness, and wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered," answered Adams; "it savors too much of the flesh." "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "it is not sinful to love my wife, no, not even to dote on her to distraction!" "Indeed, but it is," says Adams; "every man ought to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to do: but we ought to love her with moderation and discretion." "I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin, in spite of all my endeavors," says Joseph; "for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure." "You talk foolishly and childishly," cries Adams.

"Indeed," says Mrs. Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, "you talk more foolishly yourself. I hope, my dear, you will never preach any such doctrine as that husbands can love their wives too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in the house I am sure I would burn it; and I declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved me as well as you could, I can answer for myself, I should have hated and despised you. Marry, come up! Fine doctrine, indeed! A wife has a right to insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain who does not. Does he not promise

to love her, and comfort her, and to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all as well as if I had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not preach as you practice, for you have been a loving and a cherishing husband to me, that's the truth on't; and why you should endeavor to put such wicked nonsense into this young man's head, I cannot devise. Don't hearken to him, Mr. Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too."

Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse.

TOM JONES APPEARS IN THE STORY, WITH BAD OMENS

From 'Tom Jones'

As we determined when we first sat down to write this history to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than we could wish; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorry to say there was too much reason for this conjecture, the lad having from his earliest years discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one, which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him. He had been already convicted of three robberies; viz., of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were moreover heightened by the disadvantageous light in which they appeared, when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil, his companion — a youth of so different a caste from little Jones, that not only the family but all the neighborhood resounded his praises. He was indeed a lad of a remarkable disposition; sober, discreet, and pious beyond his age,— qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him; whilst Tom Jones was universally disliked, and many expressed their wonder that Mr. Allworthy would suffer such a lad to be educated with his nephew, lest the morals of the latter should be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time will set the character of these two lads more fairly before the discerning reader than is in the power of the longest dissertation.

Tom Jones, who bad as he is must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family; for as to Mrs. Wilkins, she had long since given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her mistress. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of disposition, and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himself. And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least are become so now; and indeed, the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, "Noscitur a socio," which I think is thus expressed in English:—"You may know him by the company he keeps."

To say the truth, some of that atrocious wickedness in Jones, of which we have just mentioned three examples, might perhaps be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who in two or three instances had been what the law calls an accessory after the fact. For the whole duck and a great part of the apples were converted to the use of the gamekeeper and his family. Though as Jones alone was discovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole smart but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot on the following occasion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's estate was the manor of one of those gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Bannians in India, many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals; was it not that our English Bannians, while they preserve them from other enemies, will most unmercifully slaughter whole horse-loads themselves, so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

I have indeed a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of nature, and the good purposes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us, that there are a set of human beings, *fruges consumere*

nati, "born to consume the fruits of the earth," so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others, *feras consumere nati*, "born to consume the beasts of the field," or as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfill this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a-shooting with the gamekeeper; when happening to spring a covey of partridges, near the border of that manor over which fortune, to fulfill the wise purposes of nature, had planted one of the game-consumers, the birds flew into it and were marked (as it is called) by the two sportsmen in some furze bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to trespass on any of his neighbors; no more on those who were less rigid in this matter than on the lord of the manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders had not been always very scrupulously kept; but as the disposition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, over-persuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horseback, at a little distance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and discovered poor Tom; for the gamekeeper had leapt into the thickest part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himself.

The gentleman having searched the lad and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word, for he rode immediately to his house and complained of the trespass on his manor, in as high terms and as bitter language as if his house had been broken open and the most valuable furniture stolen out of it. He added that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him; for that two guns had been discharged, almost in the same instant. And, says he, "We have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alleged no other excuse but what was really true; viz., that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone; yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper, being a suspected person, was now sent for and the question put to him; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with him; repeating that he was resolved to know. The lad however still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him he should have the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night, and the more so as he was without his usual companion, for Master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil; his chief anxiety being lest his constancy should fail him and he should be brought to betray the gamekeeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the gamekeeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth; for whose honor he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the Reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answers. The consequence of this was so severe a whipping, that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore this punishment with great resolution; and though his master asked him between every stroke whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flayed rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings: for besides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken, which his extreme eagerness and anger seemed to make probable; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment, he sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, "I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you; I am sorry that you have been so severely punished on this account;" and at last gave him a little horse to make him amends, again repeating his sorrow for what had passed.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum than the generosity of Allworthy. The tears burst from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, "Oh, sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed I don't deserve it." And at that very instant, from the fullness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret; but the good genius of the gamekeeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to dissuade Allworthy from showing any compassion or kindness to the boy, saying "he had persisted in untruth"; and gave some hints that a second whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. Allworthy absolutely refused to consent to the experiment. He said the boy had suffered enough already for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, seeing that he could have no motive but a mistaken point of honor for so doing.

"Honor!" cried Thwackum with some warmth: "mere stubbornness and obstinacy! Can honor teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honor exist independent of religion?"

This discourse happened at table when dinner was just ended; and there were present Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Thwackum, and a third gentleman, who now entered into the debate, and whom, before we proceed any farther, we shall briefly introduce to our reader's acquaintance.

THE CHARACTERS OF MR. SQUARE THE PHILOSOPHER AND OF MR. THWACKUM THE DIVINE

From 'Tom Jones'

THE name of this gentleman, who had then resided some time at Mr. Allworthy's house, was Mr. Square. His natural parts were not of the first rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned education. He was deeply read in the ancients, and a professed master of all the works of Plato and Aristotle; upon which great models he had principally formed himself, sometimes according with the opinion of one, and sometimes with that of the other. In morals he was a professed Platonist, and in religion he inclined to be an Aristotelian.

But though he had, as we have said, formed his morals on the Platonic model, yet he perfectly agreed with the opinion of Aristotle, in considering that great man rather in the quality of a philosopher or a specialist than as a legislator. This sentiment he carried a great way; indeed, so far as to regard all virtue as matter of theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one; and yet upon the least attention to his conduct, I cannot help thinking it was his real opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile some contradictions which might otherwise appear in his character.

This gentleman and Mr. Thwackum scarce ever met without a disputation; for their tenets were indeed diametrically opposite to each other. Square held human nature to be the perfection of all virtue, and that vice was a deviation from our nature in the same manner as deformity of body is. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind since the fall was nothing but a sink of iniquity, till purified and redeemed by grace. In one point only they agreed, which was, in all their discourses on morality never to mention the word "goodness." The favorite phrase of the former was the natural beauty of virtue; that of the latter was the Divine power of grace. The

former measured all actions by the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things; the latter decided all matters by authority; but in doing this he always used the Scriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his 'Coke upon Lyttleton,' where the comment is of equal authority with the text.

After this short introduction the reader will be pleased to remember that the parson had concluded his speech with a triumphant question, to which he had apprehended no answer; viz., Can any honor exist independent of religion?

To this, Square answered that it was impossible to discourse philosophically concerning words till their meaning was first established; that there were scarce any two words of a more vague and uncertain signification than the two he had mentioned, for that there were almost as many different opinions concerning honor as concerning religion. «But,» says he, «if by honor you mean the true natural beauty of virtue, I will maintain it may exist independent of any religion whatever. Nay,» added he, «you yourself will allow it may exist independent of all but one; so will a Mahometan, a Jew, and all the maintainers of all the different sects in the world.»

Thwackum replied this was arguing with the usual malice of all the enemies to the true Church. He said he doubted not but that all the infidels and heretics in the world would, if they could, confine honor to their own absurd errors and damnable deceptions. «But honor,» says he, «is not therefore manifold because there are many absurd opinions about it; nor is religion manifold because there are various sects and heresies in the world. When I mention religion, I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England. And when I mention honor, I mean that mode of Divine grace which is not only consistent with but dependent upon this religion; and is consistent with and dependent upon no other. Now, to say that the honor I here mean, and which was, I thought, all the honor I could be supposed to mean, will uphold, much less dictate, an untruth, is to assert an absurdity too shocking to be conceived.»

«I purposely avoided,» says Square, «drawing a conclusion which I thought evident from what I have said; but if you perceived it I am sure you have not attempted to answer it. However, to drop the article of religion, I think it is plain, from

what you have said, that we have different ideas of honor; or why do we not agree in the same terms of its explanation? I have asserted that true honor and true virtue are almost synonymous terms, and they are both founded on the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things; to which an untruth being absolutely repugnant and contrary, it is certain that true honor cannot support an untruth. In this, therefore, I think we are agreed; but that this honor can be said to be founded on religion, to which it is antecedent, if by religion be meant any positive law—»

«I agree,» answered Thwackum, with great warmth, «with a man who asserts honor to be antecedent to religion? Mr. Allworthy, did I agree—»

He was proceeding, when Mr. Allworthy interposed, telling them very coldly, they had both mistaken his meaning, for that he had said nothing of true honor. It is possible, however, he would not have easily quieted the disputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another matter now fallen out, which put a final end to the conversation.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE

From 'Tom Jones'

MR. JONES having spent three hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid letter, and being at last in a state of good spirits from the last-mentioned considerations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was to attend Mrs. Miller and her younger daughter into the gallery at the play-house, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humor which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge; from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated by art.

In the first row then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said «it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.» While the fellow was lighting the

upper candles he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the Common Prayer Book, before the gunpowder-treason service!" Nor could he help observing with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, that "there were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the Ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure, it is not armor, is it?"

Jones answered, "That is the Ghost."

To which Partridge replied with a smile:—"Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, until the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "Oh, la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person."

"Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here, besides thyself?"

"Nay, you may call me a coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ah, ah, go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you?—I'd follow the Devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the Devil, for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominion." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir, don't you hear him!" And during the whole

speech of the Ghost he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible."

"Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the Devil, I can't help it; but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them; not that it was the Ghost that surprised me neither, for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me."

"And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?"

"Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found out it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case? But hush! oh, la! What noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are." Then, turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword: what signifies a sword against the power of the Devil?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the King's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the King's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the Ghost; but Jones, who intended that he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now when the Ghost made his next appearance Partridge cried out:—"There, sir, now: what say you now? Is he frightened now, or no? As much frightened as you think me; and to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's-his-name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me!

What's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth."

"Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones.

"Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the Devil were here in person. There, there—ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then, turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her if she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched; "though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered that "it was one of the most famous burial-places about town."

"No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are; I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the Ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best?

To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The King, without doubt."

"Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion as the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who was ever on the stage."

"He the best player!" cried Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man,—that is, any good man,—that had had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning, which upon recollection she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the play-house; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the Ghost; and for many nights after, sweat two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions; and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon us! there it is."

THE FAREWELL

From 'Amelia'

"IF I AM not mistaken, madam," continued Booth, "I was just going to acquaint you with the doctor's opinion, when we were interrupted by the keeper.

"The doctor, having heard counsel on both sides, that is to say, Mrs. Harris for my staying and Miss Betty for my going, at last delivered his own sentiments. As for Amelia, she sat silent, drowned in her tears; nor was I myself in a much better situation.

"'As the commissions are not signed,' said the doctor, 'I think you may be said to remain in your former regiment; and therefore I think you ought to go on this expedition: your duty to your King and country, whose bread you have eaten, requires it; and this is a duty of too high a nature to admit the least deficiency; regard to your character likewise requires you to go; for the world, which might justly blame your staying at home if the case was even fairly stated, will not deal so honestly by you; you must expect to have every circumstance against you heightened, and most of what makes for your defense omitted; and thus you will be stigmatized as a coward, without any palliation. As the malicious disposition of mankind is too well known, and the cruel pleasure which they take in destroying the reputations of others, the use we are to make of this knowledge is to afford no handle to reproach: for bad as the world is, it seldom falls on any man who has not given some slight cause for censure, though this perhaps is often aggravated ten thousandfold; and when we blame the malice of the aggravation, we ought not to forget our own imprudence in giving the occasion. Remember, my boy, your honor is at stake; and you know how nice the honor of a soldier is in these cases. This is a treasure which he must be your enemy indeed who would attempt to rob you of; therefore you ought to consider every one as your enemy, who by desiring you to stay would rob you of your honor.'

"'Do you hear that, sister?' cries Miss Betty. 'Yes, I do hear it,' answered Amelia, with more spirit than I ever saw her exert before; 'and would preserve his honor at the expense of my life. I will preserve it if it should be at that expense; and since it is Dr. Harrison's opinion that he ought to go, I give my consent. Go, my dear husband,' cried she, falling upon her

knees; 'may every angel of heaven guard and preserve you!' I cannot repeat her words without being affected," said he, wiping his eyes; "the excellence of that woman no words can paint. Miss Matthews, she has every perfection in human nature.

"I will not tire you with the repetition of any more that passed on that occasion, nor with the quarrel that ensued between Mrs. Harris and the doctor; for the old lady could not submit to my leaving her daughter in her present condition. She fell severely on the army, and cursed the day in which her daughter was married to a soldier, not sparing the doctor for having had some share in the match. I will omit, likewise, the tender scene which passed between Amelia and myself previous to my departure."

"Indeed, I beg you would not," cries Miss Matthews: "nothing delights me more than scenes of tenderness. I should be glad to know, if possible, every syllable which was uttered on both sides."

"I will indulge you then," cries Booth, "as far as it is in my power. Indeed, I believe I am able to recollect much the greater part; for the impression is never to be effaced from my memory."

He then proceeded as Miss Matthews desired; but lest our readers should not be of her opinion, we will, according to our usual custom, endeavor to accommodate ourselves to every taste; and shall therefore place this scene in a chapter by itself, which we desire all our readers who do not love, or who perhaps do not know the pleasure of tenderness, to pass over; since they may do this without any prejudice to the thread of the narrative.

A SCENE OF THE TENDER KIND

From 'Amelia'

"THE doctor, madam," continued Booth, "spent his evening at Mrs. Harris's house, where I sat with him whilst he smoked his pillow-pipe, as the phrase is. Amelia was retired above half an hour to her chamber before I went to see her. At my entrance I found her on her knees, a posture in which I never disturbed her. In a few minutes she arose, came to me, and embracing me, said she had been praying for resolution to support the cruelest moments she had ever undergone, or could

possibly undergo. I reminded her how much more bitter a farewell would be on a death-bed, when we never could meet, in this world at least, again. I then endeavored to lessen all those objects which alarmed her most, and particularly the danger I was to encounter, upon which head I seemed a little to comfort her; but the probable length of my absence, and the certain length of my voyage, were circumstances which no oratory of mine could even palliate. 'Oh heavens!' said she, bursting into tears; 'can I bear to think that hundreds, thousands, for aught I know, of miles or leagues — that lands and seas are between us? What is the prospect from that mount in our garden, where I have sat so many happy hours with my Billy? what is the distance between that and the farthest hill which we see from thence, compared to the distance which will be between us? You cannot wonder at this idea: you must remember, my Billy, at this place this very thought came formerly into my foreboding mind. I then begged you to leave the army — why would you not comply? Did I not tell you then, that the smallest cottage we could survey from the mount would be with you a paradise to me? It would be so still. Why can't my Billy think so? Am I so much his superior in love? Where is the dishonor, Billy? or, if there be any, will it reach our ears in our little hut? Are glory and fame, and not his Amelia, the happiness of my husband? Go, then, purchase them at my expense! You will pay a few sighs, perhaps a few tears, at parting, and then new scenes will drive away the thoughts of poor Amelia from your bosom; but what assistance shall I have in my affliction? Not that any change of scene could drive you one moment from my remembrance; yet here every object I behold will place your loved idea in the liveliest manner before my eyes. This is the bed in which you have reposed; that is the chair in which you sat; upon these boards you have stood; these books you have read to me. Can I walk among our beds of flowers without viewing your favorites, nay, those which you have planted with your own hands? Can I see one beauty from our beloved mount which you have not pointed out to me?' Thus she went on; the woman, madam, you see, still prevailing." — "Since you mention it," says Miss Matthews, with a smile, "I own the same observation occurred to me. It is too natural to us to consider ourselves only, Mr. Booth." — "You shall hear," he cried: "at last, the thoughts of her present condition suggested themselves.

'But if,' said she, 'my situation even in health will be so intolerable, how shall I, in the danger and agonies of childbirth, support your absence!' Here she stopped, and looking on me with all the tenderness imaginable, cried out:—'And am I then such a wretch as to wish for your presence at such a season? Ought I not to rejoice that you are out of the hearing of my cries or the knowledge of my pains? If I die, will you not have escaped the horrors of a parting ten thousand times more dreadful than this? Go, go, my Billy; the very circumstance which made me most dread your departure has perfectly reconciled me to it. I perceive clearly now that I was only wishing to support my own weakness with your strength, and to relieve my own pains at the price of yours. Believe me, my love, I am ashamed of myself.' I caught her in my arms with raptures not to be expressed in words, calling her my heroine (sure none ever better deserved that name); after which we remained some time speechless, and locked in each other's embraces."

"I am convinced," said Miss Matthews with a sigh, "there are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds."

"At length the fatal morning came. I endeavored to hide every pang in my heart, and to wear the utmost gayety in my countenance. Amelia acted the same part. In these assumed characters we met the family at breakfast; at their breakfast, I mean,—for we were both full already. The doctor had spent above an hour that morning in discourse with Mrs. Harris, and had in some measure reconciled her to my departure. He now made use of every art to relieve the poor distressed Amelia; not by inveighing against the folly of grief, or by seriously advising her not to grieve; both which were sufficiently performed by Miss Betty. The doctor, on the contrary, had recourse to every means which might cast a veil over the idea of grief and raise comfortable images in my angel's mind. He endeavored to lessen the supposed length of my absence, by discoursing on matters which were more distant in time. He said he intended next year to rebuild a part of his parsonage house; 'and you, captain,' says he, 'shall lay the corner-stone, I promise you;' with many other instances of the like nature, which produced, I believe, some good effect on us both.

"Amelia spoke but little; indeed, more tears than words dropped from her; however, she seemed resolved to bear her affliction with resignation: but when the dreadful news arrived

that the horses were ready, and I, having taken my leave of all the rest, at last approached her, she was unable to support the conflict with nature any longer; and clinging round my neck, she cried, 'Farewell—farewell forever! for I shall never, never see you more!' At which words the blood entirely forsook her lovely cheeks, and she became a lifeless corpse in my arms.

"Amelia continued so long motionless, that the doctor, as well as Mrs. Harris, began to be under the most terrible apprehensions, so they informed me afterwards; for at that time I was incapable of making any observation. I had indeed very little more use of my senses than the dear creature whom I supported. At length, however, we were all delivered from our fears, and life again visited the loveliest mansion that human nature ever afforded it.

"I had been, and yet was, so terrified with what had happened, and Amelia continued yet so weak and ill, that I determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to leave her that day; which resolution she was no sooner acquainted with than she fell on her knees, crying, 'Good Heaven! I thank thee for this reprieve at least. Oh that every hour of my future life could be crammed into this dear day!'

"Our good friend the doctor remained with us; he said he had intended to visit a family in some affliction; 'but I don't know,' says he, 'why I should ride a dozen miles after affliction, when we have enough here.' Of all mankind the doctor is the best of comforters. As his excessive good-nature makes him take vast delight in the office, so his great penetration into the human mind, joined to his great experience, renders him the most wonderful proficient in it; and he so well knows when to soothe, when to reason, and when to ridicule, that he never applies any of those arts improperly, which is almost universally the case with the physicians of the mind, and which it requires very great judgment and dexterity to avoid.

"The doctor principally applied himself to ridiculing the dangers of the siege, in which he succeeded so well that he sometimes forced a smile even into the face of Amelia. But what most comforted her were the arguments he used to convince her of the probability of my speedy, if not immediate, return. He said the general opinion was that the place would be taken before our arrival there; in which case we should have nothing more to do than to make the best of our way home again.

"Amelia was so lulled by these arts that she passed the day much better than I expected. Though the doctor could not make pride strong enough to conquer love, yet he exalted the former to make some stand against the latter; insomuch that my poor Amelia, I believe, more than once flattered herself, to speak the language of the world, that her reason had gained an entire victory over her passion; till love brought up a reinforcement, if I may use that term, of tender ideas, and bore down all before him.

"In the evening the doctor and I passed another half-hour together, when he proposed to me to endeavor to leave Amelia asleep in the morning, and promised me to be at hand when she awaked, and to support her with all the assistance in his power; he added that nothing was more foolish than for friends to take leave of each other. 'It is true indeed,' says he, 'in the common acquaintance and friendship of the world, this is a very harmless ceremony; but between two persons who really love each other, the Church of Rome never invented a penance half so severe as this which we absurdly impose on ourselves.'

"I greatly approved the doctor's proposal, thanked him, and promised if possible to put it in execution. He then shook me by the hand and heartily wished me well, saying in his blunt way, 'Well, boy, I hope to see thee crowned with laurels at thy return: one comfort I have at least, that stone walls and a sea will prevent thee from running away.'

"When I had left the doctor I repaired to my Amelia, whom I found in her chamber, employed in a very different manner from what she had been the preceding night: she was busy in packing up some trinkets in a casket, which she desired me to carry with me. This casket was her own work, and she had just fastened it as I came to her.

"Her eyes very plainly discovered what had passed while she was engaged in her work; however, her countenance was now serene, and she spoke at least with some cheerfulness; but after some time, 'You must take care of this casket, Billy,' said she; 'you must, indeed, Billy, for'— her passion almost choked her till a flood of tears gave her relief, and then she proceeded— 'for I shall be the happiest woman that ever was born when I see it again.' I told her, with the blessing of God, that day would soon come. 'Soon?' answered she, 'no, Billy, not soon; a week is an age; but yet the happy day may come. It shall, it

must, it will! Yes, Billy, we shall meet never to part again — even in this world, I hope.' Pardon my weakness, Miss Matthews, but upon my soul I cannot help it," cried he, wiping his eyes.

"Well, I wonder at your patience, and I will try it no longer. Amelia, tired out with so long a struggle between a variety of passions, and having not closed her eyes during three successive nights, towards the morning fell into a profound sleep, in which sleep I left her; and having dressed myself with all the expedition imaginable, singing, whistling, hurrying, attempting by every method to banish thought, I mounted my horse, which I had over-night ordered to be ready, and galloped away from that house where all my treasure was deposited.

"Thus, madam, I have in obedience to your commands run through a scene, which if it has been tiresome to you, you must yet acquit me of having obtruded upon you. This I am convinced of, that no one is capable of tasting such a scene who has not a heart full of tenderness, and perhaps not even then, unless he has been in the same situation."

VINCENZO DA FILICAIA

(1642–1707)

LITERARY historians agree that Italian poetry reached its lowest ebb in the early part of the seventeenth century. The verse of the imitators of Marini degenerated into mere artifice. Brought to a high technical perfection, it yet lacked substance and truth of feeling, and was become a mere plaything in the hands of skillful versifiers. Near the end of the century a group of Roman literary men founded a society called «The Arcadia,» whose avowed object was to repudiate this verse-making *à la mode*, and to bring poetry back to nature. But they marred still further what they had set out to mend. In their hands simplicity became inanity. Instead of returning to nature they played at being shepherds and shepherdesses, while their pastoral Muse wore patches and French heels.

VINCENZO DA FILICAIA

In this period of make-believe, almost the only genuine voice was that of Vincenzo da Filicaia. Born in Florence in 1642 of an ancient and noble family, he was liberally educated, at first in the schools of his native city and afterwards at the University of Pisa. Then, withdrawing to a small villa near Florence, he gave himself up to study and to writing. Like all his contemporaries, he began by composing amatory verse. After the marriage and early death of the lady whom he had celebrated, he burned all these youthful effusions, and dedicated his muse to God and to Italy. In 1683, when John Sobieski raised the siege of Vienna and saved the civilization of Europe from the invading Turks, Filicaia, thrilled by the heroism of the Polish king, celebrated his victory in six famous odes. Uplifted by the grandeur of his theme, the poet rose to heights of lyric enthusiasm that set him among the inspired singers of his country. Read in all the courts of Europe, the modest poet who had hardly dared to show his verses to his friends, suddenly found himself face to face with a European reputation. The Christian nations, trembling to see their fate hang in the balance, found in these odes a passionate expression of their joy in deliverance, and of their admiration for the warrior king.

The brilliant Christina of Sweden drew the poet into her circle in Rome, and undertook to educate his two sons. Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Florence, made him governor of Volterra and of Pisa. Filicaia spent the last few years of his life at Florence, where he had been raised to the rank of a senator. He died in that city September 24th, 1707.

Although himself an Arcadian, and the most noted of that school, Filicaia was remarkably free from its extravagances. He was saved from bathos by the depth of his thought, the strength and energy of his expression, his mastery over technique, and the genuineness of his enthusiasm. Yet, sincere though he was, he did not quite escape the charge of affectation. His fame in consequence has undergone some mutations. Much of his poetry is still read with admiration, and his famous sonnet on Italy, which Byron has so finely paraphrased in the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' all Italians still know by heart.

TIME

I SAW a mighty river, wild and vast,
  Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide
  So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That ere their flight was heeded, they were past;
A river, that to death's dark shores doth fast
  Conduct all living with resistless force,
  And though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with creation's birth was born;
  And with the heaven's commenced its march sublime,
    In days and months, still hurrying on untired.
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn,
    And of my musing thoughts in doubt inquired
  The river's name: my thoughts responded, *Time.*

OF PROVIDENCE

JUST as a mother, with sweet pious face,
  Turns towards her little children from her seat,
  Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
  Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretenses,
  She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
  And whether stern or smiling, loves them still;—

So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants;
And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

TO ITALY

ITALIA, O Italia! hapless thou,
Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,—
A dowry fraught with never-ending pain,
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow:
Oh, were thy bravery more, or less thy charms!
Then should thy foes, they whom thy loveliness
Now lures afar to conquer and possess,
Adore thy beauty less, or dread thine arms!
No longer then should hostile torrents pour
Adown the Alps; and Gallic troops be laved
In the red waters of the Po no more;
No longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Barbarian succor should thy sons implore,—
Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.

FIRDAUSĪ

(935–1020)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

FIRDAUSĪ, author of the 'Shāh Nāmah,' or Book of Kings, is the national poet of Persia. With the name of Firdausī in the tenth century of our era, modern Persian poetry may be said to begin. Firdausī, however, really forms only one link in the long chain of Iranian literature which extends over more than twenty-five centuries, and whose beginnings are to be sought in the Avesta, five hundred years before the birth of Christ.

A brief glance may first be taken at the history of the literary development of Persia. The sacred Zoroastrian scriptures of the Avesta, together with the Old Persian rock inscriptions of the Achæmenian kings, Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes, form the ancient epoch known as Old Iranian Literature, beginning at least in the fifth century before the Christian era. A second great division in the literary history of Iran is constituted by the Middle Persian. This is the period inaugurated by the Sassanian dynasty in the third century A. D., and it extends beyond the Mohammedan conquest of Persia (651) to about the ninth century. The language and literature of this Middle Persian period is called Pahlavī. The Pahlavī records are chiefly writings relating to the Zoroastrian religion. The Mohammedan conquest of Iran by the Arabs somewhat resembles, in its effect upon Persian literature, the Norman conquest of England. Hardly two centuries had elapsed before an Iranian renaissance is begun to be felt in Persia. Firdausī comes three hundred years after the battle of Nihāvand, in which the eagle of the Persian military standard sank before the crescent of Allah's prophet and the Mohammedan sword; just as Chaucer followed the battle of Hastings by three hundred years.

Such was the literary situation at the end of the ninth century. Firdausī was the poet in whom the wave of the national epos culminated in the tenth century. But as there were English poets who struck the note before Chaucer, so in Persia, Firdausī had his literary predecessors. A mere mention of the more important of these must suffice. Abbas of Merv (809) was one of these earlier bards. Of greater repute was Rūdagī (died 954), who is said to have composed no less than a million verses. But Firdausī's direct predecessor and

inspirer in the epic strain was Daqīqī. This young poet, like Marlowe, the herald of Shakespeare, was cruelly murdered when he had sung but a thousand lines. Yet these thousand verses are immortal, as Firdausī has incorporated them into his poem and has thus happily preserved them. They are the lines that describe the founding of the religion of Zoroaster, priest of fire. There was possibly a certain amount of tact on Firdausī's part in using these, or in claiming to employ Daqīqī's rhymes: he thus escaped having personally to deal with the delicate religious question of the Persian faith in the midst of the fanatical Mohammedans, who are said to have assassinated Daqīqī on account of his too zealous devotion to the old-time creed. With Firdausī, then, the New Persian era is auspiciously inaugurated in the tenth century; its further development through the romantic, philosophic, mystic, didactic, and lyric movements must be sought under the names of Nizāmī, Omar Khayyām, Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī, Sa'dī, Hāfiz, and Jāmī.

Firdausī is pre-eminently the heroic poet of Persia. The date of his birth falls about 935. His full name seems to have been Abulqasīm Hasan (Ahmad or Mansur); the appellative «Firdausī» (Paradise), by which he is known to fame, was bestowed upon him, according to some accounts, by his royal patron the Sultan Mahmūd. Firdausī's native place was Tūs in Khorāsān. By descent he was heir to that Persian pride and love of country which the Arab conquest could not crush. By birth, therefore, this singer possessed more than ordinary qualifications for chanting in rhythmical measures the annals of ancient Iran. He had undoubtedly likewise made long and careful preparation for his task, equipping himself by research into the Pahlavī or Middle Persian sources, from which he drew material for his chronicle-poem. From statements in the 'Shāh Nāmah' itself, we may infer that Firdausī was nearly forty years of age when, with his extraordinary endowments, he made the real beginning of his monumental work. We likewise know, from personal references in the poem, that he had been married and had two children. The death of his beloved son is mourned in touching strains. One of the crowning events now in the poet's life was his entrance into the literary circle of the court of Sultan Mahmūd of Ghazna, who ruled 998–1030. To Mahmūd the great epic is finally dedicated, and the story of Firdausī's career may best be told in connection with the masterpiece.

The removal of the heroic bard Daqīqī by fate and by the assassin's dagger had left open the way for an ambitious epic poet. Firdausī was destined to be the fortunate aspirant. A romantic story tells of his coming to the court of Sultan Mahmūd. This legendary account says that when he first approached the Round Table, the

life's work. But jealousy and intrigue against him had not been idle during his long residence at court. The Grand Vizier appears to have induced the Sultan to send Firdausī sixty thousand silver dirhems, instead of the promised gold. Firdausī is said to have been in the bath when the elephant laden with the money-bags arrived. On discovering the deception, the injured poet rejected the gift with scorn, and dividing the silver into three portions, he presented one of these to the bath steward, the second to the elephant-driver, and he gave the last to the man who brought him a glass of cordial. He then wrote the famous satire upon Mahmūd, and fled from the city for his life. For ten years the aged singer was an exile, and he would have been a wanderer but for the friendly protection extended to him by a prince of Irāq, who apparently also tried, without effect, to reconcile the Sultan and the aged poet. Enjoying the solace of this prince's shelter, Firdausī composed his last work, the 'Yusuf and Zulīkha,' a romantic poem nearly as long as the Iliad, on Joseph and the passionate love of Potiphar's wife for him.

But Firdausī was now advanced to his eightieth year, and he seems to have longed to visit his native town of Tūs once more. A sad story is preserved of his death of a broken heart. It is also told that Mahmūd relented and sent to the city of Tūs a magnificent caravan conveying gifts and robes for the aged singer, and bearing likewise the sixty thousand gold pieces that had once been promised. But all too late. The treasure-laden camel procession met at the city gate the funeral cortège that was conducting the dead poet's body to the grave. Firdausī's death occurred in 1020. His tomb at Tūs is still a place of pious pilgrimage.

The story of the 'Shāh Nāmah,'—Book of Kings,—may be described in briefest words as the chronicle-history of the empire of Iran, from the moment of its rise in legendary antiquity and during the golden reign of King Jamshīd, through its glorious ascendency under the majesty of the Kayanian rulers, and down to the days of Zoroaster; thence onward to the invasion of Persia by Alexander the Great. The poem from this point follows the various fortunes and changes of the Persian sovereignty, until its downfall and ruin before the Mohammedans and Islam. Firdausī naturally treats his subject as a poetic chronicler, not as a historian; but there is history in the poem, and he has given a certain unity to his long epic by keeping sight of the aim that he had in view, which was to exalt the fallen glory of Iran. The epic is written in a style befitting the theme. A word must also be bestowed upon Firdausī's romantic poem 'Yusuf and Zulīkha,' in which the Biblical story of Joseph, as narrated in the Quran, was his source. This poem was in great measure the work of his old age, as it was written after he was seventy; but in the

episode of Joseph and Potiphar's wife the luxuriousness of color, the richness of imagery, the lavish exuberance, and the passion, might in some degree allow of comparison with Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' or with Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander.'

Translations of Firdausî should be mentioned. There is an English abridgment of the 'Shāh Nāmah' with versions in prose and in rhyme by James Atkinson—'Shāh Nāmah' (London, 1832; cheaply reprinted in the 'Chandos Series,' New York, 1886). Several versified selections are found in Robinson—'Persian Poetry for English Readers' (privately printed; Glasgow, 1883). There is a standard French prose translation of the entire 'Shāh Nāmah' by Jules Mohl—'Le Livre des Rois' (7 vols., Paris, 1876–78). An Italian prose rendering, also complete, has been made by Italo Pizzi—'Firdusi, Il Libro dei Re' (8 vols., Turin, 1886–89); and Pizzi has given extensive metrical renderings in his 'Storia della Poesia Persiana' (Turin, 1894). In German, there is a running paraphrase of the story by Görres—'Heldenbuch von Iran' (2 vols., Berlin, 1820). Spirited renderings of selections have also appeared in German: by A. F. von Schack—'Heldensagen des Firdusi' (3 vols., Stuttgart, 1877); and by Rückert (unfinished)—'Firdosi's Königsbuch Schahname' (ed. Bayer, 3 vols., Berlin, 1890–95). Of the 'Yusuf and Zulîkha' (complete) there is a German translation into rhymed verse by O. Schlechta-Wssehrd—'Jussuf und Suleicha' (Vienna, 1889).

A. V. Williams Jackson

THE BEAUTIFUL RUDABAH DISCLOSES HER LOVE TO ZĀL

From the 'Shāh-Nāmah'

[After a time Rudabah resolves to reveal her passion to her attendants.]

THEN she said to her prudent slaves:—
"I will discover what I have hitherto concealed;
Ye are each of you the depositaries of my secrets,
My attendants, and the partners of my griefs.
I am agitated with love like the raging ocean,
Whose billows are heaved to the sky.
My once bright heart is filled with the love of Zāl;
My sleep is broken with thoughts of him.
My soul is perpetually filled with my passion;
Night and day my thoughts dwell upon his countenance.

«Not one except yourselves knoweth my secret:
Ye my affectionate and faithful servants,
What remedy now can ye devise for my ease?
What will ye do for me? What promise will ye give me?
Some remedy ye must devise,
To free my heart and soul from this unhappiness.»

Astonishment seized the slaves,
That dishonor should come nigh the daughter of kings.
In the anxiety of their hearts they started from their seats,
And all gave answer with one voice:—
«O crown of the ladies of the earth!
Maiden pre-eminent amongst the pre-eminent!
Whose praise is spread abroad from Hindustan to China;
The resplendent ring in the circle of the harem;
Whose stature surpasseth every cypress in the garden;
Whose cheek rivaleth the lustre of the Pleiades;
Whose picture is sent by the ruler of Kanūj
Even to the distant monarchs of the West—
Have you ceased to be modest in your own eyes?
Have you lost all reverence for your father,
That whom his own parent cast from his bosom,
Him you will receive into yours?
A man who was nurtured by a bird in the mountains!
A man who was a byword amongst the people!
You with your roseate countenance and musky tresses,
Seek a man whose hair is already white with age!
You who have filled the world with admiration,
Whose portrait hangeth in every palace,
And whose beauty, and ringlets, and stature, are such
That you might draw down a husband from the skies!»

[To this remonstrance she makes the following indignant answer:]

When Rudabah heard their reply,
Her heart blazed up like fire before the wind.
She raised her voice in anger against them;
Her face flushed, but she cast down her eyes.
After a time, grief and anger mingled in her countenance,
And knitting her brows with passion, she exclaimed:—
«O unadvised and worthless counselors,
It was not becoming in me to ask your advice!
Were my eye dazzled by a star,
How could it rejoice to gaze even upon the moon?

He who is formed of worthless clay will not regard the rose,
Although the rose is in nature more estimable than clay!
I wish not for Cæsar, nor Emperor of China,
Nor for any one of the tiara-crowned monarchs of Irān;
The son of Sām, Zāl, alone is my equal,
With his lion-like limbs and arms and shoulders.
You may call him, as you please, an old man or a young;
To me he is in the room of heart and of soul.
Except him, never shall any one have a place in my heart;
Mention not to me any one except him.
Him hath my love chosen unseen,
Yea, hath chosen him only from description.
For him is my affection, not for face or hair;
And I have sought his love in the way of honor.»

[Her vehemence overcomes the reluctance of the slaves, and one of them promises, if possible, to contrive an interview.]

«May hundreds of thousands such as we are be a sacrifice for thee;
May the wisdom of the creation be thy worthy portion;
May thy dark narcissus-eye be ever full of modesty;
May thy cheek be ever tinged with bashfulness!
If it be necessary to learn the art of the magician,
To sew up the eyes with the bands of enchantment,
We will fly till we surpass the enchanter's bird,
We will run like the deer in search of a remedy.
Perchance we may draw the King nigh unto his moon,
And place him securely at thy side.»

The vermeil lip of Rudabah was filled with smiles;
She turned her saffron-tinged countenance toward the slave, and said:—
«If thou shalt bring this matter to a happy issue,
Thou hast planted for thyself a stately and fruitful tree,
Which every day shall bear rubies for its fruit,
And shall pour that fruit into thy lap.»

[The story proceeds to say how the slaves fulfill their promise. They go forth, and find Zāl practicing with the bow. Busying themselves in gathering roses, they attract his attention. He shoots an arrow in that direction, and sends his quiver-bearer to bring it back. The slaves inquire who the hero is who draws the bow with so much strength and skill. The boy answers scornfully, «Do they not know that it is Zāl, the most renowned warrior in the world?» In reply, they vaunt the superior attractions of Rudabah. The boy reports their account of her to Zāl, who goes to speak to

them, receives from them a warm description of her charms, and presses them to procure for him the means of obtaining an interview. This little incident is well imagined: it is Zāl who is made to ask for the meeting, and the honor of Rudabah is not compromised. The slaves return to their mistress and report upon their mission, eulogizing the goodly qualities of the hero. Her ironical answer to their former depreciation is animated and natural.]

Then said the elegant cypress-formed lady to her maidens:—
«Other than this were once your words and your counsel!
Is this then the Zāl, the nursling of a bird?
This the old man, white-haired and withered?
Now his cheek is ruddy as the flower of the arghavān;
His stature is tall, his face beautiful, his presence lordly!
Ye have exalted my charms before him;
Ye have spoken, and made me a bargain!»
She said, and her lips were full of smiles;
But her cheek crimsoned like the bloom of pomegranate.

[The interview takes places in a private pavilion of the Princess; and the account of it is marked with more than one touch of truth and beauty.]

When from a distance the son of the valiant Sām
Became visible to the illustrious maiden,
She opened her gem-like lips and exclaimed:—
«Welcome, thou brave and happy youth!
The blessing of the Creator of the world be upon thee!
On him who is the father of a son like thee!
May Destiny ever favor thy wishes!
May the vault of heaven be the ground thou walkest on!
The dark night is turned into day by thy countenance;
The world is soul-enlivened by the fragrance of thy presence!
Thou hast traveled hither on foot from thy palace;
Thou hast pained, to behold me, thy royal footsteps!»

When the hero heard the voice from the battlement,
He looked up and beheld a face resplendent as the sun,
Irradiating the terrace like a flashing jewel,
And brightening the ground like a flaming ruby.

Then he replied:—«O thou who sheddest the mild radiance of the moon,
The blessing of Heaven, and mine, be upon thee!
How many nights hath cold Arcturus beholden me,
Uttering my cry to God, the Pure,
And beseeching the Lord of the universe
That he would vouchsafe to unveil thy countenance before me!

Now I am made joyful in hearing thy voice,
In listening to thy rich and gracious accents.
But seek, I pray thee, some way to thy presence;
For what converse can we hold, I on the ground and thou on the terrace?»

The Peri-faced maiden heard the words of the hero;
Quickly she unbound her auburn locks,
Coil upon coil and serpent on serpent;
And she stooped and dropped down the tresses from the battlement,
And cried:—«O hero, child of heroes,
Take now these tresses; they belong to thee,
And I have cherished them that they might prove an aid to my beloved.»
And Zāl gazed upward at the lovely maiden,
And stood amazed at the beauty of her hair and of her countenance;
He covered the musky ringlets with his kisses,
And his bride heard the kisses from above;
Then he exclaimed:—«That would not be right—
May the bright sun never shine on such a day!
It were to lay my hand on the life of one already distracted;
It were to plunge the arrow-point into my own wounded bosom.»
Then he took his noose from his boy, and made a running knot,
And threw it, and caught it on the battlement,
And held his breath, and at one bound
Sprang from the ground, and reached the summit.

As soon as the hero stood upon the terrace,
The Peri-faced maiden ran to greet him,
And took the hand of the hero in her own,
And they went like those who were overcome with wine.

Then he descended from the lofty gallery,
His hand in the hand of the tall Princess,
And came to the door of the gold-painted pavilion,
And entered that royal assembly,
Which blazed with light like the bowers of Paradise;
And the slaves stood like houris before them:
And Zāl gazed in astonishment
On her face, and her hair, and her stately form, and on all that splendor.

And Zāl was seated in royal pomp
Opposite that mildly radiant beauty;
And Rudabah could not rest from looking towards him,
And gazing upon him with all her eyes;
On that arm and shoulder, and that splendid figure,
On the brightness of that soul-enlightening countenance;
So that the more and more she looked,
The more and more was her heart inflamed.

Then he kissed and embraced her, renewing his vows—
Can the lion help pursuing the wild ass?—
And said:—"O sweet and graceful silver-bosomed maiden,
It may not be, that, both of noble lineage,
We should do aught unbecoming our birth;
For from Sām Nariman I received an admonition,
To do no unworthy deed, lest evil should come of it;
For better is the seemly than the unseemly,
That which is lawful than that which is forbidden;
And I fear that Manuchahar, when he shall hear of this affair,
Will not be inclined to give it his approval:
I fear too that Sām will exclaim against it,
And will boil over with passion, and lay his hand upon me.
Yet though soul and body are precious to all men,
Life I will resign, and clothe myself with a shroud—
And this I swear by the righteous God—
Ere I will break the faith which I have pledged thee.
I will bow myself before him, and offer my adoration,
And supplicate him as those who worship him in truth,
That he will cleanse the heart of Sām, King of the earth,
From opposition, and rage, and rancor.
Perhaps the Creator of the world may listen to my prayer,
And thou mayest yet be publicly proclaimed my wife."
And Rudabah said:—"And I also, in the presence of the righteous God,
Take the same pledge, and swear to thee my faith;
And He who created the world be witness to my words,
That no one but the hero of the world,
The throned, the crowned, the far-famed Zāl,
Will I ever permit to be sovereign over me."

The gray dawn began to show itself,
And the drum to be heard from the royal pavilion;
Then Zāl bade adieu to the fair one.
His soul was darkened, and his bosom on fire,
And the eyes of both were filled with tears;

And they lifted up their voices against the sun:—
«O glory of the universe, why come so quick?
Couldst thou not wait one little moment?»

Then Zāl cast his noose on a pinnacle,
And descended from those happy battlements,
As the sun was rising redly above the mountains,
And the bands of warriors were gathering in their ranks.

Translation of S. Robinson.

THE DEATH OF DARA [DARIUS]

From the 'Shāh-Nāmah'

THE viziers came to Iskandar [Alexander the Great] and said:
«O King, crowned with victories and knowledge,
We have just slain thine enemy.
Come to an end is his diadem and the throne of princes.»
When Janusyar had thus spoken, Iskandar said to Mahyar:—
«The enemy ye have cast down—where is he? Show me the nearest road thither.»
They went before him, and the King of the Greeks followed,
His heart and his eyes filled with tears of blood.
When he came near he saw that the face of Dara
Was pale as the flower of the fenugreek,
And his breast clotted with gore.
Having commanded that they should quit their horses
And keep guard over the two ministers,
Swift as the wind Iskandar dismounted from his charger,
And placed on his thigh the head of the wounded man.
He looked to see whether Dara was still in a condition to speak,
Passed both his hands over his face,
Withdrew the royal diadem from his head,
Unclasped the warlike breastplate from his breast,
And rained down a flood of tears from his eyes when he saw the wounded body,
And the physician far away.
«May it go well with thee,» he exclaimed,
«And let the heart of the malevolent tremble!
Raise thyself and seat thyself on this golden cushion,
And if thou hast strength enough, place thyself in the saddle.
I will bring physicians from Greece and India;
I will shed tears of blood for thy sufferings;

I will restore to thee thy kingdom and thy throne,
And we will depart as soon as thou art better.
When yester-evening the old men told me what had happened,
My heart swelled with blood, my lips uttered cries.
We are of one branch, one root, one body-garment:
Why, through our ambition, should we extirpate our race?»
When Dara heard, with a weak voice he replied:—
«May wisdom be thy companion forever!
I believe that from thy God, the just, the holy,
Thou wilt receive a recompense for these thy words.
But for what thou hast said, that Persia shall be mine,
Thine be the throne and the crown of the brave,—
Nearer to me is death than a throne;
My fortune is turned upside down; my throne is at an end.
Such is the determination of the lofty sphere;
Its delights are sorrows, and its profit is ruin.
Take heed that thou say not, in the pride of thy valor,
'I have been superior to this renowned army.'
Know that good and evil are alike from God,
And give him the praise that thyself art still alive.
I am myself a sufficient example of this,
And my history is a commentary upon it for every one.
For what greatness was mine, and sovereignty, and treasure!
And to no one hath suffering ever come through me.
What arms and armies, too, were mine!
And what quantities of horses, and thrones, and diadems!
What children and relatives—
Relatives whose hearts were stamped with my mark.
The earth and the age were as slaves before me.
So was it as long as fortune was my friend;
But now I am severed from all my happiness,
And am fallen into the hands of murderers.
I am in despair about my children and my kinsmen;
The world is become black, and my eyes are darkened.
No one of my relatives cometh to my assistance;
I have no hope but in the great Provider, and that is enough.
Behold me, wounded and stretched upon the ground!
Fate hath ensnared me in the net of destruction.
This is the way of the changeful sphere
With every one, whether he be king or warrior.
In the end all greatness passeth away;
It is a chase in which man is the quarry and Death is the hunter.»

Iskandar rained tears of anguish from his eyes over the wounded King,
As he lay stretched on the ground.
When Dara perceived that the grief was from his heart,
And saw the torrent of tears which flowed from his pale cheek,
He said to him:—"All this is of no avail.
From the fire no portion is mine but the smoke;
This is my gift from the All-giver,
And all that remaineth of my once brilliant fortune.
Now give me thine ear from first to last;
Receive what I say, and execute it with judgment."
Iskandar replied:—"It is for thee to command;
Say what thou wilt, thou hast my promise."
Rapidly Dara unbound his tongue;
Point by point he gave instructions about everything:—
"First, illustrious prince, fear thou God, the righteous Maker,
Who made heaven and earth and time; who created the weak and the strong:
Watch over my children, and my kindred, and my beloved veiled women;
Ask of me in marriage my chaste daughter, and make her happy in thy palace;
To whom her mother gave the name of Roshank,
And in her made the world contented and joyful.
Thou wilt never from my child hear a word of chiding,
Nor will her worst enemy utter a calumny against her.
As she is the daughter of a line of kings,
So in prudence she is the crown of women.
Perhaps she will bring thee an illustrious son,
Who will revive the name of Isfandyar,
Will stir up the fire of Zoroaster,
Take in his hand the Zendavesta;
Will observe the auguries and feast of Sadah, and that of the New Year,
Renew the splendor of the fire-temples of Hormuzd,
The Sun, the Moon, and Mithra;
Will wash his face and his soul in the waters of wisdom,
Re-establish the customs of Lohrasp,
Restore the Kaianian rites of Gushtasp;
Will treat the great as great and the little as little,
Rekindle religion, and be fortunate."

Iskandar answered:—"O good-hearted and righteous King,
I accept thy injunctions and thy testament;

I will remain in this country only to execute them.
I will perform thy excellent intentions;
I will make thy intelligence my guide."

The master of the world seized the hand of Iskandar,
And wept and lamented bitterly;
He placed the palm of it on his lips, and said to him:—"Be God thy refuge!
I leave thee my throne, and return to the dust;
My soul I leave to God the holy."

He spoke, and his soul quitted his body,
And all who were about him wept bitterly.
Iskandar rent all his garments,
And scattered dust on the crown of the Kaianians.
He built a tomb for him agreeably to the customs of his country,
And suitable to his faith and the splendor of his rank.
They washed the blood from his body with precious rose-water,
Since the time of the eternal sleep had arrived.
They wrapped it in brocade of Rūm,
Its surface covered with jewels on a ground of gold.
They hid it under a coating of camphor,
And after that no one saw the face of Dara any more.
In the tomb they placed for him a dais of gold,
And on his head a crown of musk.
They laid him in a coffin of gold,
And rained over him from their eyelids a shower of blood.
When they raised the coffin from the ground,
They bore it, turn by turn;
Iskandar went before it on foot,
And the grandees followed behind, shedding tears of anguish.
So they proceeded to the sepulchre of Dara,
And placed the coffin on the dais, performing all the ceremony due to kings;
And when they had completed the magnificent monument,
They erected gibbets before it, and executed the murderers.

Translation of S. Robinson.

THE WARRIOR SĀM DESCRIBES HIS VICTORY OVER A DRAGON

From the 'Shāh Nāmah'

I AM thy servant, and twice sixty years
Have seen thy prowess. Mounted on my steed,
Wielding my battle-axe, o'erthrowing heroes,
Who equals Sām, the warrior? I destroyed
The mighty monster, whose devouring jaws
Unpeopled half the land, and spread dismay
From town to town. The world was full of horror;
No bird was seen in air, no beast of prey
In plain or forest; from the stream he drew
The crocodile; the eagle from the sky.
The country had no habitant alive,
And when I found no human being left,
I cast away all fear, and girt my loins,
And in the name of God went boldly forth,
Armed for the strife. I saw him towering rise,
Huge as a mountain, with his hideous hair
Dragging upon the ground; his long black tongue
Shut up the path; his eyes two lakes of blood;
And seeing me, so horrible his roar,
The earth shook with affright, and from his mouth
A flood of poison issued. Like a lion
Forward I sprang, and in a moment drove
A diamond-pointed arrow through his tongue,
Fixing him to the ground. Another went
Down his deep throat, and dreadfully he writhed.
A third passed through his middle. Then I raised
My battle-axe, cow-headed; and with one
Tremendous blow dislodged his venomous brain,
And deluged all around with blood and poison.
There lay the monster dead, and soon the world
Regained its peace and comfort. Now I'm old;
The vigor of my youth is past and gone;
And it becomes me to resign my station
To Zāl, my gallant son.

Version by J. Atkinson.

FIRDAUSÎ'S SATIRE ON MÁHMÚD

From the 'Shāh Nāmah'

KNOW, tyrant as thou art, this earthly state
Is not eternal, but of transient date;
Fear God, then, and afflict not humankind;
To merit Heaven, be thou to Heaven resigned.
Afflict not even the ant: though weak and small,
It breathes and lives, and life is sweet to all.
Knowing my temper, firm and stern and bold,
Didst thou not, tyrant, tremble to behold
My sword blood-dropping? Hadst thou not the sense
To shrink from giving man like me offense?
What could impel thee to an act so base?
What, but to earn and prove thy own disgrace?
Why was I sentenced to be trod upon
And crushed to death by elephants, by one
Whose power I scorn? Couldst thou presume that I
Would be appalled by thee, whom I defy?
I am the lion, I, inured to blood,
And make the impious and the base my food;
And I could grind thy limbs, and spread them far
As Nile's dark waters their rich treasures bear.
Fear thee! I fear not man, but God alone;
I only bow to his Almighty throne.
Inspired by him, my ready numbers flow;
Guarded by him, I dread no earthly foe.
Thus in the pride of song I pass my days,
Offering to Heaven my gratitude and praise.

From every trace of sense and feeling free,
When thou art dead, what will become of thee?
If thou shouldst tear me limb from limb, and cast
My dust and ashes to the angry blast,
Firdausî still would live, since on thy name,
Máhmúd, I did not rest my hopes of fame
In the bright page of my heroic song,
But on the God of heaven, to whom belong
Boundless thanksgivings, and on him whose love
Supports the faithful in the realms above,
The mighty Prophet! None who e'er reposed
On him, existence without hope has closed.

And thou wouldst hurl me underneath the tread
Of the wild elephant, till I were dead!

Dead! by that insult roused I should become
An elephant in power, and seal thy doom—
Máhmúd! if fear of man hath never awed
Thy heart, at least fear thy creator God.
Full many a warrior of illustrious worth,
Full many of humble, of imperial birth,—
Túr, Selím, Jemshíd, Minúchihr the brave,
Have died; for nothing had the power to save
These mighty monarchs from the common doom;
They died, but blest in memory still they bloom.
Thus kings too perish,—none on earth remain,
Since all things human see the dust again.
Oh, had thy father graced a kingly throne,
Thy mother been for royal virtues known,
A different fate the poet then had shared,—
Honors and wealth had been his just reward;
But how remote from thee a glorious line!
No high, ennobling ancestry is thine;
From a vile stock thy bold career began,—
A blacksmith was thy sire, of Isfahán.
Alas! from vice can goodness ever spring?
Is mercy hoped for in a tyrant king?
Can water wash the Ethiopian white?
Can we remove the darkness from the night?
The tree to which a bitter fruit is given
Would still be bitter in the bowers of heaven;
And a bad heart keeps on its vicious course,—
Or if it changes, changes for the worse;
Whilst streams of milk, where Eden's flow'rets blow,
Acquire more honeyed sweetness as they flow.
The reckless king who grinds the poor like thee
Must ever be consigned to infamy!

Now mark Firdausí's strain; his Book of Kings
Will ever soar upon triumphant wings.
All who have listened to its various lore
Rejoice; the wise grow wiser than before;
Heroes of other times, of ancient days,
Forever flourish in my sounding lays:
Have I not sung of Káús, Tús and Gíw;
Of matchless Rustem, faithful still and true.
Of the great Demon-binder, who could throw
His kamund to the heavens, and seize his foe!
Of Húsheng, Feridún, and Sám Suwár,
Lohurásp, Kai-khosráu, and Isfendiyár;

Gushtásp, Arjásp, and him of mighty name,—
Gúdarz, with eighty sons of martial fame!

The toil of thirty years is now complete,
Record sublime of many a warlike feat,
Written 'midst toil and trouble; but the strain
Awakens every heart, and will remain
A lasting stimulus to glorious deeds;
For even the bashful maid, who kindling reads,
Becomes a warrior. Thirty years of care,
Urged on by royal promise, did I bear,
And now, deceived and scorned, the aged bard
Is basely cheated of his pledged reward!

Version by J. Atkinson.

PRINCE SOHRÁB LEARNS OF HIS BIRTH, AND RESOLVES TO FIND RUSTEM

From the 'Shāh Nāmah'

When nine slow-circling months had rolled away,
Sweet-smiling pleasure hailed the brightening day,
A wondrous boy Tahmíneh's tears suppressed,
And lulled the sorrows of her heart to rest;
To him, predestined to be great and brave,
The name Sohráb his tender mother gave;
And as he grew, amazed the gathering throng
Viewed his large limbs, his sinews firm and strong.
His infant years no soft endearment claimed;
Athletic sports his eager soul inflamed;
Broad at the chest and taper round the loins,
Where to the rising hip the body joins;
Hunter and wrestler; and so great his speed,
He could o'ertake and hold the swiftest steed.
His noble aspect and majestic grace
Betrayed the offspring of a glorious race.
How, with a mother's ever-anxious love,
Still to retain him near her heart she strove!
For when the father's fond inquiry came,
Cautious she still concealed his birth and name,
And feigned a daughter born, the evil fraught
With misery to avert—but vain the thought:
Not many years had passed with downy flight,
Ere he, Tahmíneh's wonder and delight,

With glistening eye, and youthful ardor warm,
Filled her foreboding bosom with alarm.

«Oh, now relieve my heart!» he said; «declare
From whom I sprang, and breathe the vital air,
Since from my childhood I have ever been,
Amidst my playmates, of superior mien.
Should friend or foe demand my father's name,
Let not my silence testify my shame!
If still concealed, you falter, still delay,
A mother's blood shall wash the crime away.»

«This wrath forego,» the mother answering cried,
«And joyful hear to whom thou art allied.
A glorious line precedes thy destined birth,—
The mightiest heroes of the sons of earth.
The deeds of Sám remotest realms admire,
And Zál, and Rustem thy illustrious sire!»

In private, then, she Rustem's letter placed
Before his view, and brought with eager haste
Three sparkling rubies, wedges three of gold,
From Persia sent. «Behold,» she said, «behold
Thy father's gifts—will these thy doubts remove?
The costly pledges of paternal love!
Behold this bracelet charm, of sovereign power
To baffle fate in danger's awful hour:
But thou must still the perilous secret keep,
Nor ask the harvest of renown to reap;
For when, by this peculiar signet known,
Thy glorious father shall demand his son,
Doomed from her only joy in life to part,
O think what pangs will rend thy mother's heart!
Seek not the fame which only teems with woe:
Afrásiyáb is Rustem's deadliest foe!
And if by him discovered, him I dread,
Revenge will fall upon thy guiltless head.»

The youth replied:—«In vain thy sighs and tears;
The secret breathes, and mocks thy idle fears.
No human power can fate's decrees control,
Or check the kindled ardor of my soul.
Then why from me the bursting truth conceal?
My father's foes even now my vengeance feel;
Even now in wrath my native legions rise,
And sounds of desolation strike the skies;

Káús himself, hurled from his ivory throne,
Shall yield to Rustem the imperial crown,
And thou my mother, still in triumph seen,
Of lovely Persia hailed the honored queen!
Then shall Túrán unite beneath my band,
And drive this proud oppressor from the land!
Father and son in virtuous league combined,
No savage despot shall enslave mankind;
When sun and moon o'er heaven refulgent blaze,
Shall little stars obtrude their feeble rays?»

He paused, and then:—«O mother, I must now
My father seek, and see his lofty brow;
Be mine a horse, such as a prince demands,
Fit for the dusty field, a warrior's hands;
Strong as an elephant his form should be,
And chested like the stag, in motion free,
And swift as bird, or fish; it would disgrace
A warrior bold on foot to show his face.»

The mother, seeing how his heart was bent,
His day-star rising in the firmament,
Commands the stables to be searched to find
Among the steeds one suited to his mind;
Pressing their backs, he tries their strength and nerve:
Bent double to the ground their bellies curve:
Not one, from neighboring plain and mountain brought,
Equals the wish with which his soul is fraught;
Fruitless on every side he anxious turns,
Fruitless, his brain with wild impatience burns:
But when at length they bring the destined steed,
From Rakush bred, of lightning's wingèd speed,
Fleet as the arrow from the bowstring flies,
Fleet as the eagle darting through the skies,
Rejoiced he springs, and with a nimble bound
Vaults in his seat and wheels the courser round:
«With such a horse, thus mounted, what remains?
Káús the Persian King no longer reigns!»
High-flushed he speaks, with youthful pride elate,
Eager to crush the monarch's glittering state;
He grasps his javelin with a hero's might,
And pants with ardor for the field of fight.
Soon o'er the realm his fame expanding spread,
And gathering thousands hastened to his aid.

Version by J. Atkinson.

AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA

(1493–1545)

THIS Italian poet and littérateur was born in Florence, September 28th, 1493. He received his name from the town of Firenzuola among the Apennines, where his family originated. Agnolo spent his youth in Siena and Perugia, studying law and living a gay and wild life of pleasure. For a short time he practiced his profession in Rome, but abandoned it to become a monk at Vallombrosa. After the death of Clement VII. he went to Florence, and finally settled at Prato as abbot of San Salvatore. Some authorities have disputed that he ever became an abbot, for the records of his dissolute career do not accord with a monastic life. But whether abbot or gentleman of leisure, a severe illness took him to Prato, where he spent many happy years. He died here or at Rome, about 1545.

When in Rome he formed a friendship with many eminent men of letters, and his own writings attracted much attention. His adaptation of 'The Golden Ass' of Apuleius became a favorite book, and passed through many editions, and his original works were esteemed for their diction and brilliancy. Firenzuola wrote satirical and burlesque poems; two comedies, 'I Lucidi' and 'La Trinuzia'; 'Discorsi degli Animali,' imitations of Oriental fables of animals; 'Ragionamenti Amorosi,' novelettes or tales after the fashion of Boccaccio; 'Dialogo della Bellezza delle Donne,' and other works. He also wrote a few love poems and ballads, one of the most admired of which is 'Orozza Pastorella.' The first edition of Firenzuola's works appeared in 1548, and they have been frequently republished. The best editions of this century are in 5 vols., Milan, 1802; and in 2 vols., Florence, 1848. In his 'Renaissance in Italy' (London, 1881), J. A. Symonds says:—

«The charm of Firenzuola's 'Novelle' is due in a large measure to his style, which has a wonderful transparency and ease, a wealth of the rarest Tuscan phrases, and a freshness of humor that renders them delightful reading. The storm at sea, in the first tale, and the night scene in the streets in Florence, in the third, are described with Ariostean brilliancy. In point of subject-matter they do not greatly differ from the ordinary novels of the day, and some of the tales reappear in the collections of other novelists. Most of them turn upon the foibles and vices of the clergy. . . .

«Firenzuola prefaced his novels with an elaborate introduction, describing the meeting of some friends at Celso's villa near Pazolatico and their

discourse on love. From discussion they pass to telling amorous stories, under the guidance of a Queen selected by the company. The introductory conversation is full of a dreamy, sensualized, disintegrated Platonism. It parades conventional distinctions between earthly and heavenly love, between the beauty of the soul and the beauty of the body; and then we pass without modulation into the regions of what is here called *accidenti amorosi*.

«The same insincere Platonism gives color to Firenzuola's discourse on the 'Beauty of Women,'—one of the most important productions of the sixteenth century in illustration of popular and artistic taste. The author imagines himself to have interrupted a bevy of fair ladies from Prato in the midst of a dispute about the beauty of Mona Amelia della Torre Nuova. Mona Amelia herself was present; and so were Mona Lampiada, Mona Amororrisca, Mona Selvaggia, and Mona Verdespina. Under these names it is clear that living persons of the town of Prato are designated; and all the examples of beauty given in the dialogue are chosen from well-known women of the district. The composition must therefore be reckoned as an elaborate compliment from Firenzuola to the fair sex of Prato.»

The scene of the famous dialogue is laid in the convent grounds of Grignano, and Celso is supposed to be intended for Firenzuola. He analyzes and criticizes the form, proportion, and colors of the female type from the point of view of the artist, sculptor, and fastidious gentleman of taste. The 'Dialogo della Bellezze delle Donne' was first published in 1548, without the place of publication. It was reprinted in Florence in the same year. Many editions appeared, and a French translation, called 'Discours de la Beauté des Dames,' was issued in Paris in 1578. It was translated into English by Clara Bell, and printed with an introduction by Theodore Child (London, 1892), under the title 'Of the Beauty of Women.' Of it Mr. Child says:—

«Firenzuola's 'Dialogue on the Beauty of Women,' which is here presented for the first time in the English tongue, seems to us worthy of the honors of translation and of perusal for other reasons than those of mere antiquarian curiosity. Our ideal of feminine beauty is doubtless different from that of Botticelli, Perugino, Antonio Bazzi, Bellini, Leonardo, or Titian; and yet, by the ardent and continual study of the masterpieces of these and other painters, we certainly influence our modern ideal in some subtle and unanalyzable way. The life of great works of art is eternal. In each succeeding age they acquire new eloquence and impart fresh lessons to those who study them. They retain an inexhaustible power of suggestion and boundless capacity of interpretation. It is in the interpretation of the painting of the Italian Renaissance that the Dialogue of Firenzuola seems to us to be of singular interest; and above all in its suggestiveness to modern women, and in its implied doctrine that beauty is to be pursued, and within certain limits to be attained, even by those whom nature has not lavishly favored. . . . The Florentine was curious, perhaps, rather than sentimental; his analysis of the beauty of women is strictly æsthetical; his admiration active and impressionist, so to

speak, rather than contemplative. Had he lived in our times, he would have noted with incomparably delicate touch the familiar gestures which contemporary costume involves, and all the pretty movements that accompany the raising of a veil, the arrangement of the hair imperceptibly ruffled by the indiscreet breeze, the coquettish effort made in taking off gloves and adjusting rings and bracelets, the furtive application of the powder-puff and of the precious unguent that imparts intensity to roseate lips. At the same time he would have paid little attention to the naïveté of the eye and the gravity of the heart. The beauty of women which Firenzuola admires and analyzes is exterior, plastic, and material. . . . Many of Firenzuola's remarks may seem perhaps a little vague and general, but they become less so when we read them in connection with the monuments of plastic art contemporaneous with the life of the writer. In the figures of the frescoes of Ghirlandajo, of Piero della Francesca, of Antonio Bazzi, and more particularly in the marvelous women that we admire in the frescoes and pictures of the Florentine Botticelli, we recognize those refinements of bearing and expression of which Firenzuola speaks; we divine an ideal of feminine beauty corresponding with his; and we realize the charm of those high and pure foreheads 'shining almost like a mirror.'»

IN THE GARDEN

From 'Of the Beauty of Women'

CELSO SELVAGGIO is a great friend of mine, and so much at my service that I make bold to say he is in truth as my second self. Hence, when I now set forth these his discourses, albeit indeed he hath forbidden it, he will have patience with me, inasmuch as that the love he bears me constrains him to make my will his own, and all the more, since that which constraineth him constraineth me. Now he, besides being a man skilled in learning, is of no small judgment, and great courtesy and highly accommodating to the desires of his friends; and for all these reasons, being assured that he will make no difficulties, I have set them forth as you see.

He found himself last summer in the garden of the Abbey of Grignano, kept at that time by Vanazzo de Rochi, whither several youths and maidens had betaken themselves for air, ladies distinguished no less for their beauty and high degree than for their many virtues; among them Madonna Lampiada, Madonnas Amororrisca, Selvaggia, and Verdespina. They had withdrawn to the summit of the hillock in the midst of that garden, overgrown with cypress and laurel, where they tarried, disputing of Madonna Amelia della Torrenuova, who likewise was in the

pleasaunce; and this one would have it that she was of the greatest beauty, and that other that she was not even well favored, when Celso came up the mount with certain other youths of Prato, the kindred of these ladies. And they, being thus taken by surprise, were silent on a sudden. Then Celso making excuse for having done them such discourtesy, the ladies graciously replied that their coming hither was most pleasing to them, and they bid these gentlemen be seated on a bank over against them; yet were they again silent.

Whereupon Celso spoke, saying:—"Fair ladies, either proceed in your discourse, or dismiss us from your company, to the end that we may not disturb your sport, but hit the ball as it bounds."

Then said Madonna Lampiada:—"Messer Celso, our discourse was of women, wherefore it did not appear to us to be seemly to continue it in your presence. This one said that Amelia was not comely; I say that she is: thus we were disputing, after the manner of ladies."

To whom Celso replied:—"Madonna Selvaggia is in error, but indeed she loves her not. In truth, that lady must ever be accounted fair by all, nay, and most beautiful; and if she is not to be deemed beautiful, I cannot see one in Prato who may be called fair."

On this Selvaggia, somewhat wroth rather than pleased, replied:—"Small judgment is needed in such a matter, since each is of a different mind, and a brown skin is pleasing to one and a white skin to another; and it is with us women as in a draper's shop, where cloth from the Romagnuola finds a purchaser no less than satin from Banello."

"Well and good," quoth Celso; "but when we speak of a beautiful woman we mean one whom all alike admire, and not this one or that one only: thus Nora, so ill-favored as she is, appears most pleasing in the sight of her Tomaso, albeit she is as uncomely as she possibly can be; and my gossip, who was passing fair, her husband could not suffer. Peradventure it is that certain complexions suit or suit not: but a lady fair in all points, like yourself, must necessarily be pleasing to all, as you are; albeit few are pleasing to you, as I know full well. It is indeed the truth, that to be of perfect beauty many things are needed, so that one is rarely found who possesseth the half of them."

Selvaggia then said: — "There are some among you men whom the world itself would not satisfy. And I once heard it said that one Momus, unable to find any fault in the beauty of Venus, blamed some trifle in the fashion of her sandals."

Then said Verdespina: — "Thus you see how he beheld her."

And Celso, laughing, went on: — "Again, Stesichoros, a most noble poet of Sicily, spoke evil of that Helen who by her exceeding great beauty moved a thousand Greek ships to go forth against the great kingdom of Troy."

Then said Madonna Lampiada in haste: — "Ay, truly; but you know that he thereupon lost his sight, and had it not again till he denied his words."

"And so had his desert," added Celso, "inasmuch as that beauty and fair women, and fair women and beauty, ought to be lauded and held precious by all; seeing that a fair woman is the fairest object that may be seen, and beauty the highest gift bestowed by God on mankind; since its virtue is to invite the soul to contemplation, and through contemplation to the desire of heavenly things. Hence it hath been given us as a foretaste and as an earnest; and it is of such power and worth that it hath been accounted by sages as the first and most excellent of all things to be loved; nay, they have called it the very seat, the nest, the abode of love; of love, I say, which is the source and fount of all human joys. For it we see a man forget himself; and on beholding a face graced with this celestial gift, his limbs will quake, his hair stand on end, and he will sweat and shiver at the same time; just as one who, seeing on a sudden some heavenly vision, is possessed by the divine frenzy; and when he is come to himself worships it in his heart, and acknowledging it as it were a god, gives himself up as a victim and a sacrifice on the altar of that fair lady's heart."

Whereupon said Madonna Lampiada: — "Ah, Messer Celso, if it will not weary you, do us a pleasure: tell us somewhat of this beauty, and what should be the form of such a fair woman; whereas these damsels have for some time urged me to entreat this of you, and I have delayed to do it. But since you of your own motion have begun to discourse of it, having increased my desire you likewise have raised my courage; all the more since it hath been told me that during the evening assembly held by my sister last Carnival season, you spoke of the matter with those ladies at such length that Madonna Agnoletta could talk of

nothing else for many days. So we pray you do us this favor, for we have naught else to be busy about; and in this light wind the heat of the day will be more delightfully spent by us than by those below who are sporting or walking in the pleasaunce."

Then answered Celso:—"Ay! To the end that Selvaggia, if she hear aught said which is not to her mind, or if I omit aught, may cry out that I am speaking ill of women; in which I never take so great pleasure as I do in praising them, as she has often known by experience, and yet hath never thanked me for it."

Translation of Clara Bell.

OF THE FOREHEAD AND TEMPLES

From 'Of the Beauty of Women'

CELSO—To return to the person of our image, I say that you, Madonna Amororrisca, have a shape between lean and fat, round and juicy and of the right proportions, wherein we see suppleness and dexterity, with somewhat that is right queenly. Your hue is not of that whiteness which verges on pallor, but tinted with blood, after the fashion which the ancients prized. The person of a lady of high degree should move with gravity and after a certain gentle manner which keeps it upright, yet not stiff, so that we find in it that majesty whereof I lately spoke. And inasmuch as you have most of all these things, we are bound to give you Verdespina's hair; and now will seek a forehead.

The forehead must be spacious; that is, wide and high, fair and serene. The height, which is understood to be from where the hair ends down to the confines of the eyebrows and the nose, according to many writers should be the third part of the face; the second part being measured to the upper lip, and the third part all the rest, including the chin;—the height, then, I say, must be equal to half the width, and it will be twice as wide as the height; so that from the width we estimate the height, and the height from the width. And we have said it must be fair, since it must not be of an over-dull whiteness without any lustre, but should shine after the manner of a mirror; not by wetness, or by painting, or by foul washes like that

of Bovinetta, which, an it were fish to fry, might be worth a farthing a pound more as not needing to be floured; howbeit, it is not to be sold nor fried.

The line of the brow should not be all flat, but curved like an arch toward the crown of the head, so gently that it is scarce to be perceived; but from the boss of the temples it should descend more straightly. Our poets speak of it as serene, and with reason; since as the sky is serene when we see on it no cloud nor any manner of spot, so the front, when it is clear and open, without furrows or wrinkles or powders, is calm and tranquil, and may be rightly called serene; and whereas the sky when it is serene engenders a certain contentment in the mind of those who behold it, so the forehead which we call serene, gives, through the eye, peace to the soul of those who gaze upon it. As it is now with me, gazing on that of Madonna Lampiada, which, having all the qualities I have enumerated, will do well to place beneath Verdespina's hair. And that serenity of which I speak is the greater for the lustre of the eyes, they being without the confines of the forehead indeed, and yet appearing as the two chief luminaries in the sky; and we will first speak of the eyebrows.

Now, to speak of these, we will take as an example those of Verdespina, who hath them in color like ebony; fine, and of short, soft hairs, as though they were of the finest silk; and from the middle to the ends they gently diminish, on one side towards the hollow or socket of the eye, by the nose, and on the other toward that part which is near the ear, and where they end.

Next we come to the eye, which in every part of the visible globe, or eyeball, excepting the pupil, must be white, slightly tinged with the hue of flax, but so little as to be scarce perceptible. The pupil, save only the circle which lies in the centre, should not be perfectly black, albeit all the Greek and Latin poets, and our own likewise, praise black eyes as with one voice, and all are agreed that the goddess of beauty had them. Nevertheless, those are not wanting who praise eyes which are of the color of the sky, and that Venus had them so is to be found written in certain trustworthy authors.

Among you there is a lady, reputed exceeding fair by me and by many others, who, having such eyes, gains in grace thereby. Nevertheless, common custom seems to have obtained that dark tan or nut-brown eyes hold the first place among eyes of other colors. Deep black is not much to be commended, since it tends

to a somewhat gloomy and cruel gaze; and nut brown, if dark, gives a soft, bright, clear, and kindly gaze; and it lends to the movement of the eyes I know not what alluring charm,—frank, attractive, and keen, which I cannot better explain than by pointing to those of Madonna Lampiada, to whom none of these qualities are lacking. And besides this that has been said, and again like Madonna Lampiada, the eyes must be large and full, not concave nor hollow, for hollowness makes the gaze over-proud, and fullness makes it sweet and modest. So Homer, desiring to praise the eyes of Juno, tells us that they were like those of an ox, meaning thereby that they were round and full and large. Many have said that they should be long, and others that they should be oval, which pleases me very well.

The eyelids, when they are white, with certain delicate rosy veins, hardly to be seen, are a great aid to the general beauty of the eye; and the lashes should be thin and not over-long and not white, since, besides being ill-favored, they impair the sight. Nor would I have them very black, which makes the gaze fierce. The socket which surrounds the eye is not to be very deep, nor too large, nor different in color from the cheek; and let ladies who paint be on their guard,—those, I would say, who are brown,—since this part is very often unapt to take the paint or the plastering by reason of its hollow shape, or to retain it by reason of the motion of the eyelashes, and thus makes a division which looks very ill. Madonna Theofila's neighbor often falls into this error.

The ears, which should be tinted rather of the hue of pale rubies than of red ones, and which we will paint like the balcony rose, and not the damask, I will borrow from you, Selvaggia. For their perfect beauty, as we see in yours, a middle size is to be desired, with the shell finely turned, and of a livelier hue than the flat part; and the roll which borders them all round must be transparent and of a brilliant hue like the seed of a pomegranate. Above all, if they be soft and thin their beauty is spoiled; hence, as they are seen in her, they should be firm and well set on.

Of the temples there is little to be said save that they must be white and flat, not hollow; not over-full and moist, nor so narrow as to seem to press on the brain, which would signify a weakness of the brain. And they are beautiful when they resemble those of Madonna Amororrisca. And the manner of laying the hair over them, higher or lower, curled or drawn smooth, thicker or thinner, enlarges or diminishes the temples and makes

them wider or narrower, longer or shorter, as we may desire, or as a little flower shall confine it.

Madonna Lampiada—When I was a girl we did not love to dress our heads as many of our maidens do nowadays, putting so many flowers and leaves that they often resemble a jar full of gilliflowers or marjoram; nay, some might be a quarter of kid on the spit, since they will even wear rosemary, which to me seems the most graceless thing in the world. And you, Messer Celso, how seems it to you?

Celso—I like it not, if I am to tell the truth; and this mistake arises from their not knowing for what reason the ancients would wear a flower above the ear. I speak of gentlewomen, since the peasant women, having no other jewels nor pearls, load themselves, as you know, with flowers, without order, fashion, or number; and in them this excess becomes beauty.

Madonna Lampiada—Meseems that even gentle ladies may have worn flowers for their more homely adornment, instead of pearls and gold; inasmuch as not all our peers have wherewithal to attire themselves with the gems of the Orient or the sands of Tagus, and so it was needful to use the riches of the gardens of our own land. But each one having tried to outdo the others, they seem sometimes as if they had a garland or *quintain* about the face. And waters and powders were in those days invented, to remove pimples and moles and other such stains, but to-day they are used to paint and whiten the whole face, just as lime and plaster cover the face of a wall; and peradventure those foolish maids believe that men, whom they seek to please, do not discern this foulness, which I would have them to know wears them out and makes them grow old before their time, and destroys their teeth, while they seem to be wearing a mask all the year through. Look now at Mona Bettola Gagliani; what do you think of her? The more she paints and the more she dresses up the older she seems; nay, she is like a gold ducat that hath lain in aquafortis. And it would not be thus if she had not used washes so much when she was young. I, for my part, if I am still well preserved (which indeed I know not, but it shall suffice that others say so) it is from no cause but that water from the well has ever been my wash, and shall be that of my daughter so long as she tarries with me; afterwards, it must be her husband's care.

Translation of Clara Bell.

OF THE HAND

From 'Of the Beauty of Women'

THE hand, which all declare to be perfect in you (to you I say it, Selvaggia, so hide it not), must likewise be white chiefly on the outer side, large enough and somewhat fat, the palm hollow and tinted with rose; the lines must be clear, few, distinct, firmly drawn, not crossing nor entangled, the mounts of Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury plainly to be seen, yet not over-high; the line of the intellect and wit should be deep and clear and crossed by no other. The hollow that lies between the thumb and middle finger must be shapely, without wrinkles, and brightly tinted. The fingers are beautiful when they are long, fine, and slender, tapering somewhat towards the tip, yet so little as to be scarce perceptible. The nails transparent, like pale rubies among pink roses and the leaves of the pomegranate flower; not long, not round nor altogether square, but of a fair shape and with a very little boss, uncovered, clean and well kept, so that at the base the little white crescent is visible. Above, beyond the flesh of the finger, an edge should be seen, as wide as a small knife is thick, without the smallest suspicion of a rim of black at the tip. And the whole hand must be of a tender, firm surface, as though it were of fine silk or the softest cotton. And this is all it occurs to me to say of the arms and hands. Now this image will no longer be like that in the piazza; but behold the thing she was compared with! You are indeed one of those sharp thorns which get in between the nail and the flesh, and if green, of the harder heart; and it is well for me that I have a good needle to withdraw it withal.

Selvaggia—Now, meseems, your picture is like those which are wrought by the hands of a good master; and to tell the truth, it is a most beautiful thing, so that if I were a man, whereas I am a woman, I should be constrained like a second Pygmalion to fall in love with her. And do not think that I call her beautiful only to signify that the parts which we have given her are the occasion of it, seeing that the adornments and graces you have bestowed on her might have made even the wife of Jacopo Cavallaccio seem fair. Since I (to speak only of myself), if I had so fair a bosom as you have described, should not yield to Helen nor Venus for beauty.

Celso—You have it indeed, and you know it; there is no need to make so many words about it. Good luck to you, and to him who may some day be worthy to behold it. And of a truth when that friend of mine composed a fine Elegy in its praise, having so fine a thread, it was no great marvel that he filled so fair a cloth. But to give our chimera the crowning perfection, that nothing may be lacking to her, you, Madonna Lampiada, will give her that witchery that sparkles in your eyes and that fine air which pervades the perfect proportion of your person; you, Madonna Amororrisca, will give her the queenly majesty of your person and the cheerfulness of your honest and modest gaze, that serious gait, that dignified countenance, and that gentle graciousness which delight all who behold them. Selvaggia will lend her a calm seemliness, an inviting charm, an honest yet bewitching, a severe yet sweet attractiveness, with that pitying cruelty which all are constrained to praise albeit none desire it. You, Verdespina, shall bestow the grace which makes you so dear; that readiness and sweetness of gay speech, subtle, honest, and gracious. Wit and the other gifts and virtues of the mind we do not need, inasmuch as we have described only the beauties of the body and not those of the spirit, for which a better painter than I am is needed, better colors and a better brush than those of my poor wit, albeit your example is no less sufficient for that kind of beauty than for the other.

And thus without more words their discourse ended, and each one returned to his own home.

Translation of Clara Bell.

KUNO FISCHER

(1824–)

BY RICHARD JONES

KUNO FISCHER of Heidelberg, one of the most brilliant and stimulating of living university professors, the great historian and interpreter of modern philosophy, is distinguished likewise as an expositor and interpreter of some of the greater literature of the modern world. Indeed, his first published work, 'Diotima, oder die Idee des Schönen,' was an excursion into the realm of æsthetics; and his poetic sympathies, oratorical fervor and eloquence, and the literary charm of his interpretations, have contributed no less than his profound philosophic insight toward drawing to him university students from all parts of the world, from the beginning of his distinguished university career.

KUNO FISCHER

The son of a country pastor, he was born July 23d, 1824, at Sandewalde in the province of Silesia. He attended the Gymnasium of Posen, and began in 1844 his university studies, philology, theology, and philosophy; first at Leipsic, then at Halle, where he received the degree of doctor of philosophy in 1847. In the Michaelmas semester of 1850 he began his instruction in philosophy as *privatdocent* in the University of Heidelberg. His lectures were from the first exceptionally successful, but in 1853 he was forbidden by a ministerial edict from continuing his university instruction. No reason was assigned for this arbitrary act, which aroused deep indignation in university circles throughout Germany as a serious infringement of the «Lehrfreiheit,» the unrestricted freedom of thought and of teaching so dear to the German university professor's heart. He remained amid the beautiful surroundings of Heidelberg, enjoying the friendship of Strauss and of Gervinus, improving his enforced leisure by working on his history of philosophy,—the volume which appeared in 1856, and which serves as an Introduction to the history proper; viz., 'Francis Bacon und seine Nachfolger' (Francis Bacon and his Successors), receiving the compliment of an immediate translation

into English. In the autumn of 1855 Fischer requested permission to lecture in the University of Berlin, but on account of the Heidelberg proscription this request was refused by the Prussian Minister of Education. However, in response to a petition of the faculty of the University of Berlin, an order was issued by the King in September 1856, granting their request that Fischer be permitted to lecture. But in the mean time he had received a call to the chair of philosophy at Jena, made famous by Fichte and Schelling and Hegel. This call he accepted. Here his lectures were again extraordinarily successful. Students flocked to Jena as they had not done since the days of Schiller, Schelling, and Fichte. He was made Privy Councilor of the Duke, and was the recipient of many honors. In 1870 he declined a call to the University of Vienna, but in 1872 he accepted a call to the University of Heidelberg as Zeller's successor, where he has since remained, the brightest ornament of the oldest university within the present limits of Germany.

His literary work has been done in the two fields of philosophic and literary exposition and interpretation. His 'Geschichte der Neuern Philosophie' (History of Modern Philosophy) is now become, after successive enlargements in several editions, a monumental work, famous for the clearness and beauty of its literary style no less than for its philosophic insight and sympathetic interpretation. Kuno Fischer's method is not to give in brief the essence of a philosophic system,—the substance of Kant, for example. He gives, on the contrary, Kant amplified, interpreted, illustrated. He states lucidly that which Kant himself stated obscurely, and illumines the Cimmerian darkness of the 'Critique of Pure Reason' by a remarkably clear and successful interpretation, which has influenced profoundly philosophic thought during the closing decades of the nineteenth century.

His treatment of philosophic systems is colored with life by sympathetic recitals of the lives and characters of the men who founded these systems. As an introduction, for example, to the philosophy of Leibnitz, there is given a full account of the life and times of Leibnitz, closing with a description of his death, alone and friendless. This great many-sided genius, until Kant came the greatest mind since Aristotle, world-renowned, who had served his king for forty years, died neglected and solitary, practically imprisoned, set to a task, yearning for the green fields, a change of scene, and liberty; and no one knows to this day the spot where he lies buried,—a striking theme for a philosopher-poet, who is by nature an orator, «musical as is Apollo's lute.» To hearers or readers who have learned thus to know the man Leibnitz, the system of thought of the philosopher Leibnitz can never be thereafter a mere lifeless abstraction.

Even the distinctively philosophical works of Kuno Fischer are full of literary charm. They are clear and lucid statements of momentous truths, warm with emotion and glowing with life through his vivid appreciation of the greatness of the theme. Since, as Disraeli has said, «Philosophy becomes poetry, and science imagination, in the enthusiasm of genius,» so Kuno Fischer's readers, and especially his hearers, yield ready assent to Milton's lines:—

> «How charming is divine philosophy!
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns.»

Kuno Fischer's expositions and interpretations of literature relate largely to the works of Shakespeare, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. His method has been described in detail by Hugo Falkenheim in his volume 'Kuno Fischer und die Litterarhistorische Methode.' As an interpreter of literature, Fischer does not evolve his interpretations out of his inner consciousness; but as a philosopher and a historian of thought, he is able to distinguish from unessential details the ruling idea which is at the basis of a poem, and to illustrate the use which has been made of this idea by other poets, elsewhere and in other times.

The first volume of his 'Goethe's Faust' (Vol. i., 'Faust Literature before Goethe'; Vol. ii., 'Goethe's Faust, its Origin, Idea, and Composition') has been translated into English by Harry Riggs Wolcott, of the University of Heidelberg. 'Die Erklärungsarten des Goetheschen Faust' (Goethe's Faust; Methods of Exposition) has been translated by Professor Richard Jones, of the University of the State of New York, for the publications of the English Goethe Society. His commentary on Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' was translated and edited by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of the University of Dublin, in 1866. His 'Critique of Kant' has been translated by Professor W. S. Hough for the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, edited by Dr. William T. Harris. Professor J. P. Gordy of Ohio University has translated the first two volumes of the 'History of Modern Philosophy,' including Descartes and his school, and also the Introduction, which gives an outline of Grecian philosophy and of the philosophy of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, and of the Reformation. 'Francis Bacon and his Successors' is a translation of his work on Bacon by John Oxenford (London, 1857). Other translations are in preparation.

Richard Jones

THE MOTIVE TO PHILOSOPHY

From the 'History of Modern Philosophy'

PHILOSOPHY is a love for wisdom, a striving after truth. Even this striving is philosophy. A progressive culture-process can be comprehended only by a progressive knowledge-process. The human spirit is this progressive culture-process; philosophy is this progressive knowledge-process, the self-knowledge of the human spirit. This self-knowledge of the human spirit is the fundamental theme of all systems of philosophy. The problem of philosophy is to see the meaning of the forms of culture, to grasp their inner motives, and to make clear what they are and what is their aim. The problem is the more difficult, the richer and more manifold the world of culture becomes. The animating principles of men are so various that conflicting systems of philosophy arise, each of which expresses one phase of these animating principles. This phase must be co-ordinated, in order to solve the philosophical problem of the age. But there are *ruling* tendencies of the time; so there arise in philosophy ruling systems.

Moreover, this explanation of the spirit of history, which is the province of philosophy, is always more than a mere exposition. Philosophy bears the same relation to the history of the human spirit as does our self-knowledge to our life. In what consists the act of self-observation? We withdraw from the outer world which has occupied us, and busy ourselves with ourselves. We make our own life a subject of observation, just as the artist views the work arising under his hand. He lays down his tools and steps back from his work, and from a suitable point of view surveys the whole. The eye of the critical artist sees otherwise than the eye of the artist lost in his work. He now discovers faults which were before unseen. He sees want of proportion in the parts; there a limb is too prominent for a symmetrical whole. By this opportune examination he sees now wherein one harmonizes with all, and what destroys the harmony. What shall the artist do? Abandon the work because many faults appear? Shall he not rather again grasp the tools, and in accordance with the right idea which he in a moment of criticism conceived, now correctly and better labor?

Let us apply the illustration: The artists are ourselves; the artistic work is our lives; the critical look which judges the work

is the self-observation which interrupts the process of living. We withdraw from the life which we have until that moment lived; and as the artist makes his work, we make our lives our subject of observation and win thereby a better knowledge of ourselves. We thereby separate ourselves from our past life-conditions, and shall never again return to the same. So self-observation determines the moment when one life-period closes and a new one begins. It makes a crisis in our development, a turning-point or epoch in our lives. We free ourselves from our passions as soon as we think. We cease to feel them so soon as we begin to observe them. In this lies the whole importance of self-knowledge, the crisis which it works in our lives. We are no more ruled by our previous life-conditions; we are no more what we were. So an earnest observation of self is always a fundamental freeing and renewal of our lives, a crisis which separates the present from the past and prepares for the future. The act of self-observation is in our own life what the monologue is in the drama. The action withdraws from the confusing stage of the outer world into the innermost soul, and here in silence, in deliberation with self, the problem is considered and solved.

Such moments are wanting in the life of no spiritually active being, and every one finds them in his own experience. It is impossible that we shall always continue in the conditions of life and culture which have hitherto ruled us; our interest in them ceases to satisfy us. A feeling of satiety, of dissatisfaction, makes itself always more actively and painfully felt, and at last we remain alone with ourselves. We are estranged from our previous life-conditions; we begin to reflect concerning ourselves, concerning the problem of our being, concerning the problem of the world; we begin to philosophize,—so far as we are able, so far as our culture permits.

I have portrayed out of the experience and development of a single life, the soul-condition in which the will is inclined to reflection and self-observation, and which germinates the first motive to philosophy. It is the moment when, in fervid souls, a passionate longing awakens to know philosophy and to receive from her the satisfaction which life, mere activity, no more provides.

To that important part which, in the development of the individual, self-observation plays, there correspond in the life of the race the dominant systems of philosophy. They not merely

accompany the progress of the human spirit, they influence this progress by making subjects of observation out of hitherto ruling life-conditions. They free the world from this rule. They perfect the present form of culture and prepare for the new. They work as world-historical factors, through which the great systems of culture live out their life and great culture crises are brought about.

We see the history of philosophy in its true light, when we recognize in it the course of development in which the necessary problems of humanity are with all distinctness defined, and so solved that out of every solution there arise in progressive order ever new and deeper problems.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Professor Richard Jones

FROM 'GOETHE'S FAUST: THE METHODS OF EXPOSITION'

I. The Age When the Poem was Written

In 1813 Goethe, wishing to express anew and more comprehensively than ever before, his appreciation of the poet to whom his highest admiration was ever devoted, took for his theme the words "Shakespeare without end." "So much has already been said concerning Shakespeare that it might appear as though there were nothing more to say, and yet it is the nature of his mind that he always arouses mental activity in others." The same is also true of Goethe himself and of his 'Faust.' The world will never cease to read Dante's world-poem, for the subject of which it treats is a theme of eternal moment,—the guilt, the purification, and the salvation of man. The same is true of the importance and abiding influence of Goethe's 'Faust.' It would betray an ignorance of world-literature and of its worth should one in a tone of irritation exclaim, "Goethe's 'Faust' without end."

This poem roots itself deep in the past, and is not of less worth because it grew out of the 'Volksbücher' and popular plays; for in the realm of poetry the worth of a popular origin is fully recognized. The age in which it was written, the stamp of which the poem bears, was one of the richest in ideas and in deeds which man has ever seen; and never before has such an

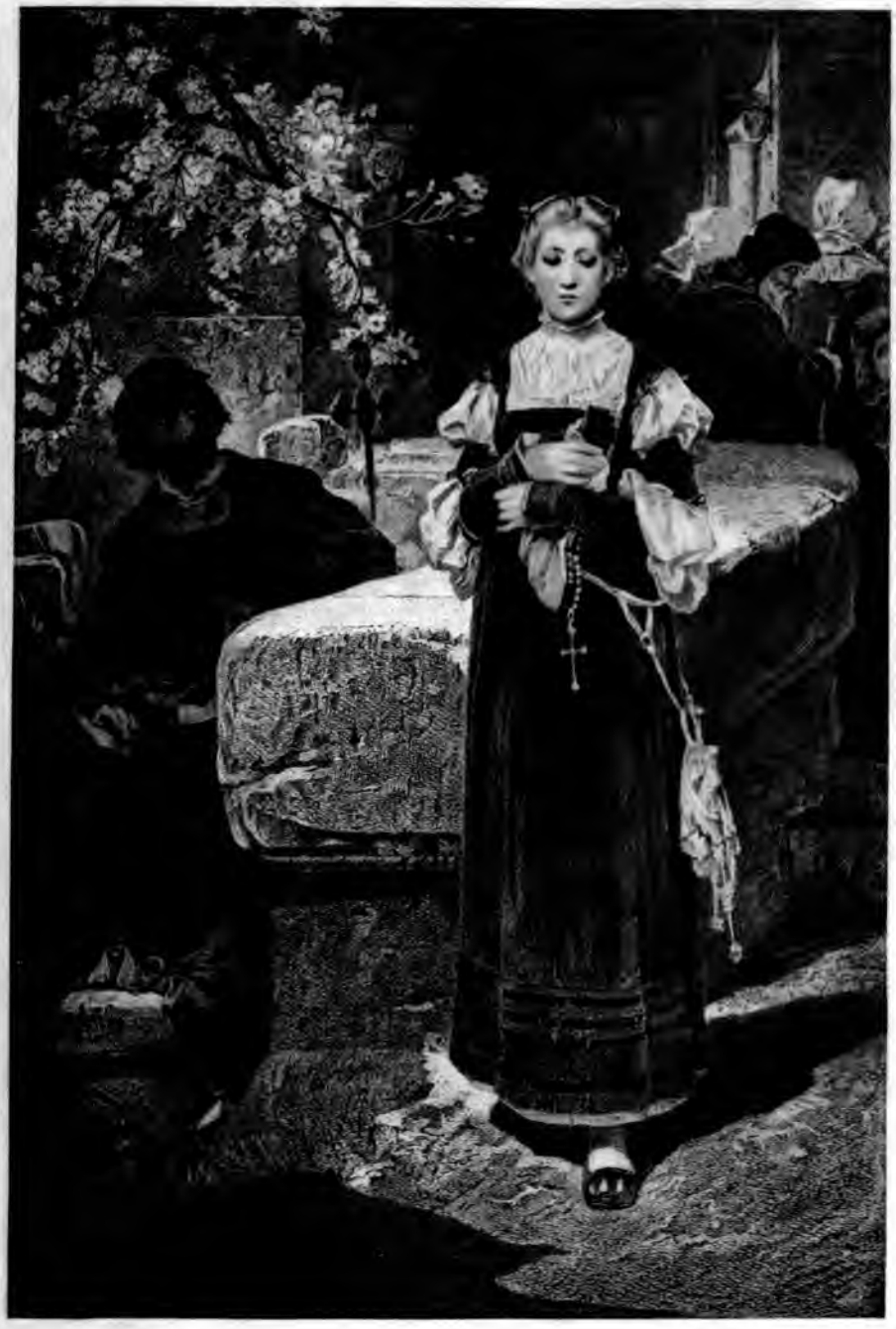
age developed in so short a time. When the 'Fragment' of our 'Faust' appeared, the French Revolution had just begun; it had run its course and had given birth to a Cæsar, who was already the ruler of the world when the First Part of 'Faust' saw the light of day. In the same year Napoleon appeared in Erfurt, where he called to him the author of 'Werther' and advised him to compose a 'Cæsar,' since the destiny of the world now lay in politics.

When Goethe was asked which one among modern philosophers he considered the greatest, he answered, "Kant, unquestionably; for he is the one whose doctrine proves permanent and has penetrated most deeply into our German culture." Contemporaneous with the origin of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' was the origin of Goethe's 'Faust.' Contemporaneous with the 'Critique of the Judgment,' Kant's last great work, appeared the 'Fragment.' The Königsberg philosopher stood at that time at the summit of his mental activity. The philosophers Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel had followed him and had filled the world with their ideas, when Goethe published in 1808 the First Part of his 'Faust.' Some seventy poems have dared to vie with it, but in the light of the great star have quickly paled. No one of these had the power so to express and reveal the spiritual fullness of this age, rich in thought and events, as did Goethe's 'Faust.' All influential thinkers of the time compared their ideas with this work, and endeavored to show their spiritual relationship with the same, in order thereby to establish their own worth and import. . . .

It is impossible that a poem which rules so great a past and present, and which has so great a following, should be so short-lived that scarcely two generations after its completion it has lived out its life, its fundamental thought exhausted. Indeed, the vast and always growing number of expositions of Goethe's 'Faust' proves to us that the world desires an interpretation of this work, and that the attempts hitherto made have either failed in their purpose or have not solved the problem completely and fundamentally enough. It may, I trust, be permitted me in the present discourse, so far as the time permits, to examine into the nature of these attempts and to pass judgment upon them.

FAUST AND MARGARET.

Photogravure from a Drawing by A. Liezen-Mayer.



II. The Philosophical Method of Interpretation

The kernel of all Faust literature is a religious fable. A nobly striving and highly gifted man, impelled by thirst for truth and also for the pleasures of the world, becomes untrue to the service of God, strives after the powers of magic, calls up the Devil and subscribes to him his soul, which shall remain forever in hell after he has enjoyed a proud and wanton world-career. This fable contains, even in its rudest form, momentous thoughts concerning the struggle between good and evil in the heart of man, concerning the motives to guilt and destruction,—clearly the profoundest themes both of religion and of philosophy.

In the course of the sixteenth century, the age of the German new birth of Christianity and of ancient art, there arose under the influence of the religious and philosophical ideas of that time the myth of Doctor Faust, whose religious tendency stamped itself clearly in the 'Volksbücher.' In the years from 1771–1831,—an age deeply moved by religious and philosophical ideas, the greatest age of German philosophy, reaching from the beginning of the epoch of Kant to the death of Hegel,—there arose, developed, and was completed, Goethe's 'Faust.' The old fable of the German magician of the sixteenth century, and the new ideas of German philosophy which stirred the last generation of the eighteenth century and the first generation of the nineteenth,—these are the elements our poem must needs take up and unite; for it could deny neither its inheritance nor its birth. Therefore this work is by virtue of its origin a religious and philosophical poem, which cannot be thoroughly comprehended without a knowledge of the ideas contained therein. The meaning of this poem was and still is, therefore, a *philosophical* problem.

Therefore the first attempts at interpretation, which followed immediately upon the publication of the poem, took this direction. Their problem was to explain the fable of our 'Faust' and to find its moral. This was considered as the fundamental idea, which was intended to be allegorically portrayed in the persons and events of the poem. So the philosophical interpretation became allegorical interpretation, and then forced and absurd interpretations. The entire poem appeared at last like a magic sphere, wherein one could no more trust his senses, but must look upon the most natural things as something entirely

different from what they seemed to be. One was taught the recondite signification of the pedestrians before the gate, of the dance under the linden tree, of the rat which gnawed the pentagram, of the revelers in Auerbach's cellar, of the wine which flowed from the table, of the jewel casket in Gretchen's press, of the bunch of keys and the night lamp with which Faust entered Gretchen's prison, and of various other similar riddles. It was even asked, What is the meaning of Gretchen?

The fundamental error of all these interpretations was that they assumed as the basis of the poem a wholly invented, entirely original, not partly inherited, fundamental idea; in accordance with which, it was said, the poem grew,—*i. e.*, the fable grew out of the moral. However, concerning this fundamental idea the interpreters were by no means agreed. But they interpreted the poem as though Goethe had himself wholly invented his Faust legend, and had then completed the poem in accordance with the requirements of the invented legend, according to *one* plan and in a white heat of composition; whereas in truth the Faust legend was already two centuries old when Goethe appropriated it, and Goethe's 'Faust' was two generations old when it was brought to completion.

The problem could not be solved by these methods of interpretation, because of the underlying false conceptions of the origin and production of the poem.

IV. The Extreme Positions Taken by Both Schools

Over against the earlier philosophical—*i. e.*, allegorical—interpretations I have placed the historical investigations of to-day, and shown how widely the latter method has extended its questions and subdivided into so many individual investigations.

Opposed as are their tendencies, so also are the byways into which both methods of interpretation get astray. If the allegorists consult tradition not at all, or too little at least, and prefer to ascribe everything to the assumed inventions of the poet, so on the other hand, many of the historical expositors of to-day are inclined to exaggerate tradition to such an extent that they would leave nothing to the ideas and power of invention of the poet. The former would, if possible, make everything invented; the latter make everything borrowed. We find that the former ascribed to the poet of 'Faust' ideas,—the latter borrowings,—of which he never thought. Here extremes meet.

VIII. The Religious Idea of the Poem

I have attempted to show the directions which the expositions of Goethe's 'Faust' have taken, by the philosophic methods of exposition as well as by the historical and the philological. The poem needs an explanation of the entire circumference of its ideas, as well as of its origin, which can succeed only when both methods of exposition — the philosophical as well as the historical, which includes also the philological — are united. Separated from each other, neither takes the right way. The philosophical consideration which to-day deserves this name is itself of a historical nature. It must recognize, through the course of development of the poet, the ideas which have in truth inspired and filled his work. Where the poem itself takes the form of allegory, the philosophical interpretation must proceed allegorically. It must ask, for example, What means the Witches' Kitchen, the Witches' Sabbath, the Mothers, the Homunculus, the classical Walpurgis Night?

The legend of Faust was a religious fable, and its theme was the guilt and condemnation of a nobly striving man entangled in the pleasures of the world. Goethe's 'Faust' is a religious poem, and its theme is the guilt and purification of a high-minded man, whom the pleasures of the world entice and sweep along but never satisfy. Were this non-satisfaction the final theme of the 'Faust,' as is commonly held, I should not call the poem a religious poem. It would then be merely pessimistic, as are the poems of Byron. There is a religious view of the misery in the world and a pessimistic view; the latter finds the world evil because it is not rich enough in enjoyment. This pessimism, which in our day is the fashion, is at bottom nothing but unsatisfied pleasure-seeking.

This was not the view of Goethe, not that of his 'Faust.' In his second monologue he portrays the wretchedness of human existence in a manner which can be compared only with the famous monologue of Hamlet. To Faust also, death appears to be a goal to be desired most fervently. He wishes to shuffle off the mortal coil of life as a burden. Then the Easter song moves him with admonition. Life is no burden; it is a test,—a painful but a wholesome one!

« Christ is ascended!
Bliss hath invested him,—

Woes that molested him,
Trials that tested him,
Gloriously ended!»

Life has the importance of a trial which is to be endured by continued purification: this is the fundamental *religious* thought which Goethe introduces into his 'Faust' tragedy in the 'Prologue in Heaven,' and makes it the theme of the same. He permits his 'Faust' to strive upward, and reach a height where the enjoyments of the world and the evil of the world touch him no more.

Upon this height he answers the tempter who places before his eyes the glories and enjoyments of the world: — «Base and modern Sardanapalus! Enjoyment makes common!»

From this height he says to Care, who paints to him again the misery of the world, «I will not recognize you.» The energy of endeavor and striving is not to be dispirited by the misery of life's cares. There is a genuine and real non-satisfaction; it springs not from the misery of the world, but from the wants and weakness of one's own powers: —

«Firm let him stand, and look around him well!
This World means something to the Capable.
In marching onwards, bliss and torment find,
Though every moment with unsated mind!»

However, it is not the province of this address to go into the course of development of the poem itself, since I only wished to present and to criticize the methods of exposition. The work progressed with the poet and with his views of life, and it was two generations of men in coming into being. In order to appreciate it correctly, and to apprehend the ideas which this world-poem presents, let us take as a prototype that view of the world, full of love, which the Lord in the Prologue commends to his own: —

«But ye, God's sons in love and duty,
Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty!
Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,
And what in wavering apparition gleams
Fix in its place with thoughts that stand forever!»

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Professor Richard Jones

JOHN FISKE

(1842-)

JOHN FISKE was born in Hartford, Connecticut, March 30th, 1842, the son of Edmund Brewster Green, of Smyrna, Delaware. The son's name was originally Edmund Fiske Green; but in 1855 he took the name of his maternal great-grandfather John Fiske. His father had died, and his mother had been married to Edwin W. Stoughton, a distinguished lawyer, since known as United States Minister to Russia. An authentic account shows him to have been a boy of extraordinary industry and acquisition. Thus, at thirteen, he had read a great deal of the best Latin literature. He could read Plato and Herodotus at sight when fifteen years old. A little later he took up in rapid succession French, Italian, Portuguese, Hebrew, and Sanskrit. His studies in science and mathematics were as extensive as in the languages. During his college course the young man is said to have averaged throughout the year fifteen hours of study daily. He was graduated at Harvard in 1863, and at the Harvard Law School in 1865. Mr. Fiske has never practiced law, however, his preferences for literary life having declared themselves early. He had married while in the law school, and was even then using his pen for the support of his family.

JOHN FISKE

John Fiske's career as an author began with the publication, when he was nineteen years of age, of an article on Buckle, in which he made an exposition of the fallacies of that writer; which is as good to-day as at the time it was written. For two years, from 1869 to 1871, he was a lecturer on philosophy at Harvard. He was afterwards assistant librarian of that university, and has since served as a member of the board of overseers. The most serious work of his earlier years was his 'Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy,' in which he appeared as an expounder of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. It was written with that attractive lucidity which characterizes all his books. Darwin wrote him, «I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are.» This work claims only

to be a representation of Spencer; but in the course of it Mr. Fiske made one original contribution in support of the Darwinian theory, which is now recognized to be of high importance. This concerns the subject of infancy. The idea is that actions which in the case of the simpler animals are matured before birth, must in the higher and more complex animals be acquired after birth. Hence the necessity of a period of infancy, to be prolonged in proportion to the degree of elevation of the animal in the scale of existence.

Since the publication of his 'Cosmic Philosophy,' Mr. Fiske's labors have been given almost entirely to history. That his attention has been turned to American history seems to have been due to chance. If it had been left to him to select a subject, he would probably have chosen the conflicts of Christianity and Mohammedanism on the shores of the Mediterranean — a theme that has always had a special attraction for him. But this was not to be. In the late seventies an effort, which proved to be successful, was made to save the Old South Meeting-House in Boston. Had the attempt been made earlier it would probably have failed. But the fate of John Hancock's house had served as an example, and by 1879 people were beginning to feel that this country had a history that deserved attention. Mr. Fiske was invited to deliver a course of lectures on American political ideas at the Old South Meeting-House. Since that time he has been writing American history. He has written 'The Beginnings of New England,' 'The American Revolution,' 'The Critical Period of the American Revolution,' etc. The book which perhaps has had the widest attention is 'The Discovery of America.' The first part of this work is taken up with a description of the aboriginal society which Columbus and his successors found on this continent. This subject is closely connected with that of prehistoric society in Europe, which attracted the writer very early in his career.

In 1869 he had sketched out a work on the early Aryans, when he was turned aside for five years to write his 'Cosmic Philosophy.' During that period he also wrote 'Myths and Myth-Makers,' as a side work to his projected book on the Aryans. He again took up his task in 1874, but laid it aside after he had reached the conclusion that the subject could not be rightly treated without widening the field of study. It was necessary to know more of the barbaric world. With this view he set about the study of aboriginal American society, with which, he contends, no other field can be compared for fruitfulness. The part of the 'Discovery of America' which treats of this subject has great interest; but it is less generally attractive than his narration of the romantic incidents and characters of the period of discovery. Here we have at its best the writer's talent for clear exposition and attractive narration. There is no better example of

his literary powers than his account of the first voyage of Columbus. It is worthy of the possibilities of the story. Of all stories with a good ending, that, to an American mind at any rate, is perhaps the best. If there is a piece of American literature which has taken a strong hold of the popular mind, it is that chapter on the voyage of Columbus in 'Peter Parley' now known to have been written by Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is high praise of Mr. Fiske, to say that his more elaborate version of the ever-delightful story is worthy of the ideal of dramatic interest left by that youthful reading.

Besides his investigations upon history and politics, science and philosophy, Mr. Fiske has also been an inquirer upon religious themes. Perhaps none of his writings have attracted more attention or been read with a livelier interest than two little books which set forth his views on this subject. They were first delivered as addresses before the Concord School of Philosophy. The aim of 'The Destiny of Man' is to show that the theory of natural selection consists perfectly with the highest conception that can be formed of the dignity of human nature. It is true that the Darwinian theory made some such alteration in the position of man in the creation as had been done by the Copernican theory. With the establishment of the Copernican theory, man ceased to be the center of the universe. Darwin's theory taught him that even on this planet he had not a separate origin from the rest of animal existence. This view was at first regarded as a great derogation from human dignity. But Mr. Fiske claims that it accords with the highest conception of man's position in the universe. Man, and especially his spiritual part, is by this view made the goal to which nature has been all the while tending. The origin of man is fixed at that moment when psychical variations become of more use than physical ones. With this period is connected consciousness, the great increase of brain surface, and the necessity of a period of infancy. To the length of infancy of the human being Mr. Fiske attributes the rise of the family. Then comes the rise of the clan. Then comes the period when during some time of peace, the clan learns to obtain food by agriculture instead of by hunting; and we have the beginnings of the State.

Again, the gentler sentiments which we recognize in men, the altruistic feelings, are due to the existence of infancy. These sentiments can have, however, only a very feeble and narrow existence during the period when man is a nomad and hunter, and when the strife for life is necessarily ferocious. Agriculture, on the other hand, has been a great educator of the milder qualities of mankind. So long as strife raged over food already in existence, such as game, the supply of which was limited, the battle must necessarily be to the uttermost. But from the soil mankind could get food without strife.

War, however, still does not cease. The strife which formerly raged among families and clans continues between nations. But strife is nevertheless on the wane. This sentence of Mr. Fiske, written twelve years ago, is of especial interest in view of recent discussions:— «Sooner or later it [strife] must come to an end, and the pacific principle of federacy, whereby the questions between States are settled like questions between individuals, by due process of law, must reign supreme over all the earth.» Original sin is, according to Mr. Fiske, that brute inheritance which we have received from our warring and selfish ancestors. The disciple of Darwin finds new meanings in the beatitude «Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.» A concluding chapter asserts a belief in a future life, while admitting that it cannot be proved from the facts of nature. The creation of man, and of the perfected man, is thus the goal towards which, during all these ages, nature has been tending through natural selection.

When asked to make a second address before the Concord School of Philosophy, he took for his subject 'The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge.' In this address he contends that science is not atheistic, that there is no conflict between science and religion, and that the notion that science substitutes force for the idea of a God is a mistake. There has been, he says, a metaphysical misconception of the term «force.»

This brief reference to Mr. Fiske's philosophy is necessary to acquaint the reader to whom the works of this able writer may not be well known with the scope of his inquiries and the range of his sympathies. The field of his investigations embraces the history of the material universe, of organic life and of the mind of man. Man's course he follows from the moment of dawning intelligence, studies him in his prehistoric stage, and lastly, as a member of highly civilized communities on this continent, at the same time throwing a strong glance forward upon his individual and social destiny.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN

From 'The Discovery of America.' Copyright 1892, by John Fiske. Reprinted by permission of and special agreement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN, as we call him in English, was a Portuguese nobleman of the fourth grade, but of family as old and blood as blue as any in the peninsula. He was born at Sabrosa, near Chaves, in one of the wildest and gloomiest nooks of Tras-os-Montes, in or about the year 1480. The people of that province have always been distinguished for a rugged fidelity, combined with unconquerable toughness of fibre, that reminds one of the Scotch; and from those lonely mountains there never came forth a sturdier character than Ferdinand Magellan. Difficulty and danger fit to baffle the keenest mind and daunt the strongest heart only incited this man to efforts well-nigh superhuman. In his portrait, as given in Navarrete, with the great arching brows, the fiery black eyes, the firm-set lips and mastiff jaw, covered but not concealed by the shaggy beard, the strength is almost appalling. Yet in all this power there was nothing cruel. Magellan was kind-hearted and unselfish, and on more than one occasion we see him risking his life in behalf of others with generosity worthy of a paladin.

Nothing is known of his childhood and youth except that at an early age he went to Lisbon and was brought up in the royal household. In 1505 he embarked as a volunteer in the armada which the brilliant and high-souled Almeida, first Portuguese viceroy of India, was taking to the East. There followed seven years of service under this commander and his successor Albuquerque. Seven years of anxious sailing over strange waters, checkered with wild fights against Arabs and Malays, trained Magellan for the supreme work that was to come. He was in Sequeira's expedition to Malacca in 1508–9, the first time that European ships had ventured east of Ceylon. While they were preparing to take in a cargo of pepper and ginger, the astute Malay king was plotting their destruction. His friendly overtures deceived the frank and somewhat too unsuspicious Sequeira. Malay sailors and traders were allowed to come on board the four ships, and all but one of the boats were sent to the beach, under command of Francisco Serrano, to hasten the bringing of the cargo. Upon the quarter-deck of his flagship Sequeira sat

absorbed in a game of chess, with half a dozen dark faces intently watching him, their deadly purpose veiled with polite words and smiles. Ashore the houses rose terrace-like upon the hillside, while in the foreground the tall tower of the citadel — square with pyramidal apex, like an Italian bell-tower — glistened in the September sunshine. The parties of Malays on the ships and down on the bustling beach cast furtive glances at this summit, from which a puff of smoke was presently to announce the fatal moment. The captains and principal officers on shipboard were at once to be stabbed and their vessels seized, while the white men ashore were to be massacred. But a Persian woman in love with one of the officers had given tardy warning, so that just before the firing of the signal the Portuguese sailors began chasing the squads of Malays from their decks, while Magellan, in the only boat, rowed for the flag-ship, and his stentorian shout of «Treason!» came just in time to save Sequeira. Then in wild confusion, as wreaths of white smoke curled about the fatal tower, Serrano and a few of his party sprang upon their boats and pushed out to sea. Most of their comrades, less fortunate, were surrounded and slaughtered on the beach. Nimble Malay skiffs pursued and engaged Serrano, and while he was struggling against overwhelming odds, Magellan rowed up and joined battle with such desperate fury that Serrano was saved. No sooner were all the surviving Portuguese brought together on shipboard than the Malays attacked in full force; but European guns were too much for them, and after several of their craft had been sent to the bottom they withdrew.

This affair was the beginning of a devoted friendship between Magellan and Serrano, sealed by many touching and romantic incidents, like the friendship between Gerard and Denys in 'The Cloister and the Hearth'; and it was out of this friendship that in great measure grew the most wonderful voyage recorded in history. After Albuquerque had taken Malacca in 1511, Serrano commanded one of the ships that made the first voyage to the Moluccas. On his return course his vessel, loaded with spices, was wrecked upon a lonely island which had long served as a lair for pirates. Fragments of wreckage strewn upon the beach lured ashore a passing gang of such ruffians; and while they were intent upon delving and searching, Serrano's men, who had hidden among the rocks, crept forth and seized the pirate ship. The nearest place of retreat was the island of Amboina, and this

accident led Serrano back to the Moluccas, where he established himself as an ally or quasi-protector of the king of Ternate, and remained for the rest of his short life. Letters from Serrano aroused in Magellan a strong desire to follow his friend to that «new world» in the Indian waves, the goal so long dreamed of, so eagerly sought by Columbus and many another, but now for the first time actually reached and grasped. But circumstances came in to modify most curiously this aim of Magellan's. He had come to learn something about the great ocean intervening between the Malay seas and Mundus Novus, but failed to form any conception of its width at all approaching the reality. It therefore seemed to him that the line of demarcation antipodal to Borgia's meridian must fall to the west of the Moluccas, and that his friend Serrano had ventured into a region which must ultimately be resigned to Spain. In this opinion he was wrong, for the meridian which cuts through the site of Adelaide in Australia would have come near the line that on that side of the globe marked the end of the Portuguese half and the beginning of the Spanish half; but the mistake was easy to make and hard to correct.

About this time some cause unknown took Magellan back to Lisbon, where we find him in the midsummer of 1512. His hope of a speedy return to India was disappointed. Whether on account of a slight disagreement he had once had with Albuquerque, or for some other reason, he found himself out of favor with the King. A year or more of service in Morocco followed, in the course of which a Moorish lance wounded Magellan in the knee and lamed him for life. After his return to Portugal in 1514, it became evident that King Emanuel had no further employment for him. He became absorbed in the study of navigation and cosmography, in which he had always felt an interest. It would have been strange if an inquiring mind, trained in the court of Lisbon in those days, had not been stirred by the fascination of such studies. How early in life Magellan had begun to breathe in the art of seamanship with the salt breezes from the Atlantic, we do not know; but at some time the results of scientific study were combined with his long experience in East-Indian waters to make him a consummate master. He conceived the vast scheme of circumnavigating the globe. Somewhere upon that long coast of Mundus Novus, explored by Vespucius and Coelho, Jaques and Solis, there was doubtless a passage through

which he could sail westward and greet his friend Serrano in the Moluccas!

Upon both of Schöner's globes, of 1515 and 1520, such a strait is depicted, connecting the southern Atlantic with an ocean to the west of Mundus Novus. This has raised the question whether any one had ever discovered it before Magellan. That there was in many minds a belief in the existence of such a passage seems certain; whether because the wish was father to the thought, or because the mouth of La Plata had been reported as the mouth of a strait, or because Jaques had perhaps looked into the strait of Magellan, is by no means clear. But without threading that blind and tortuous labyrinth, as Magellan did, for more than 300 geographical miles, successfully avoiding its treacherous bays and channels with no outlet, no one could prove that there was a practicable passage there; and there is no good reason for supposing that any one had accomplished such a feat of navigation before Magellan.

The scheme of thus reaching the Moluccas by the westward voyage was first submitted to King Emanuel. To him was offered the first opportunity for ascertaining whether these islands lay within his half of the heathen world or not. He did not smile upon the scheme, though he may have laughed at it. The papal bulls and the treaty of Tordesillas prohibited the Spaniards from sailing to the Indies by way of the Cape of Good Hope; and unless they could get through the barrier of Mundus Novus there was no danger of their coming by a westerly route. Why not let well enough alone? Apparently Emanuel did not put much faith in the strait. We are told by Gaspar Correa that Magellan then asked the royal permission to go and offer his services to some other master. "The King said he might do what he pleased. Upon this Magellan desired to kiss his hand at parting, but the King would not offer it."

The alternative was thus offered to Magellan of abandoning his scheme of discovery or entering the service of Spain, and he chose the latter course. For this he has been roundly abused, not only by Portuguese writers from that day to this, but by others who seem to forget that a man has as clear a right to change his country and his allegiance as to move his home from one town to another. In the relations between State and individual the duty is not all on one side. As Faria y Sousa, more sensible than many of his countrymen, observes, the great

navigator did all that honor demanded, when by a special clause in his agreement with Spain, he pledged himself to do nothing prejudicial to the interests of Portugal.

It was in October 1517 that Magellan arrived in Seville and became the guest of Diego Barbosa, alcaide of the arsenal there, a Portuguese gentleman who had for several years been in the Spanish service. Before Christmas of that year he was married to his host's daughter Beatriz de Barbosa, who accompanied him to the court. Magellan found favor in the eyes of the boy king Charles V., and even obtained active support from Bishop Fonseca, in spite of that prelate's ingrained hostility to noble schemes and honorable men. It was decided to fit out an expedition to pursue the search in which Solis had lately lost his life. More than a year was consumed in the needful preparations; and it was not until September 20th, 1519, that the little fleet cleared the mouth of the Guadalquivir and stood out to sea.

There were five small ships, commanded as follows:—

1. Trinidad, 110 tons, captain-general Ferdinand Magellan, pilot Estevan Gomez.
2. San Antonio, 120 tons, captain Juan de Cartagena.
3. Concepcion, 90 tons, captain Gaspar Quesada.
4. Victoria, 85 tons, captain Luis de Mendoza.
5. Santiago, 75 tons, captain Juan Serrano.

It is a striking illustration of the shiftlessness with which things were apt to be done by the government, and the difficulties under which great navigators accomplished their arduous work, that these five ships were all old and decidedly the worse for wear. All seem to have been decked, with castles at the stern and fore. About 280 men were on board, a motley crew of Spaniards and Portuguese, Genoese and Sicilians, Flemings and French, Germans and Greeks, with one Englishman from Bristol, and a few negroes and Malays. Of Portuguese there were at least seven-and-thirty, for the most part men attached to Magellan and who had left their country with him. It was fortunate that he had so many such, for the wiles of King Emanuel had pursued him into Spain and out upon the ocean. When that sovereign learned that the voyage was really to be made, he determined that it must not be allowed to succeed. Hired ruffians lurked about street corners in Seville, waiting for a chance that never came for rushing forth and stabbing the wary navigator; orders were sent to captains in the East Indies—

among them the gallant Sequeira whom Magellan had saved—to intercept and arrest the fleet if it should ever reach those waters; and worst of all, the seeds of mutiny were busily and but too successfully sown in Magellan's own ships. Of the four subordinate captains only one was faithful. Upon Juan Serrano, the brother of his dearest friend, Magellan could absolutely rely. The others, Cartagena, Mendoza, and Quesada, sailed out from port with treason in their hearts. A few days after their start a small caravel overtook the Trinidad, with an anxious message to Magellan from his wife's father, Barbosa, begging him to be watchful, "since it had come to his knowledge that his captains had told their friends and relations that if they had any trouble with him they would kill him." For reply the commander counseled Barbosa to be of good cheer, for be they true men or false he feared them not, and would do his appointed work all the same. For Beatriz, left with her little son Rodrigo, six months old, the outlook must have been anxious enough.

Our chief source of information for the events of the voyage is the journal kept by a gentleman from Vicenza, the Chevalier Antonio Pigafetta, who obtained permission to accompany the expedition, "for to see the marvels of the ocean." After leaving the Canaries on the 3d of October the armada ran down toward Sierra Leone and was becalmed, making only three leagues in three weeks. Then "the upper air burst into life" and the frail ships were driven along under bare poles, now and then dipping their yard-arms. During a month of this dreadful weather, the food and water grew scarce, and the rations were diminished. The spirit of mutiny began to show itself. The Spanish captains whispered among the crews that this man from Portugal had not their interests at heart and was not loyal to the Emperor. Toward the captain-general their demeanor grew more and more insubordinate; and Cartagena one day, having come on board the flag-ship, faced him with threats and insults. To his astonishment Magellan promptly collared him, and sent him, a prisoner in irons, on board the Victoria (whose captain was unfortunately also one of the traitors), while the command of the San Antonio was given to another officer. This example made things quiet for the moment.

On the 29th of November they reached the Brazilian coast near Pernambuco; and on the 11th of January they arrived at the mouth of La Plata, which they investigated sufficiently to

convince them that it was a river's mouth and not a strait. Three weeks were consumed in this work. Their course through February and March along the coast of Patagonia was marked by incessant and violent storms; and the cold became so intense that, finding a sheltered harbor with plenty of fish at Port St. Julian, they chose it for winter quarters and anchored there on the last day of March. On the next day, which was Easter Sunday, the mutiny that so long had smoldered broke out in all its fury.

The hardships of the voyage had thus far been what stanch seamen called unusually severe, and it was felt that they had done enough. No one except Vespucius and Jaques had ever approached so near to the South Pole; and if they had not yet found a strait, it was doubtless because there was none to find. The rations of bread and wine were becoming very short, and common prudence demanded that they should return to Spain. If their voyage was practically a failure, it was not their fault; there was ample excuse in the frightful storms they had suffered and the dangerous strains that had been put upon their worn-out ships. Such was the general feeling, but when expressed to Magellan it fell upon deaf ears. No excuses, nothing but performance, would serve his turn; for him hardships were made only to be despised and dangers to be laughed at: and in short, go on they must, until a strait was found or the end of that continent reached. Then they would doubtless find an open way to the Moluccas; and while he held out hopes of rich rewards for all, he appealed to their pride as Castilians. For the inflexible determination of this man was not embittered by harshness, and he could wield as well as any one the language that soothes and persuades.

So long as all were busy in the fight against wind and wave, the captain-general's arguments were of avail. But the deliberate halt to face the hardships of an antarctic winter, with no prospect of stirring until toward September, was too much. Patience under enforced inactivity was a virtue higher than these sailors had yet been called upon to exhibit. The treacherous captains had found their opportunity, and sowed distrust broadcast by hinting that a Portuguese commander could not better serve his king than by leading a Spanish armada to destruction. They had evidently secured their men and prepared their blow before the fleet came to anchor. The ringleaders of the mutiny

were the captains Quesada of the Concepcion and Mendoza of the Victoria, with Juan de Cartagena, the deposed captain of the San Antonio, which was now commanded by Magellan's cousin Alvaro de Mesquita. On the night of Easter Sunday, Cartagena and Quesada, with thirty men, boarded the San Antonio, seized Mesquita and put him in irons; in the brief affray the mate of the San Antonio was mortally wounded. One of the mutineers, Sebastian Elcano, was put in command of the ship, such of the surprised and bewildered crew as were likely to be loyal were disarmed, and food and wine were handed about in token of the more generous policy now to be adopted. All was done so quickly and quietly that no suspicion of it reached the captain-general or anybody on board the Trinidad.

On Monday morning the traitor captains felt themselves masters of the situation. Three of the five ships were in their hands, and if they chose to go back to Spain, who could stop them? If they should decide to capture the flag-ship and murder their commander, they had a fair chance of success; for the faithful Serrano in his little ship Santiago was no match for any one of the three. Defiance seemed quite safe; and in the forenoon, when a boat from the flag-ship happened to approach the San Antonio she was insolently told to keep away, since Magellan no longer had command over that ship. When this challenge was carried to Magellan he sent the boat from ship to ship as a test, and soon learned that only the Santiago remained loyal. Presently Quesada sent a message to the Trinidad requesting a conference between the chief commander and the revolted captains. Very well, said Magellan, only the conference must of course be held on board the Trinidad; but for Quesada and his accomplices thus to venture in the lion's jaws was out of the question, and they impudently insisted that the captain-general should come on board the San Antonio.

Little did they realize with what a man they were dealing. Magellan knew how to make them come to him. He had reason to believe that the crew of the Victoria was less disloyal than the others, and selected that ship for the scene of his first *coup de main*. While he kept a boat in readiness, with a score of trusty men armed to the teeth and led by his wife's brother Barbosa, he sent another boat ahead to the Victoria, with his alguazil or constable Espinosa, and five other men. Luis de Mendoza, captain of the Victoria, suffered this small party to come

on board. Espinosa then served on Mendoza a formal summons to come to the flag-ship; and upon his refusal, quick as lightning sprang upon him and plunged a dagger into his throat. As the corpse of the rebellious captain dropped upon the deck, Barbosa's party rushed over the ship's side with drawn cutlasses, the dazed crew at once surrendered, and Barbosa took command.

The tables were now turned, and with three ships in loyal hands Magellan blockaded the other two in the harbor. At night he opened fire upon the San Antonio, and strong parties from the Trinidad and the Victoria boarding her on both sides at once, Quesada and his accomplices were captured. The Concepcion thereupon, overawed and crestfallen, lost no time in surrendering; and so the formidable mutiny was completely quelled in less than four-and-twenty hours. Quesada was beheaded; Cartagena and a guilty priest, Pero Sanchez, were kept in irons until the fleet sailed, when they were set ashore and left to their fate; all the rest were pardoned, and open defiance of the captain-general was no more dreamed of. In the course of the winter the Santiago was wrecked while on a reconnoissance, but her men were rescued after dreadful sufferings, and Serrano was placed in command of the Concepcion.

At length on the 24th of August, with the earliest symptoms of spring weather, the ships, which had been carefully overhauled and repaired, proceeded on their way. Violent storms harassed them, and it was not until the 21st of October (St. Ursula's day) that they reached the headland still known as Cape Virgins. Passing beyond Dungeness they entered a large open bay, which some hailed as the long-sought strait, while others averred that no passage would be found there. It was, says Pigafetta, in Eden's version, "the straight now cauled the straight of Magellanus, beinge in sum place C. x. leaques in length: and in breadth sumwhere very large and in other places lyttle more than halfe a leaque in bredth. On both the sydes of this strayght are great and hygh mountaynes couered with snowe, beyonde the whiche is the enteraunce into the sea of Sur. . . . Here one of the shyppes stole away priuilie and returned into Spayne." More than five weeks were consumed in passing through the strait, and among its labyrinthine twists and half-hidden bays there was ample opportunity for desertion. As advanced reconnoissances kept reporting the water as deep and salt, the conviction grew that the strait was found, and then the question once

more arose whether it would not be best to go back to Spain, satisfied with this discovery, since with all these wretched delays the provisions were again running short. Magellan's answer, uttered in measured and quiet tones, was simply that he would go on and do his work "if he had to eat the leather off the ship's yards." Upon the San Antonio there had always been a large proportion of the malcontents, and the chief pilot, Estevan Gomez, having been detailed for duty on that ship, lent himself to their purposes. The captain, Mesquita, was again seized and put in irons, a new captain was chosen by the mutineers, and Gomez piloted the ship back to Spain, where they arrived after a voyage of six months, and screened themselves for a while by lying about Magellan.

As for that commander, in Richard Eden's words, "when the capitayne Magalianes was past the strayght and sawe the way open to the other mayne sea, he was so gladde therof that for ioy the teares fell from his eyes, and named the poynt of the lande from whense he fyrst sawe that sea *Capo Desiderato*. Supposing that the shyp which stole away had byn loste, they erected a crosse uppon the top of a hyghe hyll to direct their course in the straight yf it were theyr chaunce to coome that way." The broad expanse of waters before him seemed so pleasant to Magellan, after the heavy storms through which he had passed, that he called it by the name it still bears, Pacific. But the worst hardships were still before him. Once more a Sea of Darkness must be crossed by brave hearts sickening with hope deferred. If the mid-Atlantic waters had been strange to Columbus and his men, here before Magellan's people all was thrice unknown.

> "They were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea;"

and as they sailed month after month over the waste of waters, the huge size of our planet began to make itself felt. Until after the middle of December they kept a northward course, near the coast of the continent, running away from the antarctic cold. Then northwesterly and westerly courses were taken, and on the 24th of January, 1521, a small wooded islet was found in water where the longest plummet-lines failed to reach bottom. Already the voyage since issuing from the strait was nearly twice as long as that of Columbus in 1492 from the Canaries to Guanahani.

From the useless island, which they called San Pablo, a further run of eleven days brought them to another uninhabited rock, which they called Tiburones, from the quantity of sharks observed in the neighborhood. There was neither food nor water to be had there, and a voyage of unknown duration, in reality not less than 5,000 English miles, was yet to be accomplished before a trace of land was again to greet their yearning gaze. Their sufferings may best be told in the quaint and touching words in which Shakespeare read them: — "And hauynge in this tyme consumed all theyr bysket and other vyttayles, they fell into such necessitie that they were inforced to eate the pouder that remayned therof beinge now full of woormes. . . . Theyre freshe water was also putrifyed and become yelow. They dyd eate skynnes and pieces of lether which were foulded abowt certeyne great ropes of the shyps. [Thus did the captain-general's words come true.] But these skynnes being made verye harde by reason of the soonne, rayne, and wynde, they hunge them by a corde in the sea for the space of foure or fiue dayse to mollifie them, and sodde them, and eate them. By reason of this famen and vnclene feedynge, summe of theyr gummes grewe so ouer theyr teethe [a symptom of scurvy], that they dyed miserably for hunger. And by this occasion dyed xix. men, and . . . besyde these that dyed, xxv. or xxx. were so sicke that they were not able to doo any seruice with theyr handes or arms for feeblenesse: So that was in maner none without sum disease. In three monethes and xx. dayes, they sayled foure thousande leaques in one goulfe by the sayde sea cauled Pacificum (that is) peaceable, whiche may well bee so cauled forasmuch as in all this tyme hauyng no syght of any lande, they had no misfortune of wynde or any other tempest. . . . So that in fine, if god of his mercy had not gyuen them good wether, it was necessary that in this soo greate a sea they shuld all haue dyed for hunger. Whiche neuertheless they escaped soo hardely, that it may bee doubted whether euer the like viage may be attempted with so goode successe."

One would gladly know — albeit Pigafetta's journal and the still more laconic pilot's log-book leave us in the dark on this point — how the ignorant and suffering crews interpreted this everlasting stretch of sea, vaster, said Maximilian Transylvanus, "than the human mind could conceive." To them it may well have seemed that the theory of a round and limited earth was

wrong after all, and that their infatuated commander was leading them out into the fathomless abysses of space, with no welcoming shore beyond. But that heart of triple bronze, we may be sure, did not flinch. The situation had got beyond the point where mutiny could be suggested as a remedy. The very desperateness of it was all in Magellan's favor; for so far away had they come from the known world that retreat meant certain death. The only chance of escape lay in pressing forward. At last, on the 6th of March, they came upon islands inhabited by savages ignorant of the bow and arrow, but expert in handling their peculiar light boats. Here the dreadful sufferings were ended, for they found plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables, besides meat. The people were such eager and pertinacious thieves that their islands received the name by which they are still known, the Islas de Ladrones, or isles of robbers.

On the 16th of March the three ships arrived at the islands which some years afterward were named Philippines, after Philip II. of Spain. Though these were islands unvisited by Europeans, yet Asiatic traders from Siam and Sumatra, as well as from China, were to be met there, and it was thus not long before Magellan became aware of the greatness of his triumph. He had passed the meridian of the Moluccas, and knew that these islands lay to the southward within an easy sail. He had accomplished the circumnavigation of the earth through its unknown portion, and the remainder of his route lay through seas already traversed. An erroneous calculation of longitudes confirmed him in the belief that the Moluccas, as well as the Philippines, properly belonged to Spain. Meanwhile in these Philippines of themselves he had discovered a region of no small commercial importance. But his brief tarry in these interesting islands had fatal results; and in the very hour of victory the conqueror perished, slain in a fight with the natives, the reason of which we can understand only by considering the close complication of commercial and political interests with religious notions so common in that age.

As the typical Spaniard or Portuguese was then a persecutor of heresy at home, so he was always more or less of a missionary abroad, and the missionary spirit was in his case intimately allied with the crusading spirit. If the heathen resisted the gospel, it was quite right to slay and despoil them. Magellan's nature was devoutly religious, and exhibited itself in the points

of strength and weakness most characteristic of his age. After he had made a treaty of alliance with the king of the island of Sebu, in which, among other things, the exclusive privilege of trading there was reserved to the Spaniards, Magellan made the unexpected discovery that the king and his people were ready and even eager to embrace Christianity! They had conceived an exalted idea of the powers and accomplishments of these white strangers, and apparently wished to imitate them in all things. So in less than a week's time a huge bonfire had been made of the idols, a cross was set up in the market, and all the people on the island were baptized! Now, the king of Sebu claimed allegiance from chieftains on neighboring islands, who were slow to render it; and having adopted the white man's "medicine," he naturally wished to test its efficacy. What was Christianity good for, if not to help you to humble your vassals? So the Christian king of Sebu demanded homage from the pagan king of Matan; and when the latter potentate scornfully refused, there was a clear case for a crusade! The steadfast commander, the ally and protector of his new convert, the peerless navigator, the knight without fear and without reproach, now turned crusader as quickly as he had turned missionary. Indeed, there was no turning. These various aspects of life's work were all one to him; he would have summed up the whole thing as "serving God and doing his duty." So Magellan crossed over to the island of Matan on the 27th of April, 1521, and was encountered by the natives in overwhelming force. After a desperate fight the Spaniards were obliged to retreat to their boats; and their commander, who years before had been the last man to leave a sinking ship, now lingered on the brink of danger, screening his men, till his helmet was knocked off and his right arm disabled by a spear thrust. A sudden blow brought him to the ground; and then, says the Chevalier Pigafetta, "the Indians threw themselves upon him with iron-pointed bamboo spears and scimitars, and every weapon they had, and ran him through—our mirror, our light, our comforter, our true guide—until they killed him."

In these scenes, as so often in life, the grotesque and the tragic were strangely mixed. The defeat of the white men convinced the king of Sebu that he had overestimated the blessings of Christianity; and so, by way of atonement for the slight he had cast upon the gods of his fathers, he invited some thirty of the leading Spaniards to a banquet and massacred them. Among

the men thus cruelly slain were the faithful captains Barbosa and Serrano. As the ships sailed hastily away, the natives were seen chopping down the cross and conducting ceremonies in expiation of their brief apostasy. The blow was a sad one. Of the 280 men who had sailed out from the Guadalquivir, only 115 remained. At the same time the Concepcion, being adjudged no longer seaworthy, was dismantled and burned to the water's edge. The constable Espinosa was elected captain of the Victoria; and the pilot Carvalho was made captain-general, but proving incompetent, was presently superseded by that Sebastian Elcano who had been one of the mutineers at Port St. Julian. When the Trinidad and Victoria, after visiting Borneo, reached the Moluccas, they found that Francisco Serrano had been murdered by order of the king of Tidor at about the same time that his friend Magellan had fallen at Matan. The Spaniards spent some time in these islands, trading. When they were ready to start, on the 18th of December, the Trinidad sprang a leak. It was thereupon decided that the Victoria should make for the Cape of Good Hope without delay, in order not to lose the favorable east monsoon. The Trinidad was to be thoroughly repaired, and then take advantage of the reversal of monsoon to sail for Panama. Apparently it was thought that the easterly breeze which had wafted them so steadily across the Pacific was a monsoon and would change like the Indian winds,—a most disastrous error. Of the 101 men still surviving, 54 were assigned to the Trinidad and 47 to the Victoria. The former ship was commanded by Espinosa, the latter by Elcano.

When the Trinidad set sail, April 6, 1522, she had the westerly monsoon in her favor; but as she worked up into the northern Pacific she encountered the northeast trade-wind, and in trying to escape it groped her way up to the fortieth parallel and beyond. By that time, overcome with famine and scurvy, she faced about and ran back to the Moluccas. When she arrived, it was without her mainmast. Of her 54 men, all but 19 had found a watery grave; and now the survivors were seized by a party of Portuguese, and a new chapter of misery was begun. Only the captain Espinosa and three of the crew lived to see Spain again.

Meanwhile on the 16th of May the little Victoria, with starvation and scurvy already thinning the ranks, with foretopmast gone by the board and fore-yard badly sprung, cleared the Cape

of Good Hope, and thence was borne on the strong and friendly current up to the equator, which she crossed on the 8th of June. Only fifty years since Santarem and Escobar, first of Europeans, had crept down that coast and crossed it. Into that glorious half-century what a world of suffering and achievement had been crowded! Dire necessity compelled the Victoria to stop at the Cape Verde Islands. Her people sought safety in deceiving the Portuguese with the story that they were returning from a voyage in Atlantic waters only, and thus they succeeded in buying food. But while this was going on, as a boat-load of thirteen men had been sent ashore for rice, some silly tongue, loosened by wine in the head of a sailor who had cloves to sell, babbled the perilous secret of Magellan and the Moluccas. The thirteen were at once arrested, and a boat called upon the Victoria, with direful threats, to surrender; but she quickly stretched every inch of her canvas and got away. This was on the 13th of July, and eight weeks of ocean remained. At last, on the 6th of September — the thirtieth anniversary of the day when Columbus weighed anchor for Cipango — the Victoria sailed into the Guadalquivir, with eighteen gaunt and haggard survivors to tell the proud story of the first circumnavigation of the earth.

The voyage thus ended was doubtless the greatest feat of navigation that has ever been performed, and nothing can be imagined that would surpass it except a journey to some other planet. It has not the unique historic position of the first voyage of Columbus, which brought together two streams of human life that had been disjoined since the Glacial Period. But as an achievement in ocean navigation that voyage of Columbus sinks into insignificance by the side of it; and when the earth was a second time encompassed by the greatest English sailor of his age, the advance in knowledge, as well as the different route chosen, had much reduced the difficulty of the performance. When we consider the frailness of the ships, the immeasurable extent of the unknown, the mutinies that were prevented or quelled, and the hardships that were endured, we can have no hesitation in speaking of Magellan as the prince of navigators. Nor can we ever fail to admire the simplicity and purity of that devoted life, in which there is nothing that seeks to be hidden or explained away.

It would have been fitting that the proudest crest ever granted by a sovereign — a terrestrial globe belted with the legend *Primus*

circumdedisti me (Thou first encompassed me) — should have been bestowed upon the son and representative of the hero; but when the Victoria returned there was none to receive such recognition. In September 1521, Magellan's son, the little Rodrigo, died; and by March 1522 the gentle mother Beatriz had heard, by way of the Portuguese Indies, of the fate of her husband and her brother. In that same month — "grievously sorrowing," as we are told — she died. The coat-of-arms with the crest just mentioned, along with a pension of five hundred ducats, was granted to Elcano, a weak man who had ill deserved such honor. Espinosa was also, with more justice, pensioned and ennobled.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

(1809–1883)

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

EDWARD FITZGERALD was the third son of John Purcell, and Mary Frances Fitzgerald his cousin. He was born March 31st, 1809, at Bredfield House near Suffolk. When the boy was five years old, Mr. Purcell took his family to France. In Paris they occupied the house in which Robespierre had once lived. The following year Mrs. Purcell's father died, and her husband assumed the name and arms of the Fitzgeralds. Edward frequently referred to his Irish blood: he called himself «a scatter-brained Paddy!» In 1821 he was sent to King Edward VI.'s School at Bury St. Edmunds, where his two brothers were. He was there five years, and then went to Trinity College. Fitzgerald obtained his degree somewhat to his own surprise, for he had taken his course in a characteristically comfortable manner; as Mr. Wright says, «amusing himself with music and drawing and poetry.» After a brief visit at Paris, he returned to England and began to carry out the experiment of his semi-misanthropic retreat from the world; he became a vegetarian: «The great secret of it all,» he said, «is not eating meat!» He wrote his friend Allen:—«I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite circles. You must know I am going to become a great bear, and have got all sorts of Utopian ideas into my head about society.» As he lived, he grew shyer and shyer even with his friends.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

He went to live near Naseby, where his father had an estate which included a large part of the celebrated battle-field. It was there in 1831 that he wrote his earliest known poem; it was printed in Hone's Year Book, and shortly afterwards in the Athenæum.

The dates of his letters to Frederic Tennyson and other friends show the pleasant rounds of his residences: now at Southampton, now in London, where his mother kept up great style, driving her four horses; now at Geldestone, now at Wherstead Lodge near Ipswich, where his parents lived for ten years; then at Boulge Hall, Woodbridge. At Boulge he lived in a one-story thatched cottage,

just outside his father's park. The Rev. George Crabbe gives this picture of him:—

«He used to walk by himself, slowly, with a Skye terrier. I was rather afraid of him. He seemed a proud and very punctilious man. . . . He seemed to me when I first saw him as he was when he died, only not stooping: always like a grave middle-aged man; never seemed very happy or light-hearted, though his conversation was most amusing sometimes.»

In 1847 he contributed a number of notes and illustrations to Singer's edition of Selden's 'Table Talk,' but refused to allow his services to be acknowledged. He also wrote what he calls «a little dapper memoir» as a preface to the posthumously published 'Poems and Letters' of Bernard Barton the Quaker, whose daughter he married. In 1851 he published anonymously a little volume of less than a hundred pages, called 'Euphranor.' Couched in exquisite English, it appealed to a small but cultured audience. A second edition was called for, and then the demand for it ceased.

Under the stimulating friendship of the learned Professor E. B. Cowell, he took up the study of Spanish, and in 1863 published a translation of 'Six Dramas from Calderon.' This was the only book to which he ever put his name. The same year he was amusing himself «with poking out some Persian which E. Cowell would inaugurate [inoculate?] him with.» He did not agree with Cowell in regard to the mystical interpretation of the wine-cup and cup-bearer. In 1855 he was «stilting into too Miltonic verse the ingenuous prattle of Jámí.» «It is an amusement to me,» he wrote, «to take what liberties I like with these Persians; who (as I think) are not poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little art to shape them.» Omar Khayyám he considered the best and most satisfying of them all, but he called his version «very one-sided; . . . what I do, comes up as a bubble to the surface and breaks.»

In 1857 he took up the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus and began to make a very free translation of it, «not for scholars but for those who are ignorant of Greek.» He had no scruple about adding splendid passages to the 'Agamemnon,' such as Æschylus might have written had he lived in the nineteenth century. In the same way he raised the poetic level of Omar, as can be seen by reading the various versions of the 'Rubáiyát.'

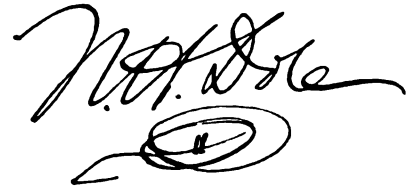
Besides the works already mentioned, Fitzgerald made very free translations or paraphrases of several others of Calderon's metrical dramas; of the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' and 'Œdipus Coloneus' of Sophocles; and of masterpieces of two Persian poets—'Salámán and Absál' of Jami, and 'The Bird-Parliament' or 'Bird-Confab' of Attar. These, together with a few fragments of verse, original or translated,

form the bulk of the life work of a man who cared nothing for fame; who on the contrary avoided it with as much solicitude as most ambitious men seek to win it.

The critics, not understanding his views, attacked him so severely for his versions of Calderon that he withdrew the volume from sale; but he kept on for his own amusement. «He jotted down materials for a vocabulary of rustic or rural English.» He also made for Notes and Queries (1870) a similar vocabulary of East-Anglican sea terms. These were collected with the aid of Captain West, his viking-captain of a herring-lugger which he built as an experiment in altruism. His edition of the 'Rubáiyát' of Omar Khayyám was published anonymously by Bernard Quaritch in 1859, after it had lain neglected for two years in the office of Fraser's Magazine. It was equally neglected by the public; and the publisher, to whom he made a gift of the work, exposed the pamphlets for sale at a penny each. They were gradually picked up, and the germs of the Omar Khayyám cult were planted. It was almost ten years before a second edition was called for; in this the number of quatrains was increased from seventy-five to one hundred and ten. Professor Norton, in a private letter which we are privileged to quote, says, «Fitzgerald's 'Omar' illustrates the miracle of trans-substantiation of the bare elements into the very blood and body of poetry.» Fitzgerald himself said, «A translation must be a paraphrase to be readable.» In 1864 Fitzgerald bought a small farm-house on the outskirts of Woodbridge, and enlarged it into a mansion which he called «Little Grange.» Here this «peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man,» as Carlyle called him, lived his «innocent, *far niente* life.» In June 1883 he went to visit his old friend Mr. Crabbe at Merton Rectory. In the morning he was found «as if sleeping peacefully, but quite dead.» Mr. Crabbe wrote, «A very noble character has passed away.» He was buried in the little churchyard at Boulge, which has since become a shrine of pious pilgrimage.

He left his friend William Aldis Wright a tin box, which was found to contain such of his papers and books as he thought might possibly bear to be published; and Mr. Wright issued them in two volumes, together with another containing his letters.

Since then, Fitzgerald's fame has been continually growing, and the world recognizes that he added at least one classic to universal literature.



CHIVALRY

From 'Euphranor'

WE SAT down in one of those little arbours cut into the Lilac bushes round the Bowling-green; and while Euphranor and I were quaffing each a glass of Home-brew'd, Lycion took up the volume of Digby which Euphranor had laid on the table.

"Ah, Lycion," said Euphranor, putting down his glass, "there is one would have put you up to a longer and stronger pull than we have had to-day."

"Chivalry,—" said Lycion, glancing carelessly over the leaves. "Don't you remember"—addressing me—"what an absurd thing that Eglinton Tournament was? What a complete failure! There was the Queen of Beauty on her throne—Lady Seymour—who alone of all the whole affair was *not* a sham—and the Heralds, and the Knights in full Armour on their horses—they had been practicing for months, I believe—but unluckily, at the very moment of Onset the rain began, and the Knights threw down their lances and put up their umbrellas."

I laugh'd, and said I remembered something like it had occurr'd, though not to that umbrella-point, which I thought was a theatrical or Louis Philippe Burlesque on the affair. And I asked Euphranor "what he had to say in defense of the Tournament?"

"Nothing at all," he replied. "It *was* a silly thing, and fit to be laughed at for the very reason that it *was* a sham, as Lycion says. As Digby himself tells us," he went on, taking the Book and rapidly turning over the leaves—"Here it is"—and he read:—"'The error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition'—that is, you know, that Chivalry is not a thing past, but, like all things of Beauty, eternal—'the error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition consists in their supposing that Tournaments, and steel Panoply, and Coat arms, and Aristocratic institutions, are essential to Chivalry; whereas these are in fact only accidental attendants upon it, subject to the influence of Time, which changes all such things.'"

"I suppose," said Lycion, "your man—whatever his name is—would carry us back to the days of King Arthur and the Seven Champions—whenever they were—that one used to read

about when a Child? I thought Don Quixote had put an end to all that long ago."

"Well, *he* at any rate," said Euphranor, "did not depend on fine Accoutrement for his Chivalry."

"Nay," said I; "but did he *not* believe in his rusty armour—perhaps even the pasteboard Visor he fitted to it—as impregnable as the Cause—"

"And some old Barber's bason as the Helmet of Mambrino," interposed Lycion—

"And his poor Rocinante not to be surpass'd by the Bavieca of the Cid—believed in all this, I say, as really as in the Windmills and Wine-skins being the Giants and Sorcerers he was to annihilate?"

"To be sure he did," said Lycion; "but Euphranor's Round-table men—many of them great rascals, I believe—knew a real Dragon or Giant—when they met him—better than Don Quixote."

"Perhaps, however," said I, who saw Euphranor's colour rising, "he and Digby would tell us that all such Giants and Dragons may be taken for Symbols of certain Forms of Evil, which his Knights went about to encounter and exterminate."

"Of course," said Euphranor with an indignant snort, "every Child knows that: then as now to be met with and put down in whatsoever shapes they appear as long as Tyranny and Oppression exist."

"Till finally extinguisht, as they crop up, by Euphranor and his Successors," said Lycion.

"Does not Carlyle somewhere talk to us of a 'Chivalry of Labour'?" said I; "that henceforward not '*Arms* and the Man,' but '*Tools* and the Man,' are to furnish the Epic of the world."

"Oh well, said Lycion, "if the 'Table-Round' turn into a Tailor's Board—'Charge, Chester, charge!' say I—only not exorbitantly for the Coat you provide for us—which indeed, like true Knights, I believe you should provide for us gratis."

"Yes, my dear fellow," said I laughing, "but then *You* must not sit idle, smoking your cigar, in the midst of it; but as your Ancestors led on mail'd troops at Agincourt, so must you put yourself, shears in hand, at the head of this Host, and become what Carlyle calls 'a Captain of Industry,' a Master-tailor, leading on a host of Journeymen to fresh fields and conquests new."

"Besides," said Euphranor, who did not like Carlyle, nor relish this sudden descent of his hobby, "surely Chivalry will never want a good Cause to maintain, whether private or public. As Tennyson says, King Arthur, who was carried away wounded to the island valley of Avilion, returns to us in the shape of a 'modern Gentleman' who may be challenged, even in these later days, to no mock Tournament, Lycion, in his Country's defense, and with something other than the Doctor's shears at his side."

To this Lycion, however, only turn'd his cigar in his mouth by way of reply, and look'd somewhat superciliously at his Antagonist. And I, who had been looking into the leaves of the Book that Euphranor had left open, said:—

"Here we are as usual, discussing without having yet agreed on the terms we are using. Euphranor has told us on the word of his Hero what Chivalry is *not:* let him read what it is that we are talking about."

I then handed him the Book to read to us, while Lycion, lying down on the grass, with his hat over his eyes, composed himself to inattention. And Euphranor read:— . . .

Here Lycion, who had endured the reading with an occasional yawn, said he wish'd "those fellows up-stairs would finish their pool."

"And see again," continued I, taking the book from Euphranor's hands—"after telling us that Chivalry is mainly but another name for Youth, Digby proceeds to define more particularly what *that* is. . . . So that Lycion, you see," said I, looking up from the book and tapping on the top of his hat, "is, in virtue of his eighteen Summers only, a Knight of Nature's own dubbing—yes, and here we have a list of the very qualities which constitute him one of the Order. And all the time he is pretending to be careless, indolent, and worldly, he is really bursting with suppressed Energy, Generosity, and Devotion."

"I did not try to understand your English any more than your Greek," said Lycion; "but if I can't help being the very fine Fellow whom I think you were reading about, why, I want to know what is the use of writing books about it for my edification."

"O yes, my dear fellow," said I; "it is like giving you an Inventory of your goods, which else you lose, or even fling away, in your march to Manhood—which you are so eager to reach. Only to repent when gotten there; for I see Digby goes on—

'What is termed *Entering the World*'—which Manhood of course must do—'assuming its Principles and Maxims'—which usually follows—'is nothing else but departing into those regions to which the souls of the Homeric Heroes went sorrowing.'" . . .

"Ah, you remember," said Euphranor, "how Lamb's friend, looking upon the Eton Boys in their Cricket-field, sighed 'to think of so many fine Lads so soon turning into frivolous Members of Parliament'!"

"But why 'frivolous'?" said Lycion.

"Ay, why 'frivolous'?" echoed I, "when entering on the Field where, Euphranor tells us, their Knightly service may be call'd into action."

"Perhaps," said Euphranor, "entering before sufficiently equipp'd for that part of their calling."

"Well," said Lycion, "the Laws of England determine otherwise, and that is enough for me, and I suppose for her, whatever your ancient or modern pedants say to the contrary."

"You mean," said I, "in settling Twenty-one as the Age of 'Discretion,' sufficient to manage not your own affairs only, but those of the Nation also?"

The hat nodded.

"Not yet, perhaps, accepted for a Parliamentary Knight complete," said I, "so much as Squire to some more experienced if not more valiant Leader. Only providing that Neoptolemus do not fall into the hands of a too politic Ulysses, and under him lose that generous Moral, whose Inventory is otherwise apt to get lost among the benches of St. Stephen's—in spite of preliminary Prayer."

"Aristotle's Master, I think," added Euphranor with some mock gravity, "would not allow any to become Judges in his Republic till near to middle life, lest acquaintance with Wrong should harden them into a distrust of Humanity; and acquaintance with Diplomacy is said to be little less dangerous."

"Though, by the way," interposed I, "was not Plato's Master accused of perplexing those simple Affections and Impulses of Youth by his Dialectic, and making premature Sophists of the Etonians of Athens?"

"By Aristophanes, you mean," said Euphranor, with no mock gravity now; "whose gross caricature help'd Anytus and Co. to that Accusation which ended in the murder of the best and wisest man of all Antiquity."

"Well, perhaps," said I, "he had been sufficiently punish'd by that termagant Wife of his—whom, by the way, he may have taught to argue with him instead of to obey. Just as that Son of poor old Strepsiades, in what you call the Aristophanic Caricature, is taught to rebel against parental authority, instead of doing as he was bidden; as he would himself have the Horses to do that he was spending so much of his Father's money upon: and as we would have our own Horses, Dogs, and Children,—and Young Knights."

"You have got your Heroes into fine company, Euphranor," said Lycion, who, while seeming inattentive to all that went against him, was quick enough to catch at any turn in his favour.

"Why, let me see," said I, taking up the book again, and running my eye over the passage—"yes,—'*Ardent of desire*,'—'*Tractable*,'—some of them at least—'*Without comprehending much*'—'*Ambitious*'—'*Despisers of Riches*'—'*Warm friends and hearty Companions*'—really very characteristic of the better breed of Dogs and Horses. And why not? The Horse, you know, has given his very name to Chivalry, because of his association in the Heroic Enterprises of Men—*El mas Hidalgo Bruto*, Calderon calls him. He was sometimes buried, I think, along with our heroic Ancestors—just as some favourite wife was buried along with her husband in the East. So the Muse sings of those who believe their faithful Dog will accompany them to the World of Spirits—as even some wise and good Christian men have thought it not impossible he may, not only because of his Moral, but—"

"Well," said Euphranor, "we need not trouble ourselves about carrying the question quite so far." . . .

"Well," said I, "your great Schools might condescend to take another hint from abroad where some one—Fellenberg again, I think—had a Riding-house in his much poorer School, where you might learn not only to sit your horse if ever able to provide one for yourself, but also to saddle, bridle, rub him down, with the *ss'ss–ss'ss* which I fancy was heard on the morning of Agincourt—if, by the way, one horse was left in all the host."

"Well, come," said Euphranor; "the Gladiator at any rate is gone—and the Boxer after him—and the Hunter, I think, going after both; perhaps the very Horse he rides gradually to be put away by Steam into some Museum among the extinct Species that Man has no longer room or business for."

«Nevertheless,» said I, «war is *not* gone with the Gladiator, and cannon and rifle yet leave room for hand-to-hand conflict, as may one day — which God forbid! — come to proof in our own sea-girt Island. If safe from abroad, some Ruffian may still assault you in some shady lane — nay, in your own parlour — at home, when you have nothing but your own strong arm, and ready soul to direct it. Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. The House will take fire, the Coach will break down, the Boat will upset; — is there no gentleman who can swim, to save himself and others? no one do more to save the Maid snoring in the garret, than helplessly looking on — or turning away? Some one is taken ill at midnight; John is drunk in bed; is there no gentleman can saddle Dobbin — much less get a Collar over his Head, or the Crupper over his tail, without such awkwardness as brings on his abdomen the kick he fears, and spoils him for the journey. And I do maintain,» I continued, «having now gotten 'the bit between my teeth' — maintain against all Comers that, independent of any bodily action on their part, these and the like Accomplishments, as you call them, do carry with them, and I will say, with the Soul incorporate, that habitual Instinct of Courage, Resolution, and Decision, which together with the Good Humour which good animal Condition goes far to ensure, do, I say, prepare and arm the Man not only against the greater but against those minor Trials of Life, which are so far harder to encounter because of perpetually cropping up; and thus do cause him to radiate, if through a narrow circle, yet through that imperceptibly to the whole world, a happier atmosphere about him than could be inspired by Closet-loads of Poetry, Metaphysic, and Divinity. No doubt there is danger, as you say, of the Animal overpowering the Rational, as, I maintain, equally so of the reverse; no doubt the higher-mettled Colt will be likeliest to run riot, as may my Lad, inflamed with Aristotle's 'Wine of Youth,' into excesses which even the virtuous Berkeley says are the more curable as lying in the Passions; whereas, says he, 'the dry Rogue who sets up for Judgment is incorrigible.' But, whatever be the result, VIGOUR of Body, as of Spirit, one must have, subject like all good things to the worst corruption — Strength itself, even of Evil, being a kind of *Virtus* which Time, if not good Counsel, is pretty sure to moderate; whereas Weakness is the one radical and incurable Evil, increasing with every year of Life.»

APOLOGUES

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE 'MANTIK-UT-TAIR,' OR 'THE BIRD-PARLIAMENT,' OF FARÍD-UDDÍN ATTAR

[Mohammed Ibn Ibrahim Farid u'd Dín (Farid-uddín)—called «Attar,» the Druggist or Perfumer—was born at Kerken, a village of Khorassan near Naishapur, in the year 1216, and died at the age of one hundred and fifteen in the city of Shad'ach, where he lived for over eighty-five years. His industry was equal to his longevity: he was an indefatigable collector of biographical details, which he employed in his wonderful series of lives of the Moslem Saints—the Teskeret-al-Oulia (or 'Ewha'). He wrote in prose many ascetical and mystical works. Aside from his rhymed couplets he composed over forty thousand distichs, including twelve thousand four-line strophes. His best known work is the 'Mantik-ut-Tair' (Conversations of the Birds, or Bird-Parliament), an enormously long work which Edward Fitzgerald condensed into a few pages; particularly selecting the Apologues or little stories with obvious morals, such as are cited below.]

THE FORTUNE OF THE GREAT

ONE day Shah Mahmúd, riding with the Wind
A-hunting, left his Retinue behind,
And coming to a River, whose swift Course
Doubled back Game and Dog, and Man and Horse,
Beheld upon the Shore a little Lad
A-fishing, very poor, and Tatter-clad
He was, and weeping as his Heart would break.
So the Great Sultan, for good-humour's sake,
Pull'd in his Horse a moment, and drew nigh,
And after making his Salám, ask'd why
He wept—weeping, the Sultan said, so sore
As he had never seen one weep before.
The Boy look'd up, and «O Amír,» he said,
«Sev'n of us are at home, and Father dead,
And Mother left with scarce a Bit of Bread:
And now since Sunrise have I fish'd—and see!
Caught nothing for our Supper—Woe is Me!»
The Sultan lighted from his Horse. «Behold,»
Said he, «Good Fortune will not be controll'd:
And, since To-day yours seems to turn from you,
Suppose we try for once what mine will do,
And we will share alike in all I win.»
So the Shah took, and flung his Fortune in,

The Net; which, cast by the Great Mahmúd's Hand,
A hundred glittering Fishes brought to Land.
The Lad look'd up in Wonder — Mahmúd smiled
And vaulted into Saddle. But the Child
Ran after — « Nay, Amír, but half the Haul
Is yours by Bargain » — « Nay, To-day take all, »
The Sultan cried, and shook his Bridle free —
« But mind — To-morrow All belongs to Me — »
And so rode off. Next morning at Divan
The Sultan's Mind upon his Bargain ran,
And being somewhat in a mind for sport
Sent for the Lad: who, carried up to Court,
And marching into Royalty's full Blaze
With such a Catch of Fish as yesterday's,
The Sultan call'd and set him by his side,
And asking him, « What Luck ? » The Boy replied,
« *This* is the Luck that follows every Cast,
Since o'er my Net the Sultan's Shadow pass'd. »

The Miser

A Fellow all his life lived hoarding Gold,
And, dying, hoarded left it. And behold,
One Night his Son saw peering through the House
A Man, with yet the semblance of a Mouse,
Watching a crevice in the Wall — and cried —
« My Father ? » — « Yes, » the *Mus*ulman replied,
« Thy Father ! » — « But why watching thus ? » — « For fear
Lest any smell my Treasure buried here. » —
« But wherefore, Sir, so metamousified ? » —
« Because, my Son, such is the true outside
Of the inner Soul by which I lived and died. »

The Dread

A certain Shah there was in Days foregone
Who had a lovely Slave he doated on,
And cherish'd as the Apple of his Eye,
Clad gloriously, fed sumptuously, set high,
And never was at Ease were *He* not by,
Who yet, for all this Sunshine, Day by Day
Was seen to wither like a Flower away.
Which, when observing, one without the Veil
Of Favour ask'd the Favourite — « Why so pale

And sad?» Thus sadly answer'd the poor Thing—
«No Sun that rises sets until the King,
Whose Archery is famous among Men,
Aims at an Apple on my Head; and when
The stricken Apple splits, and those who stand
Around cry 'Lo! the Shah's unerring Hand!'
Then He too laughing asks me 'Why so pale
And sorrow-some? as could the Sultan fail,
Who such a master of the Bow confest,
And aiming by the Head that he loves best.'»

The Proof

A Shah returning to his Capital,
His subjects drest it forth in Festival,
Thronging with Acclamation Square and Street,
And kneeling flung before his Horse's feet
Jewel and Gold. All which with scarce an Eye
The Sultan superciliously rode by:
Till coming to the public Prison, They
Who dwelt within those grisly Walls, by way
Of Welcome, having neither Pearl nor Gold,
Over the wall chopt Head and Carcase roll'd,
Some almost parcht to Mummy with the Sun,
Some wet with Execution that day done.
At which grim Compliment at last the Shah
Drew Bridle: and amid a wild Hurrah
Of savage Recognition, smiling threw
Silver and Gold among the wretched Crew,
And so rode forward. Whereat of his Train
One wondering that, while others sued in vain
With costly gifts, which carelessly he passed,
But smiled at ghastly Welcome like the last;
The Shah made answer—«All that Pearl and Gold
Of ostentatious Welcome only told:
A little with great Clamour from the Store
Of Hypocrites who kept at home much more.
But when those sever'd Heads and Trunks I saw—
Save by strict Execution of my Law
They had not parted company; not one
But told my Will not talk'd about, but *done*.»

Compulsory Repentance

Just as another Holy Spirit fled,
The Skies above him burst into a Bed
Of Angels looking down and singing clear,
"Nightingale! Nightingale! thy Rose is here!"
And yet, the Door wide open to that Bliss,
As some hot Lover slights a scanty Kiss,
The Saint cried "All I sigh'd for come to *this?*
I who life-long have struggled, Lord, to be
Not of thy Angels one, but one with Thee!"

Others were sure that all he said was true:
They were extremely wicked, that they knew:
And much they long'd to go at once—but some,
They said, so unexpectedly had come
Leaving their Nests half-built—in bad Repair—
With Children in—Themselves about to pair—
"Might he not choose a better Season—nay,
Better perhaps a Year or Two's Delay,
Till all was settled, and themselves more stout
And strong to carry their Repentance out—
And then"—

"And then, the same or like Excuse,
With harden'd Heart and Resolution loose
With dallying: and old Age itself engaged
Still to shirk that which shirking we have aged;
And so with Self-delusion, till, too late,
Death upon all Repentance shuts the Gate;
Or some fierce blow compels the Way to choose,
And forced Repentance half its Virtue lose."

As of an aged Indian King they tell
Who, when his Empire with his Army fell
Under young Mahmúd's Sword of Wrath, was sent
At sunset to the Conqueror in his Tent;
But, ere the old King's silver head could reach
The Ground, was lifted up—with kindly Speech,
And with so holy Mercy re-assured,
That, after due Persuasion, he abjured
His Idols, sate upon Mahmúd's Divan,
And took the Name and Faith of Musulman.
But when the Night fell, in his Tent alone
The poor old King was heard to weep and groan

And smite his Bosom; which when Mahmúd knew,
He went to him and said «Lo, if Thou rue
Thy lost Dominion, Thou shalt wear the Ring
Of thrice as large a Realm.» But the dark King
Still wept, and Ashes on his Forehead threw,
And cried, «Not for my Kingdom lost I rue;
But thinking how at the Last Day, will stand
The Prophet with *The Volume* in his Hand,
And ask of me 'How was't that, in thy Day
Of Glory, Thou didst turn from Me and slay
My People; but soon as thy Infidel
Before my True Believers' Army fell
Like Corn before the Reaper — thou didst own
His Sword who scoutedst *Me?*' Of seed so sown
What profitable Harvest should be grown?»

Clogs to the Soul

«Behold, dropt through the Gate of Mortal Birth,
The Knightly Soul alights from Heav'n on Earth;
Begins his Race, but scarce the Saddle feels,
When a foul Imp up from the distance steals,
And, double as he will, about his Heels
Closer and ever closer circling creeps,
Then, half-invited, on the Saddle leaps,
Clings round the Rider, and, once there, in vain
The strongest strives to thrust him off again.
In Childhood just peeps up the Blade of Ill,
That youth to Lust rears, Fury, and Self-will:
And, as Man cools to sensual Desire,
Ambition catches with as fierce a Fire;
Until Old Age sends him with one last Lust
Of Gold, to keep it where he found — in Dust.
Life at both Ends so feeble and constrain'd,
How should that Imp of Sin be slain or chain'd? . . .

«For should the Greyhound whom a Sultan fed,
And by a jewell'd String a-hunting led,
Turn by the Way to gnaw some nasty Thing
And snarl at Him who twitch'd the silken String,
Would not his Lord soon weary of Dispute,
And turn adrift the incorrigible Brute?

«Nay, would one follow, and without a Chain,
The only Master truly worth the Pain,

One must beware lest, growing over-fond
Of even Life's more consecrated Bond,
We clog our Footsteps to the World beyond.»

Mortality

One day the Prophet on a River Bank,
Dipping his Lips into the Channel, drank
A Draught as sweet as Honey. Then there came
One who an earthen Pitcher from the same
Drew up, and drank: and after some short stay
Under the Shadow, rose and went his Way,
Leaving his earthen Bowl. In which, anew
Thirsting, the Prophet from the River drew,
And drank from: but the Water that came up
Sweet from the Stream, drank bitter from the Cup.
At which the Prophet in a still Surprise
For Answer turning up to Heav'n his Eyes,
The Vessel's Earthen Lips with Answer ran—
«The Clay that I am made of once was *Man*,
Who dying, and resolved into the same
Obliterated Earth from which he came
Was for the Potter dug, and chased in turn
Through long Vicissitude of Bowl and Urn:
But howsoever moulded, still the Pain
Of that first mortal Anguish would retain,
And cast, and re-cast, for a Thousand years
Would turn the sweetest Water into Tears.»

The Welcome

One night Shah Mahmúd, who had been of late
Somewhat distempered with Affairs of State,
Stroll'd through the Streets disguised, as wont to do—
And coming to the Baths, there on the Flue
Saw the poor Fellow who the Furnace fed
Sitting beside his Water-jug and Bread.
Mahmúd stept in—sat down—unask'd took up
And tasted of the untasted Loaf and Cup,
Saying within himself, «Grudge but a bit,
And, by the Lord, your Head shall pay for it!»
So having rested, warm'd and satisfied
Himself without a Word on either side,

At last the wayward Sultan rose to go.
And then at last his Host broke silence—«So?—
Art satisfied? Well, Brother, any Day
Or Night, remember, when you come this Way
And want a bit of Provender—why, you
Are welcome, and if not—why, welcome too.»—
The Sultan was so tickled with the whim
Of this quaint Entertainment and of him
Who offer'd it, that many a Night again
Stoker and Shah forgather'd in that vein—
Till, the poor Fellow having stood the Test
Of true Good-fellowship, Mahmúd confess'd
One Night the Sultan that had been his Guest:
And in requital of the scanty Dole
The Poor Man offer'd with so large a soul,
Bid him ask any Largess that he would—
A Throne—if he *would* have it, so he *should.*
The Poor Man kiss'd the Dust, and «All,» said he,
«I ask is what and where I am to be;
If but the Shah from time to time will come
As now, and see me in the lowly Home
His presence makes a Palace, and my own
Poor Flue more royal than another's Throne.»

CHRONOMOROS

IN ALL the actions that a Man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that, for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idlenesse, as in employment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, *The Sunne posteth, and the Sand runnes.* OWEN FELLTHAM.

WEARIED with hearing folks cry,
That Time would incessantly fly,
Said I to myself, «I don't see
Why Time should not wait upon me;
I will not be carried away,
Whether I like it, or nay:»—
But ere I go on with my strain,
Pray turn me that hour-glass again!

I said, «I will read, and will write,
And labour all day, and all night,
And Time will so heavily load,
That he cannot but wait on the road;»—

But I found that, balloon-like in size,
The more fill'd, the faster he flies;
  And I could not the trial maintain,
  Without turning the hour-glass again!

Then said I, «If Time has so flown
When laden, I'll leave him alone;
And I think that he cannot but stay,
When he's nothing to carry away!»
So I sat, folding my hands,
Watching the mystical sands,
  As they fell, grain after grain,
  Till I turn'd up the hour-glass again!

Then I cried in a rage, «Time *shall* stand!»
The hour-glass I smash'd with my hand,
My watch into atoms I broke
And the sun-dial hid with a cloak!
«Now,» I shouted aloud, «Time is done!»
When suddenly, down went the Sun;
  And I found to my cost and my pain,
  I might buy a new hour-glass again!

Whether we wake, or we sleep,
Whether we carol, or weep,
The Sun, with his Planets in chime,
Marketh the going of Time;
But Time, in a still better trim,
Marketh the going of him:
  One link in an infinite chain,
  Is this turning the hour-glass again!

The robes of the Day and the Night,
Are not wove of mere darkness and light;
We read that, at Joshua's will,
The Sun for a Time once stood still!
So that Time by his measure to try,
Is Petitio Principii!
  Time's Scythe is going amain,
  Though he turn not his hour-glass again!

And yet, after all, what is Time?
Renowned in Reason, and Rhyme,
A Phantom, a Name, a Notion,
That measures Duration or Motion?

Or but an apt term in the lease
Of Beings, who know they must cease?
  The hand utters more than the brain,
  When turning the hour-glass again!

The King in a carriage may ride,
And the Beggar may crawl at his side;
But, in the general race,
They are travelling all the same pace,
And houses, and trees, and highway,
Are in the same gallop as they:
  We mark our steps in the train,
  When turning the hour-glass again!

People complain, with a sigh,
How terribly Chroniclers lie;
But there is one pretty right,
Heard in the dead of the night,
Calling aloud to the people,
Out of St. Dunstan's Steeple,
  Telling them under the vane,
  To turn their hour-glasses again!

Moral

Masters! we live here for ever,
Like so many fish in a river;
We may mope, tumble, or glide,
And eat one another beside;
But whithersoever we go,
The River will flow, flow, flow!
  And now, that I've ended my strain,
  Pray turn me that hour-glass again!

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

[illegible]

BY PAUL BOURGET

[illegible] when 'Madame Bovary' appeared [illegible] the most [illegible] Weiss, [illegible] yourself, [illegible] novel [illegible] passion, [illegible] which has [illegible] made its author [illegible] this picture [illegible] so brilliantly executed that [illegible] in forty years will [illegible] tradition of France. Among all [illegible] Flaubert will be linked [illegible] the prose writers of the [illegible] Pascal, and Montesquieu. [illegible] event, and its [illegible] in France and [illegible] the [illegible] most [illegible] the [illegible] Saint-Beuve [illegible] at this [illegible] valiant essay in the 'Lundis' shows how [illegible] he was impressed by Flaubert's debut. I see witty Weiss [illegible] his shoulders, although his criticism [illegible] at that time shows [illegible] of [illegible] concerning the newcomer. It is not [illegible] any [illegible] the orbit of contemporary works, or to [illegible] their [illegible] and in certain [illegible] of genius [illegible] a latent [illegible] which [illegible] at one [illegible] Flaubert, for example we [illegible] yet see [illegible] that [illegible] his novels, which in reality [illegible] himself did [illegible] comprehend. For if an artist's contemp[illegible] cannot [illegible] with exactness, neither can he [illegible] self. Would [illegible] Voltaire to learn that he [illegible] only through [illegible] that his work would [illegible] to the 'Ne [illegible] two pamphlets scribbled [illegible] the second [illegible] published by its author?

I

In seeking to discover why a book or a writer grow[illegible] years pass instead of dwindling away with the first [illegible] that this book and this writer strikingly disclo[illegible]

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

(1821–1880)

BY PAUL BOURGET

FANCY that when 'Madame Bovary' appeared in 1856, even the most alert of French critics, like Sainte-Beuve or J. J. Weiss, would have been thoroughly astonished if some one had said to him:—"Do not deceive yourself; this novel of passion, which everybody is reading and which has suddenly made its author the fashion; this picture of morals, so boldly brushed that it disquiets the governing powers and summons the painter before the censors of morals; this study of style, so brilliantly executed that the most determined revolutionists marvel at it,—in forty years will have become part of the classical tradition of France. Among all the names of the century, that of Gustave Flaubert will be linked with that of Courier alone, in the list of the prose writers of the great Latin line after La Bruyère, Pascal, and Montesquieu. This little book is not an accident. It is an event, and its author is the master whom hundreds of other artists in France and abroad will follow; the man, perhaps, whose ideas will modify most deeply the æsthetics of the century." Yes, I can see Sainte-Beuve smile at this prophecy, although his valiant essay in the 'Lundis' shows how deeply he was impressed by Flaubert's début. I see witty Weiss shrug his shoulders, although his criticism written at that time shows a stirring of extreme curiosity concerning the new-comer. It is not given to any one to construct the orbit of contemporary works, or to foresee their place with posterity. In certain books and in certain kinds of genius there inheres a hidden force, a latent virtue, which does not at once develop. In the case of Flaubert, for example, we hardly yet see clearly all that he put in his novels, which in reality he himself did not quite comprehend. For if an artist's contemporaries cannot measure him with exactness, neither can he measure himself. Would it not have amazed Voltaire to learn that he would live only through 'Candide,' and Diderot that his work would reduce itself to the 'Neveu de Rameau,'—two pamphlets scribbled in a few days, the second not even published by its author?

I

In seeking to discover why a book or a writer grows greater as the years pass, instead of dwindling away with the first successes, one finds that this book and this writer strikingly disclose a *moral unity*.

Nothing that is not typical endures in human memory. The posthumous fame and the influence of Flaubert confirm this great law of literary history. Few writers have more deeply impressed this moral unity upon more diverse works. From that youthful day when he read to his friend Maxime Du Camp his great unpublished novel 'Novembre,' to the eve of his death, when he traced the last lines of 'Bouvard and Pécuchet,' he developed without pause or modification one changeless system and expressed one changeless conclusion concerning human life. One metaphysical conviction lightens the pages of his youth and those of his approaching age, as the same sun irradiates morning and evening of the same day with universal light. This doctrine, born with Flaubert, as I shall try to show, is the old doctrine of pessimism, but of a verified, studied-out, hopeless pessimism, as atomically established as that of Schopenhauer in Germany and of old Heraclitus in Greece. From the point of view of the novelist, as from that of the two philosophers, the evil of life does not arise from circumstances, but is inherent in the very fact of humanity. Whether barbarian or civilized, whether belonging to the antique world or to modern society, to an age of faith or to an epoch of skepticism, whether artist or artisan, simple or complex, the human being lives to see the failure of his ambition, be it noble or base, narrow or boundless. The mocking hand of Fate seems to have written a negative sign before the colossal sum of human efforts, and the total always shows a loss; the greatness of these efforts augmenting the greatness of the predetermined ruin. Such is the idea permeating from end to end all the books composed by this admirable artist, the thesis he struggled to demonstrate by examples not far-fetched and abstract, but concrete and living, and of such extraordinary intensity that the series of six volumes really constitutes the most absolute, the most uncompromising manual of nihilism ever composed.

To comprehend the doctrine back of the accident and the theory behind the fact, one must consider the chief characters of these books successively. By a process quite opposed to that of authors who are simply misanthropic, Flaubert does not make the final miseries of his characters result from their faults, but from their qualities. At the same time he is careful to select ordinary and not exceptional types, and to surround them with ordinary circumstances. Thus constituted, they cease to be individual and become representative, and their symbolic failure becomes the failure of their whole class. Take as examples Madame Bovary in the novel of that name, and Frédéric Moreau in 'L'Éducation Sentimentale.' Both are results of the legitimate and indeed very noble effort which pushes the lower classes toward culture and refinement. Emma Bovary is the daughter of a farmer who wished her to become a «lady,» and Frédéric is

the son of a middle-class father who has resolved that his boy shall have a «liberal» profession. She has been sent to a convent. He has been put in school. In their class of society this is the accepted educational process, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Both pupils respond to the instruction they receive. Ah, well! if the first descends, step by step, the ladder which leads to vice, to crime, to suicide, it is simply because, played upon by the religious and poetical emotions of the convent which was so long her home, she has formed too exquisite, too complex, too sequestered a dream of existence, and has felt too acutely the meagreness of her environment. She is perverted by the noblest characteristics of her nature; and in that experience she resembles the sentimental Frédéric, her brother in delicacy as in weakness. If the man of society, young, rich, intelligent, spoils his hours one by one, as a child who cannot draw, uncleanly and foolishly spoils his sheets of fair white paper, he does so because he has surrendered himself too freely to the charm of the books and dreams which enchanted his youth, and has longed too eagerly for higher emotions, for romantic affections, and glorious adventures.

Again, if the two grotesque protagonists of 'Bouvard et Pécuchet' make the most imbecile use of their late-coming independence, of their will and energy, it is because the hearts of these bureau clerks suddenly released from servitude beat with the noblest zeal for the Ideal,—in that form, however, «which deceives the least; that is, science»: and do not say that singleness of heart is lacking in these more than in the others.

Again, it is the romantic novelist who wrote the story of 'Un Cœur Simple,' the pathetically foolish adventure of an old maid who adores with religious fervor a stuffed paroquet. And again, do not say that the decadence of contemporary society is responsible for these failures. Would it have been better for these men and women to take root in the soil of a world still new, and to share the heroic youth of civilization? The sinister brutality, staining red the landscapes of 'Salammbô,' answers the question. Matthô, like Frédéric, like the daughter of Hamilcar, like the child of Farmer Ronault, struggles painfully in the heavy nightmare of existence; the gloomy frenzy of the savage has no more appreciable result than the shrinking trepidation of the civilized man. Nor will it suffice to say that these civilized folk and these barbarians were alike wanting in that great supernatural strength, faith. St. Anthony the hermit of the Thebaid, after years of maceration, cries, like Emma, like Frédéric, «Of old I was not so wretched!»* The depth of his penitence has but intensified his power to feel and suffer. A cataleptic, haunted

* 'The Temptation of St. Anthony.'

by visions, terrified at night by the howling of the jackal, by the desert winds, by the shadow of a cross upon the sand, at last he bows down like a slave before the stupid and inert Thing, shapeless and multiform Matter. «I would,» he sighs, «that I were Matter!» Supreme aspiration, containing the drama, at once tragic and farcical, of our poor humanity! An appeal which recalls Goya's picture of a skeleton straining to lift up the stone of his tomb to write upon it the terrible word *Nada*,—«Nothing!» There is nothing! «Who knows?» wrote Flaubert himself in one of his letters: «doubtless death has nothing more to tell than life.»

II

For the source and principle of this pessimism, one must search through the four volumes of correspondence recently published. It is easy to see that this way of feeling and of judging life is not with the author of 'Madame Bovary,' as with so many others, an amusement of dilettantism. It is the deep and personal moral of these frank letters that the convincing force of a work of art is always proportionate to its sincerity. If to Flaubert's readers his creations have this authenticity of authority, it is because they are struck out of his own life and spirit. I mean that they express what was essential in his life, and most personal, least incidental, in his spirit. The whole difference between objective artists, among whom Flaubert enrolled himself, and the subjective school, is that the first exclude all anecdote, all petty individual and local circumstance, from their written confessions. They can give expression to their genius only when they reveal the inmost depths of their nature. From the first, Flaubert's letters show that his heart, as another great unquiet spirit declared, was «born with a wound.»* To-day we know that his mental structure was sustained by an organism prematurely touched at the very centre of life. Epilepsy was destroying Flaubert. The 'Souvenirs' of Maxime Du Camp contain a very touching account of the first attack of this fatal nervous malady. But long before that attack, a hypersensitiveness, strange alternations of exaltation and repression, of enthusiasm and disgust, indicated that a secret malady was preying upon this robust fellow. From his twentieth year he contended with those humiliating fatalities against which human energy, however ambitious, is doomed to dash itself. Moreover, he was environed by contradictions.

His prose astonishes the reader by the lyric amplitude of his least sentence. A poet quivers in the prose writer with all the passion, all the ardor, of a Shakespeare or a Byron. Now, this poet was the son

* Lamennais of himself.

of a surgeon. His early life, from 1821 when he was born, to 1839 when he came to Paris to study law, was passed in a hospital. His room overlooked a court where the invalids walked, and an amphitheatre where his father's pupils dissected bodies. The dreams of his childhood and youth moved side by side with horrible impressions of physical decay. He speaks somewhere of his nature as «drolly bitter.» This sinister humor was doubtless born in that hospital room where by turns he read his favorite authors,—Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, Dante, Victor Hugo,—and saw the rollicking students smoke and jest over the cadavers. The contrast was not less sharp between his precocious taste for imaginative literature and the employment his father wished him to undertake. He has drawn in 'Madame Bovary' under the name of Doctor Larivière a slight but vigorous portrait of this father, whom he deeply admired. But it is nevertheless true that the rough practitioner, with his grim professional aspect and his habit of working on living matter, could not comprehend his second son's vocation for authorship. All the letters of this period bear traces of this cruel misunderstanding. As a mere lad, Flaubert lived in a state of constant rebellion against the paternal ideas and discipline. Nor was he more in harmony with the ideas and discipline of his time. When only fifteen he began to be fascinated by romanticism and its poets, at the very moment when public taste was ready to find fault with that school of 1830, which should rather be called the school of 1820. Finally, as his correspondence clearly shows, this romantic youth, whose ideal was incarnated in the adorable figure of Madame Arnouse,—an only love, never realized, always dreamed,—suffered the precocious disenchantment of a French school. What strange collisions of alien elements! How fate delights to entangle us in those irresistible impulses which set us forever in disharmony with life and with ourselves!

For Gustave Flaubert, played upon by such discordant influences, life soon became one long suffering. Soon too he perceived that this suffering was caused by no one mitigable chance, but that it grew out of the very fact of existence. In the long correspondence which extends from his precocious childhood to his premature old age, which shows us his student's cell, his traveler's tent, his Parisian abode of the famous author, he never varies his complaint. Whether writing to Le Portevin, his schoolfellow; to Du Camp, the comrade of his youth; to Louis Bouilhet, the associate of his maturity; to Louise Colet, the confidante of his critical days of apprenticeship; or to George Sand, the glorious *alter ego* of his years of achievement, everywhere and always he proclaims the narrowness of human destiny; the misery and sadness of existence; his distaste for his contemporary world; his horror of the future; the weariness of enduring; the

woefulness of yielding; the falsehood of desire; and the vanity of hope.

The persistence of these lamentations is the more striking in that this pessimist is never disheartened. His fearless agnosticism has nothing in common with the languid negations of a Werther or an Obermann. No coward soul utters his accusation. His complaint, almost from the beginning, is more intellectual than sentimental. All the sweet poisonous melancholy on which he fed himself may be referred to the understanding rather than to the moral nature; and therein appears the characteristic which distinguishes him absolutely from authors who, like Byron, Châteaubriand, Musset, and Baudelaire, have expressed under very different forms what has been called the malady of the age.

In Flaubert, the contemporary of Taine, Renan, Berthelot, Pasteur, there is a scientific turn of mind. He is like the physiologist who from the symptoms of his own specific malady reasons to the general disease, and who finds in his own personality the opportunity to verify and to register a vaster hypothesis. Here we touch the explanation of the typical character of the work and the man.

Because of this scientific turn of mind, united to a sensibility both complex and passionately sad, Gustave Flaubert stands as one of the newest of the psychological oddities of our age. There is no denying the fact, however we dislike it, that in this nineteenth century science has been the all-powerful controller of human activity. Not only has it modified the material conditions under which this activity works, but still more has it changed our point of view and altered our mental methods. It has accustomed us to an idea which seems at first sight simple, yet which involves an immense revolution,—the contemplation of everything as conditional, including even the most spontaneous creations of the mind. Thus we come to acknowledge, with Taine and Sainte-Beuve, that fixed laws control the production of literary work, and that a tragedy, a novel, a poem, are born under conditions as absolute as those which accompany the blooming of a flower. Laws govern the production of political systems and religious hypotheses,—laws regulate the decadence and prosperity of races, of countries, of families,—laws, finally, dominate our own intellect and our own affections.

It must not be forgotten, however, that this conception leaves room for personal responsibility. Our free will is simply set to choose among these conditions those which will or which will not produce certain effects. But whether the will choose freely or not, these conditions always imply the same result. They share, and we share with them, in that universal and immeasurable order which science declares to exist. and which, fragment by fragment, detail by

detail, she aims to discover. Thus considered, our individuality both diminishes and is increased. It diminishes because we see with too implacable clearness the limitations of our power, thus hedged about by laws which are independent of our volition. It increases, because outside our puny selves we catch glimpses of, we grasp at, those imperishable laws which were before we were, which will be when we are not. Beyond our own lives we thus touch and outlive all life; beyond our own joy, all joy; beyond our own suffering, all suffering. Such amplitudes of feeling do we gain with this new attitude of mind! As it was constant with Flaubert, many men of our generation have loved in him that profound accent in which they heard a magnificent echo of the inarticulate speech hidden in their own hearts.

III

Pessimism, however original and however sincere, yet remains a disease; and had Flaubert brought only this message of despair he would not occupy his high place in our respect. Happily he brings another doctrine, that of heroism, and I had almost said of religion. Flaubert himself employs this word, when speaking in one of his letters of Alfred de Musset:—« He lacked religion,» he says; «and religion is indispensable.» What he meant was that in this life, so wretched in his eyes and so foredoomed to failure, a man perceives nobility, finds comfort, only upon condition of devoting all his powers to something apart from himself and his interests, from his passions and his person. Perhaps this creed of the most exalted renunciation following on the completest pessimism is less contradictory than it appears; for the Christian faith, itself the most luminously hopeful which has ever appeared upon earth, rests also upon a pessimistic vision of man and of fate.

And if Flaubert were inconsistent in his beliefs, let us applaud the lack of logic which produced his masterpieces. His personal religion was that of literature. He loved it with the most unrestrained, the most untiring love. I do not know in the intellectual order a more pathetic drama than that which fills his letters to the friend of his youth, her whom he called his «Muse.» Housed in his small abode at Croisset near the gates of Rouen, and scarcely going out except to pace his garden on the bank of the Seine, this man of thirty undertook to write a book with which he should be,—not satisfied, for what author worthy the name is ever satisfied? but which should come as near perfection as possible. That book is 'Madame Bovary.' The very ideal of the literary artist is here evoked before our inward gaze: the absolute, the irremediable scorn of contemporary success, the contempt for vanity, the complete absence of all desire for gain,—these elementary virtues of the great author are

naturally found there, as well as the scrupulous conscience which no difficulty discourages, and the invincible patience which no beginning over again wearies; and especially and everywhere the flame, the sacred fever of creative intellect. In these pages—usually scratched off at morning after the nightly task was finished—there stirs a sublime breath which draws tears. One seems to see, one sees, the genius of one of those immortal works which, like 'Tartuffe,' like the 'Pensées,' like the 'Caractères,' will endure as long as the French language. Never was human brain possessed by more passionate frenzy for art; and in saying that all Flaubert's great works were composed in the same way, with this prodigious care in detail, this implacable search for truth and beauty, this zeal and tenacity, it is plain why in thirty years of this exhausting work he composed so few volumes, and these of such virile composition, of such sovereign mastery of style, that all other modern works seem slight, cowardly, and incomplete beside them.

It is difficult to explain in what Flaubert's style—his great title to glory—exactly consists. No term is oftener employed, indeed, than this term «style.» None more easily defies a definition. In saying that an author has style, some writers praise his elegant correctness, while others mean to affirm his original incorrectness. According to the first sense, the masters of style in France would be Fénelon, Buffon, Rousseau. According to the second sense, they would be Rabelais and Saint-Simon. The citation of these names suffices to prove both points of view legitimate. The complexity of things imposes the complexity of points of view. To write is indeed to translate ideas into words. But what must we understand by this formula, *ideas!* I have the idea of a straight line, I have the idea of the feeling I experience, I have the idea of the room where I am. Are these three kinds of ideas of the same order, and are the trains of accessory impressions which each entails equally diverse?

The phrases which serve as the external form of these three kinds of ideas must then be so different that certain French writers of the seventeenth century considered literature incapable of rendering those of the third group. Again, in our own time, Stendhal and Merimée absolutely denied that sensations of the eyes are reducible to words. Flaubert was of the contrary opinion. To his mind the thing had been proved, since Châteaubriand; and the men who failed to reproduce an actual contour or color in a phrase seemed to him as incompetent as did they whose prose failed to express an abstract idea or to convey an emotion. He maintained that Merimée did not understand his profession, and this he would demonstrate book in hand!

In what, then, did his conception of his profession consist? In the first place, in a special development of intellectual sensibility; and here Flaubert was certainly right. An isolated word taken by itself

should have its value of tone for the author, as the color on a palette has its value of tone to the painter. Considered in the dictionary, this word has a physical and moral existence perceived by the artist. Take at random one which is typical. Does not the word *frêle* (frail), which nevertheless comes from the same Latin word (*fragilis*) as fragile, differ from the latter as a flower differs from an object of human industry? Are there not words of race whose presence at the end of a pen or on the tip of the tongue betrays a patrician manner of feeling and thinking, while others reek of bad company and soil the paper on which the pen traces them? It is not their meaning which gives them this elegant or brutal, this ignoble or aristocratic character. It is the trace, visible or not, of their Latin origin, their tonic accent, their sonority, and still other elements which cannot be analyzed and which the artist discerns through practice. For Flaubert, the profession of authorship consisted in developing in himself this sense of the physiognomy of words to the point of always finding the exact, and as he maintained, the only, term to express a truth, a form, a feeling. «For there is only one,» he said to his favorite pupil Maupassant; and as to himself, his rigor was unsparing. Another of his friends, and his fervent admirer, M. Taine, told me that he had seen him spend three weeks hunting for a single word, and that was the word *secouer*, to shake. He was very proud of finishing his story of 'Hérodias' with the adverb *alternativement*, «alternately.» This word, whose two accents on *ter* and *ti* give it a loose swing, seemed to him to render concrete and almost perceptible the march of the two slaves who in turn carried the head of St. John the Baptist.

The choice of words resembles the choice of colors in painting. The value of a tone changes with the value of the tone placed next it. Therefore the second step in authorship consists, once the words are chosen, in putting them together and in constructing sentences. Flaubert's theories on sentence structure have become legendary. All his biographers have told us how he passed nights declaiming his own prose, crying his sentences with all his might, trying them, as he said in his common but expressive phrase, «with his own muzzle.» There was something of mania and something of paradox in this method. There was also a theory. He set it forth himself in his very curious preface to the 'Dernières Chansons' of Louis Bouilhet. Flaubert thought that a well-constructed phrase adapts itself to the rhythm of the respiration. He reasoned a little like this: In presence of such or such an idea we experience such or such an impression. This impression has its rebound in our organism. It leaves it colder or warmer; our blood beats quicker or slower; our breath is hurried or stopped. The phrase which translates this idea

should accord with this state of our organs; and how better ascertain this than by trying it with the register of our chest? «Badly constructed sentences,» said he, «never resist this test.» Now follow the consequences of this principle. They are infinite, and the art of writing, thus conceived, becomes difficult enough to terrify the most patient. If sentences are made to be read aloud, harmony is their ruling quality; and from that spring these two laws: constant renewal of forms, and suppression of all rhyme, of all hiatus, and of all repetitions. Goncourt recounts in his journal that he saw Flaubert unhappy because he had left the following expression in Madame Bovary: «d'une couronne de fleurs d'orange» (with a wreath of orange-blossoms). The three *d's*, governed each by the other, made him despair. He strove furiously to reduce the words which serve as setting to the others: the conjunctions, the prepositions, the auxiliary verbs. He fought for hours and days against *que*, *de*, *faire*, *avoir*, *être*. Dumas, who scarcely liked him, mocked this formidable labor, so disproportioned to the result: «He is a giant,» said he, «who strikes down a forest in order to make a box.» This witty epigram only proves that the author of the 'Demi-Monde' was a moralist, a mind preoccupied from the beginning with the service rendered; while Flaubert was an artist, the most careful and uncompromising of artists. Somewhere in his correspondence he speaks of a bit of wall on the Acropolis, the memory of which exalted him like a vision of perfect beauty. This comparison completely illustrates his ideal of style: a prose holding itself erect by virtue of essential words, and so finely and strongly constructed that these essential words—correct, exact, and precise, resting upon each other without parasitic attachments—are beautiful both in themselves and for their mathematical relation, —a prose which is such an integral substitute for the object that it becomes the object itself. «The author in his work,» he said with curious eloquence, «should be like God in the universe: everywhere present and nowhere visible. Art being only second to nature, its creator should exercise analogous methods, so that one feels in every atom, every aspect, a hidden, a limitless insusceptibility of injury from external things.» Was I wrong to speak of religion as influencing a man who found these solemn accents to define his dream of art?

Paul Bourget

THE SACRED PARROT

From 'Un Cœur Simple'

THE sighs which Madame Aubain uttered while knitting beside her window, reached Félicité at her spinning in the kitchen.

They often walked up and down together under the trellis, talking of Virginie, and wondering if such and such a thing would have pleased her, or what she would have said upon such an occasion.

All her little belongings were kept in a cupboard in the room with two beds, and Madame Aubain looked them over very seldom. But one day she resigned herself to the task, and moths flew out of the wardrobe.

Virginie's dresses hung in a row under a shelf, upon which were three dolls, some hoops, a little housekeeping set, and the wash-bowl. They drew out all the skirts, the stockings, the handkerchiefs, and spread them on the two beds before refolding them. The sun shone on all these poor things, and brought out the spots and the creases made by the movements of the body. The air was warm and blue, a blackbird was warbling, everything seemed to live in profound calm. They came across a little brown plush hat with long hairs, all worm-eaten. This Félicité took for her own. Their eyes, meeting each other, filled with tears; at last the mistress opened her arms, the servant threw herself in them, and they clung to each other, satisfying their sorrow in a kiss which made them equal.

It was their first embrace, for Madame Aubain was not of an expansive nature. Félicité felt grateful to her as for a benefit, and cherished her with religious veneration and the devotion of a faithful animal.

Her kindness of heart increased.

When she heard the drums of a regiment in the street, she stepped outside the door with a pitcher of cider and offered the soldiers a drink. When they were ill she cared for them. She was kind to the Poles, and there was one who even wanted to marry her. But this made trouble; for coming back from church one morning, she found that he had gone into her kitchen and made himself a vinegar stew, which he was tranquilly eating.

After the Poles she devoted herself to Father Colmiche, an old man who was said to have taken part in the horrors of '93. He

lived on the river-side in the rubbish of a pig-sty. The street urchins watched him through chinks in the wall, and threw stones which fell on the wretched bed where he lay groaning, shaken by catarrh; with his hair very long, his eyelids inflamed, and on his arm a tumor larger than his head. She took him linen, tried to clean the squalid hole, dreamed of establishing him in her bake-house in some way that would not trouble Madame. When the cancer had gathered, she bandaged it every day. Sometimes she brought him cake, or placed him in the sun on a bunch of straw; and the poor old man, driveling and trembling, thanked her with his dying voice, feared to lose her, and stretched out his hands to her when he saw her going away. He died, and she ordered a mass for the repose of his soul.

That very day a great joy came to her. Just at dinner-time Madame de Larsonnière's colored man arrived, with the parrot in his cage, and perch, chain, and padlock. A note from the Baroness informed Madame Aubain that her husband had been promoted to a prefecture. They were going away that evening, and she begged Madame Aubain to accept the bird as a remembrance and with her respects.

He had long busied the imagination of Félicité, for he came from America and thus recalled Victor; so she had often asked the negro about the bird. Once she had said, « How happy Madame would be to have him! »

The negro had repeated this speech to his mistress, and as she could not take the parrot with her, she thus disposed of it.

He was called Loulou. His body was green, the ends of his wings pink, his forehead blue, and his throat gilded.

But he had a tiresome mania for biting his perch, pulling out his feathers, and scattering water from his bath, so that he annoyed Madame Aubain, and she gave him to Félicité.

She attempted to teach him, and soon he was able to repeat, « Fine fellow! Your servant, sir! I salute you, Mary! » He was placed near the door, and several people expressed surprise that he did not answer to the name of Jacquot, like other parrots. They called him a ninny and a blockhead, which names were like dagger-thrusts to Félicité! Strange obstinacy of Loulou, who would not speak when any one was looking!

Nevertheless, he was fond of company; for on Sunday when the Mademoiselles Rochefeuille, M. De Houppeville, and some new-comers — Onfroy the apothecary, M. Varin, and Captain

Mathieu — had their game of cards, he beat the window-panes with his wings and chattered so furiously that it was impossible to speak.

Bourais's face seemed to amuse him greatly. As soon as he saw it, he began to laugh, to laugh with all his might. The outbursts of his voice escaped into the court, echo repeated them, the neighbors coming to their windows laughed too; so that to avoid being seen by the parrot, M. Bourais used to creep along the wall, holding up his hat to screen his profile until he reached the river and entered by the garden door. His glances at the bird lacked affection.

Once Loulou, having buried his head in the butcher-boy's basket, received a fillip, after which he always tried to pinch him through his shirt. Fabu threatened to wring his neck, although he was not a cruel fellow, in spite of his great whiskers and the tattooing on his arms. On the contrary, he had rather a liking for the parrot, so that in his jovial humor he wanted to teach him to swear. Félicité, frightened at this behavior, placed Loulou in the kitchen. His little chain was taken off, and he wandered about the house.

When he went down-stairs he rested the curve of his beak on the step and raised first his right claw and then the left, and she feared these gymnastics would make him dizzy. He fell ill, and could not speak or eat. There was a thick spot under his tongue such as chickens sometimes have, and she cured him by tearing this out with her nails. One day M. Paul was rash enough to blow the smoke of a cigar in his nostrils. Another time, when Madame Lormeau was teasing him with the end of her parasol, he snatched off the ferule. At last he lost himself.

She had placed him on the grass to refresh him, left him a moment, and when she returned,— no parrot! At first she looked for him in the bushes, on the bank of the stream, on the roofs, without heeding her mistress, who was calling, « Be careful! You are mad! » Finally she visited all the gardens of Pont l'Évegne; and she stopped the passers. « Perhaps you have seen my parrot somewhere? » and to those who did not know him she gave a description. All at once she thought she saw something green flying low down behind the mills. But when she reached the top of the bank, it was gone. A peddler assured her that he had just seen him in Mother Simonne's shop at Saint Mélaine. She

hurried there, but they did not know what she was talking about. At last she went home, exhausted, her shoes in rags, sick at heart; and seated near Madame in the middle of the bench, she was telling all her adventures, when a light weight fell on her shoulder,—Loulou! Where the mischief had he been? Promenading in the suburbs, perhaps.

She found this hard to get over; or rather, she never did get over it.

In consequence of a chill she had a sore throat, and soon after an ear-ache. Three years later she was deaf, and talked very loud even in church. Although her sins might have been proclaimed to all the corners of the diocese without disgrace to her or harm to the world, still the priest judged it advisable to hear her confession only in the vestry.

Illusory murmurings began to trouble her. Her mistress often said to her, «Good Heavens! how stupid you are!» and she answered, «Yes, Madame,» looking around her as if for something.

The little circle of her ideas kept on narrowing; and the chiming of the bells, the lowing of the cattle, no longer existed for her. All the beings about her worked with the silence of phantoms. One sound only now reached her ears,—the voice of the parrot.

As if to divert her, he mimicked the tic-tac of the turnspit, the shrill cry of the fish-man, the saw of the carpenter who lived opposite; and when the bell rang he imitated Madame Aubain,—«Félicité! the door! the door!»

They held dialogues together, he uttering to satiety the three sentences of his repertory, and she answering with words as meaningless, but in which her heart overflowed. In her isolation Loulou was almost a son, a lover. He scaled her fingers, nibbled her lips, clung to her fichu; and as she bent her forehead toward him, shaking her head as nurses do, the broad flaps of her cap and his wings vibrated together.

When the clouds gathered and the thunder rumbled, he uttered cries, remembering perhaps the showers of his native forests. The dripping of water excited his frenzy; he flew madly about, went up to the ceiling, upset everything, and flew through the window to dabble in the garden. Then he returned quickly to one of the andirons, and hopping to dry his feathers, showed now his tail and now his beak.

One morning of the terrible winter of 1837, when she had placed him before the fireplace on account of the cold, she found him dead in the middle of his cage, his head down, and his claws in the iron bars. Doubtless a congestion had killed him. She believed that he had been poisoned with parsley, and without the slightest proof she suspected Fabu.

She wept so much that her mistress said, «Well! have him stuffed.»

She consulted the apothecary, who had always been kind to the bird. He wrote to Havre: a certain Fellacher undertook the task. But as packages were sometimes lost from the stage, she decided to carry the bird herself as far as Honfleur.

Leafless apple-trees were ranged along the way. Ice covered the ditches. Dogs barked about the farms; and her hands under her mantle, with her little black sabots and her light basket, she hurried along in the middle of the street.

She crossed the forest, passed Haut-Chêne, and reached Saint-Gatien. Behind her in a cloud of dust and precipitated upon her by the descent, a mail-coach came flashing along on a gallop. Seeing this woman who did not trouble herself to get out of the way, the driver stood up under the hood, and the postilion called too, while the four horses, whom he could not hold in, increased their speed. The first two grazed her; with a pull at the reins the driver jerked them to one side, but furious, he raised his arm with his great whip, and as he flew past he dealt her such a blow that she fell on her back.

Her first movement, when she had regained consciousness, was to open her basket. Happily Loulou had not been hurt. She felt her right cheek burning, and when she put her hand to it she found that blood was flowing.

She sat down on a stone and mopped her face with her handkerchief. Then she ate a crust of bread which she had taken the precaution to put in her basket, and comforted herself by looking at her bird.

When she reached the height of Ecquemauville she saw the lights of Honfleur sparkling in the night like a quantity of stars; farther off the sea stretched confusedly. Then a weakness seized her; and all the misery of her childhood, the deception of her first love, her nephew's departure, Virginie's death, came back to her one after another, like the waves of the tide, mounting to her throat and stifling her.

Then she wished to see the captain of the boat; and without telling him what she was sending, she commended it to his care.

Fellacher kept the parrot for a long time. He always promised it for the next week, but after six months he announced that he had sent a case, and thus put an end to the uncertainty. It began to seem as if Loulou would never return. "They must have stolen him!" she was beginning to think.

At last he arrived,—magnificent, erect on the branch of a tree which was screwed into a mahogany base, one foot in the air, his head on one side, and biting a nut, which in his love of effect the taxidermist had gilded.

She shut him in her room. This place, to which she did not often admit people, looked like both a chapel and a bazar, it was so full of religious objects and of oddities. In fault of a stand, Loulou was established on a part of the chimney-piece which protruded into the room. Every morning when she woke up she saw him in the early light, and without sorrow and full of tranquillity she recalled his vanished days and insignificant actions to their least details.

Not communicating with any one, she lived in the torpor of a somnambulist. The processions of Corpus Christi reanimated her. Then she went to the neighbors to beg candlesticks and straw mats for the altar which was raised in the street.

In church she always looked at the picture of the Holy Ghost, and thought it like her parrot. This resemblance impressed her all the more in an image by Épinal, representing the baptism of our Lord. With his purple wings and emerald body, it was a true portrait of Loulou. She bought it and hung it instead of the Count D'Artois, so that in the same glance she could see both. They were associated in her thoughts: the parrot seemed sanctified by this connection to the Holy Ghost, who thus became more living and intelligible to her. The Father could not have chosen a dove to announce him, since that bird has no voice, but rather one of Loulou's ancestors. And as Félicité prayed she looked at the image, but from time to time she turned a little toward her bird.

She wanted to join the Sisters of the Virgin, but Madame Aubain dissuaded her.

In the month of March 1853 Madame Aubain had a sudden pain in her breast; her tongue seemed covered with smoke;

leeches could not calm the oppression, and on the ninth evening she died at exactly the age of seventy-two.

Félicité wept for her as masters are not wept. That Madame should die before her, troubled her mind and seemed contrary to the order of things,—inadmissible and monstrous.

Ten days later (the time to come from Besançon) the heirs arrived. The daughter-in-law searched the drawers, chose some furniture, and sold the remainder. Then they returned to the registry office.

Madame's arm-chair, her centre-table, her foot-stove, the eight chairs, were gone. The places where the engravings had hung showed in yellow squares on the walls. They had carried off the two beds with their mattresses, and none of Virginie's belongings remained in the cupboard! Félicité climbed up-stairs, drunk with grief.

The next day there was a sign on the door, and the apothecary cried in her ear that the house was for sale.

She tottered and had to sit down.

What troubled her most was the thought of leaving her room, so convenient for poor Loulou. Covering him with an anguished look, she implored the Holy Ghost, and fell into the idolatrous habit of kneeling before the parrot while she said her prayers. Sometimes the sun, coming in at the dormer window, fell on his glass eye, and it sparkled with a luminous ray which threw her into ecstasy.

Her mistress had left her an income of three hundred and eighty francs. The garden supplied her with vegetables. As to clothes, she had enough for the rest of her life, and she economized lights by going to bed with the dark.

In order to avoid the broker's shop, where some of Madame's old furniture was displayed, she scarcely ever went out. After her dizzy turn she dragged one leg, and as her strength grew less, Mother Simonne, who was bankrupt in her little grocery, came every morning to cut wood and draw water.

Her eyes grew weaker. She no longer opened the blinds. Thus many years passed, and the house was neither rented nor sold. In the fear that she might be sent away, Félicité never asked for any repairs. The shingles were rotting on the roof. All one winter her bolster was wet. After Easter she spit blood.

Then Mother Simonne brought a doctor. Félicité wanted to know what she had. But in her deafness only one word came

to her—"pneumonia." It was familiar to her, and she answered gently:—

"Ah! like Madame," finding it natural to follow her mistress.

The time for the street altars was drawing near.

One was always placed on the shore, a second before the post-office, the third near the middle of the street. There were rivalries as to the position of this last, and finally the parishioners selected the court of Madame Aubain.

The fever and oppression increased. Félicité mourned that she could not do anything for the altar. If she only had something to put on it! Then she thought of the parrot. The neighbors objected that it was not fitting. But the priest gave her permission, and this made her so happy that she begged him to accept Loulou, her one treasure, after her death.

From Tuesday to Saturday, the eve of Corpus Christi, she coughed oftener. That evening her face was drawn, her lips stuck to her gums, she vomited; and the next day, feeling herself very low, she summoned a priest.

Three kind women were with her when she received extreme unction. Then she declared that she must speak to Fabu.

He came in his Sunday clothes, ill at ease in this mournful atmosphere.

"Forgive me," she said, trying to hold out her arm. "I thought you killed him."

What did she mean by such nonsense? To suspect a man like him of murder!—and he grew angry and was going to storm. "She has lost her mind, that's plain enough."

From time to time Félicité talked to visions. The good women went away. Mother Simonne breakfasted.

A little later she took Loulou and carried him to Félicité.

"Come, say good-by to him!"

He was no longer a body: the worms were eating him; one of his wings was broken, the tow was bursting out of his breast. But blind now, she kissed his head and held him against her cheek. Then Mother Simonne took him back to the altar.

The odor of summer came from the pastures; flies were buzzing. The sun made the river sparkle and warmed the slates.

Mother Simonne, who had returned, was calmly sleeping.

The church bells woke her. Félicité's delirium left her. As she thought about the procession, she saw it as clearly as if she had followed it.

All the school-children, the choristers, and the firemen were walking on the sidewalks, while in the middle of the street the Swiss with his halberd came first, then the beadle with a great cross, the schoolmaster watching the boys, the nun anxious about her little girls; three of the prettiest looking like angels with their curled hair, throwing rose-leaves in the air; the deacon with outstretched arms leading the music; and two censer-swingers turning toward the Holy Sacrament at every step, as four vestrymen carried it along under a red velvet canopy; then the priest in his fine chasuble. A crowd of people pressed on behind between the white cloths hung along the houses, and thus they reached the shore.

Félicité's temples were damp with a cold sweat. Mother Simonne wiped it off with a linen cloth, telling herself that some day she too must go through this.

The murmur of the crowd grew plainer, was very strong for a moment, and then began to die away.

A discharge of guns shook the windows. The postilions were saluting the Host. Félicité rolled her eyes and said in the lowest possible tone: —

"Is he all right?" — troubled about the parrot.

Her final agony began. A death-rattle shook her more and more. There were bubbles of foam in the corners of her mouth, and her whole body trembled.

Soon they could hear the music again, the clear voices of the children and the deep voices of men. At intervals all were quiet, and the sound of footsteps, deadened by the flowers, seemed like cattle on the turf.

The clergy entered the court, and Mother Simonne climbed on a chair, so that she could look down upon the altar from the little round window.

Green wreaths were hung on the altar, which was adorned with English lace. In the middle was a little box containing relics; two orange-trees stood in the corners; and along the front were ranged silver candlesticks and china vases with sunflowers, lilies, peonies, foxgloves, and bunches of hydrangea. This mass of sparkling color sloped down from the highest stage to the carpet, and was prolonged on the pavement; and there were curiosities to attract the attention. A bird in silver-gilt had a crown of violets; pendants of Alençon gems sparkled from the moss; two Chinese screens displayed their landscapes. Loulou,

hidden behind the roses, showed only his blue crest like a bit of lapis lazuli.

The vestrymen, the choristers, and the children ranged themselves along three sides of the court. The priest slowly mounted the steps and set upon the lace his large golden sun, which sparkled as he did so. All knelt down. There was a solemn silence. And the censers, swinging freely, slipped up and down their slender chains.

A blue vapor mounted to Félicité's room. She breathed it in with a mystical sensuality, and then closed her eyelids. Her lips were smiling. Her heart beat more and more slowly, more gently and uncertainly like a spring which is growing exhausted, like an echo which is sinking away; and as she breathed for the last time, she seemed to see in the opening heavens a gigantic parrot hovering above her head.

SALAMMBÔ PREPARES FOR HER JOURNEY

From 'Salammbô'

It was the season when the doves of Carthage migrated to the mountain of Eryx in Sicily, there nesting about the temple of Venus. Previous to their departure, during many days, they sought each other, and cooed to reunite themselves; finally one evening they flew, driven by the wind, and this large white cloud glided in the heaven, very high above the sea.

The horizon was crimson. They seemed gradually to descend to the waves, then disappear as though swallowed up, and falling of their own accord into the jaws of the sun. Salammbô, who watched them disappear, lowered her head. Taanach, believing that she surmised her mistress's grief, tenderly said:—

"But mistress, they will return."

"Yes, I know it."

"And you will see them again."

"Perhaps!" Salammbô said, as she sighed.

She had not confided to any one her resolution, and for its discreet accomplishment she sent Taanach to purchase in the suburbs of Kinisdo (instead of requiring them of the stewards) all the articles it was necessary she should have: vermilion, aromatics, a linen girdle, and new garments. The old slave was

amazed by these preparations, without daring to ask any questions; and so the day arrived, fixed by Schahabarim, when Salammbô must depart.

Toward the twelfth hour she perceived at the end of the sycamores an old blind man, whose hand rested on the shoulder of a child who walked before him, and in the other hand he held against his hip a species of cithara made of black wood.

The eunuchs, the slaves, the women, had been scrupulously sent away; no one could possibly know the mystery that was being prepared.

Taanach lighted in the corners of the room four tripods full of *strobus* and cardamom; then she spread out great Babylonian tapestries and hung them on cords all round the room,—for Salammbô did not wish to be seen even by the walls. The player of the kinnor waited crouching behind the door, and the young boy, standing up, applied his lips to a reed flute. In the distance the street clamor faded, the violet shadows lengthened before the peristyles of the temples, and on the other side of the gulf the base of the mountain, the olive-fields, and the waste yellow ground indefinitely undulated till finally lost in a bluish vapor; not a single sound could be heard, and an indescribable oppression pervaded the air.

Salammbô crouched on the onyx step on the edge of the porphyry basin; she lifted her wide sleeves and fastened them behind her shoulders, and began her ablutions in a methodical manner, according to the sacred rites.

Next Taanach brought to her an alabaster phial containing something liquid, yet coagulated; it was the blood of a black dog, strangled by barren women on a winter's night in the ruins of a sepulchre. She rubbed it on her ears, her heels, and the thumb of her right hand; and even the nail remained tinged a trifle red, as if she had crushed a berry.

The moon rose; then, both at once, the cithara and the flute commenced to play. Salammbô took off her earrings, laid aside her necklace, bracelets, and her long white simarra; unknotted the fillet from her hair, and for some minutes shook her tresses gently over her shoulders to refresh and disentangle them. The music outside continued; there were always the same three notes, precipitous and furious; the strings grated, the flute was high-sounding and sonorous. Taanach marked the cadence by striking her hands; Salammbô, swaying her entire body, chanted

her prayers, and one by one her garments fell around her on the floor.

The heavy tapestry trembled, and above the cord that sustained it the head of the Python appeared. He descended slowly, like a drop of water trickling along a wall, and glided between the stuffs spread out, then poised himself on his tail; he lifted himself perfectly straight up, and darted his eyes, more brilliant than carbuncles, upon Salammbô.

A shudder of cold, or her modesty perhaps, at first made her hesitate. But she recalled the order of Schahabarim, so she went forward; the Python lowered himself, alighting upon the nape of her neck in the middle of his body, allowing his head and tail to hang down like a broken necklace, and the two ends trailed on the floor. Salammbô rolled them around her sides, under her arms, between her knees; then taking him by the jaw, she drew his little triangular mouth close to her teeth; and with half-closed eyes she bent back under the moon's rays. The white light seemed to enshroud her in a silvery fog; the tracks of her wet feet shone on the stones; stars twinkled in the depths of the water; the Python tightened against her his black coils speckled with spots of gold. Salammbô panted under this too heavy weight; her loins gave way, she felt that she was dying; the Python patted her thighs softly with his tail: then the music ceased, and he fell down.

Taanach drew near to Salammbô, and after arranging two candelabra, of which the lights burned in two crystal globes filled with water, she tinted with henna the inside of the hands of her mistress, put vermilion on her cheeks, antimony on her eyelids, and lengthened her eyebrows with a mixture of gum, musk, ebony, and crushed flies' feet.

Salammbô, sitting in a chair mounted with ivory, abandoned herself to the care of her slave. But the soothing touches, the odor of the aromatics, and the fasts she had kept, enervated her; she became so pale that Taanach paused.

« Continue! » said Salammbô; and as she drew herself up in spite of herself, she felt all at once reanimated. Then an impatience seized her; she urged Taanach to hasten, and the old slave growled: —

« Well, well, mistress! . . . You have no one waiting for you elsewhere! »

« Yes! » responded Salammbô: « some one waits for me. »

Taanach started with surprise, and in order to know more she said:—

« What do you order me to do, mistress, if you should remain away? » . . .

But Salammbô sobbed, and the slave exclaimed:—

« You suffer! What is the matter with you? Do not go! Take me! When you were a little one and wept, I held you to my heart and suckled you, and made you laugh. Now I am old! I can do nothing for you! You do not love me any more! You hide your troubles from me; you disdain your nurse! » With fondness and vexation the tears coursed down her face, in the scars of her tattooing.

« No! » said Salammbô; « no: I love you; be comforted! »

Taanach, with a smile like the grimace of an old monkey, recommenced her task. Following the directions of the priest, Salammbô ordered her slave to make her magnificent. Taanach complied, with a barbaric taste full of elaboration and ingenuity.

Over a first fine wine-colored tunic she placed a second one, embroidered with birds' plumes. Golden scales were fastened to her hips; from her wide girdle flowed the folds of her blue, silver-starred petticoat-trousers. Then Taanach adjusted an ample robe of rare stuff from the land of the Seres, white, variegated with green stripes. She attached over Salammbô's shoulders a square of purple, made heavy at the hem with beads of *sandastrum;* and on the top of all these vestments she arranged a black mantle with a long train. Then she contemplated her, and proud of her work, she could not keep from saying:—

« You will not be more beautiful on the day of your nuptials! »

« My nuptials! » repeated Salammbô in a reverie, as she leaned her elbow on the ivory chair.

Taanach held up before her mistress a copper mirror, wide and long enough for her to view herself completely. She stood up, and with a light touch of one finger put back a curl that dropped too low on her forehead. Her hair was powdered with gold, crimped in front, hanging down her back in long twists, terminating in pearls. The light from the candelabra heightened the color on her cheeks, the gold throughout her garments, and the whiteness of her skin. She wore around her waist, on her arms, hands, and feet, such a profusion of jewels that the mirror, reflecting like a sun, flashed back prismatic rays upon her; and

Salammbô stood beside Taanach, leaning and turning around on all sides to view herself, smiling at the dazzling effect.

She walked to and fro, embarrassed by the time that she needs must tarry.

Suddenly the crow of a cock was heard. She quickly pinned over her hair a long yellow veil, passed a scarf around her neck, and buried her feet in blue leather buskins, saying to Taanach:

« Go, see under the myrtles if there is not a man with two horses. »

Taanach had scarcely re-entered before Salammbô descended the stairway of the galleys.

« Mistress! » called out the slave. Salammbô turned around and placed one finger on her lips, in sign of discretion and silence.

Taanach crept quietly the length of the prows as far as the base of the terrace, and in the distance by the moonlight she distinguished in the cypress avenue a gigantic shadow, moving obliquely to the left of Salammbô: this was a foreboding of death.

Taanach went back to her room, threw herself on the floor, tore her face with her finger-nails, pulled out her hair, and uttered shrill yells at the top of her voice.

Finally the thought came to her that some one might hear; then she was quiet, and sobbed very low, with her head between her hands and her face laid flat on the stones.

THE SACRIFICE TO MOLOCH

From 'Salammbô'

A SECTION of the wall of the temple of Moloch was removed, in order to pull the brazen god through without disturbing the ashes on the altar. As soon as the sun rose, the sacred slaves of the temple pushed him to the square of Khamoûn.

He moved backwards, sliding over cylinders; his shoulders overtopped the walls; from the farthest point the Carthaginians who perceived him fled with speed, for it was impossible to contemplate the Baal with impunity, save in the exercise of his wrath.

An odor of aromatics was wafted through the streets. All the temples were thrown open simultaneously, and tabernacles upon

chariots, or on litters which pontiffs carried, issued forth. Great plumes of feathers nodded at their corners, and rays flashed from their pointed spires, terminated by globes of crystal, gold, silver, or copper.

These were the Canaanite Baalim, reproductions of the supreme Baal, returning towards their essence to humble themselves before his power, and be lost in his splendor. The canopy of Melkarth, of fine purple, sheltered a flame of bitumen oil; while upon that of Khamoûn, which was of hyacinth color, was erected an ivory phallus bordered with a circle of gems: between the curtains of Eschmoûn, blue as the ether, a Python slept, describing a circle as it bit its tail; and the *Dii-Patæci*, held in the arms of their priests, their heels dragging on the ground, resembled large babies in swaddling-clothes. . . .

The brazen statue continued to move towards the square of Khamoûn. The Rich, carrying sceptres with emerald apples, started from the far end of Megara; the Elders, crowned with diadems, assembled in Kinisdo; and the masters of finance, the governors of provinces, merchants, soldiers, sailors, and the numerous horde employed at funerals, all displaying the insignia of their magistracy or the instruments of their vocations, converged towards the tabernacles that descended from the Acropolis between the colleges of pontiffs.

In deference to Moloch, they were all bedecked with their most splendid jewels. Diamonds sparkled over their black apparel; but their rings, now too wide, loosely fell from their emaciated hands, and nothing could be more lugubrious than that silent concourse, where brilliant earrings struck against pallid faces, and where gold tiaras encircled foreheads wrinkled by an atrocious despair.

Finally the Baal attained the centre of the square. His pontiffs made an inclosure with trellises to keep back the multitude, and remained themselves at his feet, surrounding him.

The priests of Khamoûn, in reddish woolen robes, aligned before their temple under the columns of the portico; those of Eschmoûn, in white linen mantles, with collars of the heads of hoopoes, wearing conical tiaras, established themselves on the steps of the Acropolis; the priests of Melkarth, in violet tunics, took their position on the western side; the priests of the Abaddirs, swathed in bands of Phrygian stuffs, placed themselves on the eastern side; and ranged on the southern side with the

necromancers, all covered with tattooings, were the howlers in patched mantles, the priests of the *Dii-Patæci*, and the Yidonim, who divined the future by placing a bone of a dead body in their mouths. The priests of Ceres, habited in blue robes, had prudently stopped in Satheb Street, intoning in a low voice a thesmophorion in Megarian dialect. . . .

Meantime a fire of aloe, cedar, and laurel wood burned between the legs of the Colossus. His long wings buried their points in the flame; the unguents with which he had been rubbed now trickled like sweat over his brazen limbs. About the round stone upon which his feet rested, children, enveloped in black veils, formed a motionless circle; and his inordinately long arms allowed the palms of his hands to reach down to them, as if to seize this crown and convey it to the sky.

The Rich, the Elders, the women, and in fact the entire multitude, thronged behind the priests and on the terraces of the houses. The large painted stars revolved no longer; the tabernacles were placed on the ground, and the smoke from the censers rose on high perpendicularly, like gigantic trees spreading their bluish boughs to the centre of the azure. Many of the spectators fainted; others became inert and petrified in their ecstasy; an infinite agony pressed heavily upon their hearts. The clamors one by one died out, and the people of Carthage panted in silence, absorbed in the terror of their desire.

At last the high priest of Moloch passed his right hand beneath the children's veils, and pulled out a lock of hair from each of their foreheads, which he threw into the flames. Then the men in red mantles intoned a sacred hymn:—

"Homage to thee, O Sun! King of the two Zones! Creator, self-begotten! Father and Mother! Father and Son! God and Goddess! Goddess and God!" and their voices were lost in the explosion of countless instruments, sounding all together to smother the cries of the victims. The scheminith with eight strings, the kinnor with ten, and the nebel with twelve, all twanged, whistled, and thundered forth. Enormous leather bottles stuck full of tubes emitted a sharp rolling noise; the tambourines, beaten with all possible force, resounded with heavy, rapid blows; and despite the fury of the clarions, the salsalim clicked like the wings of locusts.

The sacred slaves with a long hook opened the seven compartments ranged in the body of the Baal. Into the highest

division farina was introduced; into the second, two turtle-doves; into the third, an ape; into the fourth, a ram; into the fifth, a lamb; and into the sixth, as they did not possess an ox, a tanned hide from the sanctuary was substituted; the seventh aperture remained gaping.

Before a human victim should be offered, it was deemed best to test the arms of the god. Slender chainlets, passing from the fingers over his shoulders, descended at the back, which men pulled downward, raising to the height of his elbows his two open hands, that in approaching each other came opposite his belly. They worked them several times successively with little jerks. Then the musical instruments were hushed, and the fire roared fiercely.

The pontiffs of Moloch walked to and fro on the large stone slab, examining the multitude.

The first offering must be an individual sacrifice, an oblation perfectly voluntary, which would be effectual to incite others. But no one came forward, and the seven alleys leading from the barrier to the Colossus remained completely empty. To stimulate the people, the priests pulled from their girdles little stilettos, with which they slashed their faces. The Devotees, who had been stretched on the ground outside, were introduced into the inclosure, and a packet of horrible irons was thrown to them: each one chose his torture. They passed spits through their breasts, slit their cheeks, put upon their heads crowns of thorns; then they enlaced their arms together, and surrounding the children, they formed another great circle, ever contracting and expanding. Having reached the balustrade, they threw themselves back, only to eddy outwards again, continually attracting to them the crowd, by the vertigo of their movements, full of blood and cries.

Gradually the people, thus incited, came into the end of the alleys, and threw into the flames pearls, gold vases, cups, all their treasures, and flambeaux.

These offerings became more and more splendid, and kept multiplying. Presently a man who staggered, a man pale and hideous from terror, pushed forward a child; then could be distinguished between the hands of the Colossus a little black mass—it sank into the dark opening. The priests leaned over the edge of the large slab, and a new chant burst out, celebrating the joys of death and the renascence of eternity.

The children mounted up slowly, and as the smoke rose in lofty whirling masses, they seemed from afar to disappear in a cloud. Not one moved. All had been securely bound hand and foot, and the dark drapery prevented them from seeing anything, and from being recognized.

Hamilcar, in a red mantle like that of the priests of Moloch, remained near the Baal, standing before the great toe of his right foot. When the fourteenth child was put in, all the people saw that he made a demonstrative gesture of horror, but quickly resuming his attitude of composure, he crossed his arms, and gazed on the ground. On the other side of the Colossus the grand pontiff likewise remained motionless, bowing his head, upon which was an Assyrian mitre, and observing on his breast the gold plaque covered with prophetic stones, which threw out iridescent lights as the flames struck across them. He grew pale and abstracted.

Hamilcar inclined his head, and they were both so near the pyre that the hem of their robes in rising from time to time swept it.

Moloch's brazen arms moved more rapidly; they no longer paused. Each time a child was placed upon them, the priests of Moloch extended their hands over the victim to charge upon it the sins of the people, vociferating:—

«These are not men, but oxen!» and the multitude around repeated, «Oxen! Oxen!» The Devotees screamed out, «Lord! eat!» and the priests of Proserpine, conforming in terror to Carthage's need, mumbled their Eleusinian formula: «Pour forth rain! conceive!» No sooner were the victims placed on the verge of the aperture than they vanished, like a drop of water on a red-hot plate, and whiffs of white smoke curled up through the scarlet glow.

Yet the appetite of the god was not appeased; he still wanted more. In order to supply him, the children were piled on his hands, and were retained there by a great chain.

In the beginning, Devotees tried to count them, in order to note if the total number corresponded to the days of the solar year; but now so many were piled on that it was impossible to distinguish them during the dizzy movements of those horrible arms. All this lasted a long time, until nightfall. Then the interior divisions gave a most sombre glare. For the first time, the burning flesh was visible. Some people even fancied that they recognized hair, limbs, and entire bodies.

The day fell; clouds gathered over the head of the Baal. The pyre, now flameless, made a pyramid of glowing embers that reached to his knees; and all crimson, like a giant covered with blood, with head bent backward, he seemed to reel under the weight of his intoxication. According as the priests urged haste, the frenzy of the people augmented; as the number of victims decreased, some cried out to spare them, others that Moloch must have more. It seemed as though the walls, with their masses of spectators, would crumble beneath the yells of horror and of mystic voluptuousness. Then came into the alleys some faithful ones, dragging their children, who clung to them; and they beat the little hands to make them loose their hold, that they might deliver them to the red men.

Occasionally the musicians paused from sheer exhaustion; and in the lull could be heard the screams of mothers and the crackling of the grease spattering on the coals. The mandrake-drinkers crept on all-fours around the Colossus, roaring like tigers. The Yidonim prophesied; the Devotees chanted with their cleft lips. The railings were broken, for now all wanted to participate in the sacrifice; and fathers whose children were deceased cast into the yawning furnace their effigies, toys, and preserved bones. Those who possessed knives rushed upon the others; they cut each other's throats in their voracious rage, maddened by the holocaust. The sacred slaves, with bronze winnowing-baskets, took from the edge of the stone slab the fallen cinders, which they tossed high in the air, that the sacrifice should be dispersed over the entire city, and attain to the region of the stars.

The tumultuous noise and vast illumination had attracted the Barbarians to the very foot of the walls. Climbing upon the ruins of the *helepolis*, they looked on, gaping with horror.

PAUL FLEMING

(1609–1640)

FEW names in that sterile period of German history which followed the century of the Reformation have won a lasting place in literature. In Gryphius the most gifted dramatist, in Opitz the greatest literary influence, and in Fleming the most genuine lyric poet of his time, the spirit of German letters still flickered; and Fleming, though humbly subordinating himself to the domination of Opitz, was nevertheless the genius in whom the spirit shone brightest.

Paul Fleming was born on October 5th, 1609, and the years of his brief life were those of universal disaster, when Germany was made the battle-ground of the contending nations. Fleming studied medicine in Leipsic, but meanwhile devoted himself so ardently to the development of his poetic gifts, that while still a student he received the Imperial crown of poetry. In 1630 he met Opitz, who, with a group of new German poets in his train, held the leadership of what is known to students as the First Silesian School. Fleming's reverence for this skillful but mechanical versifier was unbounded. It was not until three days before his early death that Fleming seemed to catch a glimpse of his own superiority; in the touching lines which he composed as his own epitaph, he wrote, «No countryman of mine sang like me;» and certain it is that in his work is displayed more spontaneity and greater depth of feeling than in that of the more famous leader. There is a strain of lofty pathos in Fleming's poetry that reminds of Schiller; and if it sometimes has a hollow sound, that lay in the character of the unreal time when the nations were fighting for moribund ideas, and when thought was sicklied o'er with the cast of pseudo-classical affectation. Brave men were exalted as gods and faithful officials as heroes, with the entire apparatus of mythological metaphor. And yet in Fleming's verse is revealed a deep and genuine piety, a broad humanity, and a healthy patriotism. His religious poems, through which he strove to keep his mind fixed

PAUL FLEMING

above the strife of parties and the demoralizing cruelty of that time of incessant war, are still favorites in the German hymnals of to-day. His love lyrics and sonnets, not always free from the affectations of his school, are yet the expression of true feeling and delicate fancy.

The destruction of Meissen and the death of Gustavus Adolphus were among the saddening experiences of Fleming's early life, but it was not to escape the disquieting events at home that sent him on distant travels: it was rather passion for travel and a love of the exotic. This passion found gratification in the appointment he received as a member of a Holstein embassy to Russia and Persia, in the service of which nearly six years of his life were passed. It was a life full of adventure by land and sea; there were bloody encounters in Persia, and twice the party suffered shipwreck. It was an experience that greatly widened the scope of his poetic material, as the Oriental coloring of the poems written during those six years shows.

Fleming's love life had its sorrows: the woman of his choice, during his long absence in the East, married another; he thereupon became engaged to a younger sister, who had in the mean time ripened into womanhood. They were to be married in Hamburg; but while he was awaiting her arrival, he fell sick and died, on April 2d, 1640, in his thirty-first year.

Fleming never won the high place in the estimation of the great contemporary public to which his genius entitled him; formalism prevailed, Opitz overshadowed him, the war crushed all but martial genius. Many of Fleming's poems have been lost, but enough remain to justify the claim that he was the one genuinely inspired lyric poet of the period of the Thirty Years' War.

TO MYSELF

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that he will give thee too
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest:
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee,
The best.

Translation of Catherine Winkworth.

ON A LONG AND PERILOUS JOURNEY

WRITTEN ON A JOURNEY TO RUSSIA AND PERSIA, UNDERTAKEN BY THE AUTHOR AS PHYSICIAN TO THE EMBASSY FROM HOLSTEIN

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er my task,
The counsel of my God I ask,
Who all things hath and can;
Unless He give both thought and deed,
The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
And vain the wisest plan.

For what can all my toil avail?
My care, my watching all must fail,
Unless my God is there;
Then let him order all for me
As he in wisdom shall decree;
On him I cast my care.

For naught can come, as naught hath been,
But what my Father hath foreseen,
And what shall work my good;
Whate'er he gives me I will take,
Whate'er he chooses I will make
My choice with thankful mood.

I lean upon his mighty arm,—
It shields me well from every harm,
All evil shall avert;
If by his precepts still I live,
Whate'er is useful he will give,
And naught shall do me hurt.

But only may he of his grace
The record of my guilt efface
And wipe out all my debt;

Though I have sinned, he will not straight
Pronounce his judgment,—he will wait,
    Have patience with me yet.

I travel to a distant land
To serve the post wherein I stand,
    Which he hath bade me fill;
And he will bless me with his light,
That I may serve his world aright,
    And make me know his will.

And though through desert wilds I fare,
Yet Christian friends are with me there,
    And Christ himself is near;
In all our dangers he will come,
And he who kept me safe at home
    Can keep me safely here.

Yes, he will speed us on our way,
And point us where to go and stay,
    And help us still and lead;
Let us in health and safety live,
And time and wind and weather give,
    And whatsoe'er we need.

When late at night my rest I take,
When early in the morn I wake,
    Halting or on my way,
In hours of weakness or in bonds,
When vexed with fears my heart desponds,
    His promise is my stay.

Since, then, my course is traced by him,
I will not fear that future dim,
    But go to meet my doom,
Well knowing naught can wait me there
Too hard for me through him to bear;
    I yet shall overcome.

To him myself I wholly give,
At his command I die or live,
    I trust his love and power:
Whether to-morrow or to-day
His summons come, I will obey,—
    He knows the proper hour.

But if it please that love most kind,
And if this voice within my mind
Be whispering not in vain,
I yet shall praise my God ere long
In many a sweet and joyful song,
In peace at home again.

To those I love will he be near,
With his consoling light appear,
Who is my shield and theirs;
And he will grant beyond our thought
What they and I alike have sought
With many tearful prayers.

Then, O my soul, be ne'er afraid;
On Him who thee and all things made
With calm reliance rest;
Whate'er may come, where'er we go,
Our Father in the heavens must know
In all things what is best.

TO MY RING

So go, fair emerald; my loving message take
To her who has my heart, and rest thou well content
That henceforth thou art hers to whom I have thee sent;
Thy purity her hand will only purer make.
Be with her if she sleep; be with her if she wake;
She'll ask thee oft of me and what thy message meant.
Be thou like other gems: within thy brightness pent,
Keep what thou seest hid, for her and my sweet sake.
And if it come to pass that she, in thoughts half lost,
Should press her lips to thee, then save the kiss for me
Until the evening come. Unless the zephyrs see
The imprint of her kiss, and, enviously crossed,
Demand to bring it me, ere I to claim it go,
Then send it me by them, and let no mortal know.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN

(1755–1794)

JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN was born of an impoverished family at the Château de Florian in Languedoc, 1755. His education, conducted by the best of masters, was begun in his own home and continued under the guidance of Voltaire, who was his kinsman and who admired his intelligence and abilities. The great master obtained for the young poet a place in the household of the Duc de Penthièvre, who granted him a commission of captain in one of his own regiments. It was after several years of attention to his military duties that Florian produced his pastoral romance 'Galatea' (1782), composed during the leisure hours of his service. It seems worthy of remark that Cervantes, the author of 'Don Quixote,' of which Florian was later on to render so acceptable a version to his compatriots, should have produced as an early work (if it was not his first) a pastoral bearing the same title.

JEAN P. C. DE FLORIAN

The 'Galatea' was followed by two volumes of dramatic pieces, and by another of short novels of the sentimental type; his next work, called 'Estelle,' enjoyed great popularity, and together with his 'Numa Pompilius' (1786) placed him in the front rank of contemporary literature. He was enrolled as a member of the Academies of Lyons, Florence, and Madrid, and on the death of the Cardinal de Luynes he was admitted into the Academy of Paris, the honor which he had most coveted.

During the tyranny of Robespierre, Florian was thrown into prison, his position with the Duc de Penthièvre and some verses in honor of Marie Antoinette serving as pretexts for his detention; and in spite of the ceaseless efforts of Boissy D'Anglas and Mercier he would doubtless have been sent to the guillotine, had not the downfall of the tyrant procured his release.

He left his prison with shattered health, and retired to the Parc de Scéaux, the estates of the Duc de Penthièvre, where he expired of a fever, September 13th, 1794.

Florian's style is typical of his times, although he showed an element of conservatism. His works were carefully written, and bear the marks of an elegant and delicate fancy without the impression of strength. His 'Numa Pompilius' seems to have been modeled on the 'Telemachus' of Fénelon. 'Gonzalve de Cordoue,' another of his romances, is in a more modern manner, although it opens with an invocation to the "Chaste nymphs of the Guadalquivir." Florian, in fine, is best known to-day by his fables, which have become classic side by side with those of La Fontaine.

The following translations of Florian were made for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Thomas Walsh

THE CONNOISSEUR

A FAT and pompous paroquet,
  Free from his cage by hazard set,
  Established him as *connoisseur*
Within a grove, when he, like those
  Our critics false, began to slur
At everything with stuck-up nose:
The nightingale should trim her song—
  Her cadences seemed rather poor:
  The linnet he could not endure;
The thrush, perhaps, would get along
  Could he but teach her for a while,—
  That is, if she would aim at style.
Thus, none of all could please him—none;
  And when their morning songs awoke,
  The paroquet whistled, for a joke,
And kept it up till day was done.
Outraged at this unruly fate,
A deputation came in state,
Requesting him with curtsies low:—
"Good sir, who always whistle so,
  Inform us, pray, where we offend:
We wish to have a song from you:
  Come, show us how we may amend."
  The paroquet, abashed, replied,
  Scratching his head on either side,—
"Whistling, my friends, is all I do."

THE COURTIERS

A PERSIAN king went out one day
To hunt with all his courtiers gay;
And growing thirsty, looked around
To see could any spring be found.
In vain; but near, an orchard stood
With ripened fruits in multitude.
"Now Lord forbid," exclaimed the King,
"That I should take a single thing;
For if my courtiers see me do't,
It means good-by to *all* the fruit."

THE DYING ROSE-TREE

O ROSE-TREE, rose-tree, thou wert fair
When to thy cool retreat I came,
To hear and give the promise there
Our love should ever be the same.

How fair, oh then how fair, thy flowers
When his dear lap they rested on:
The buds that used to deck thy bowers
Are faded and forever gone.

'Twas sweet with water from the stream
To cool thy boughs with tender fears;
Now parched and dying do they seem,
For they are watered but with tears.

O rose-tree, rose-tree, thou wilt die;
And yet my heart thirsts more than thine:
I languish — would like thee could I,
Sweet rose-tree, this sad life resign!

SERENADE

WITHDRAW thy beams, thou moon unkind:—
Sweet night, my tender secret keep;
Bear thou my sorrows, gentle wind,
And whisper them where she doth sleep.
All else beside, who would not know
The pain her heavenly glances make,
Sleep on, sleep on; for if you wake
Yon must be rivals in my woe!

SONG

LOVELY Idol of my soul,
Victim of a wounded heart,—
See my grief beyond control;
Live, sweet one, do not depart!
For myself do I implore:
Live, or I can live no more!

Thou hast told me o'er and o'er
That thy heart was mine alone;
Thou art all my earthly store,
And thou desirest to be gone.
For myself do I implore:
Live, or I can live no more.

My destiny is bound with thine,
But yet I cannot stay thy fate;
Oh, what a bitter lot is mine
That I must live—disconsolate!
For myself do I implore:
Live, or I can live no more!

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not later than the date due.